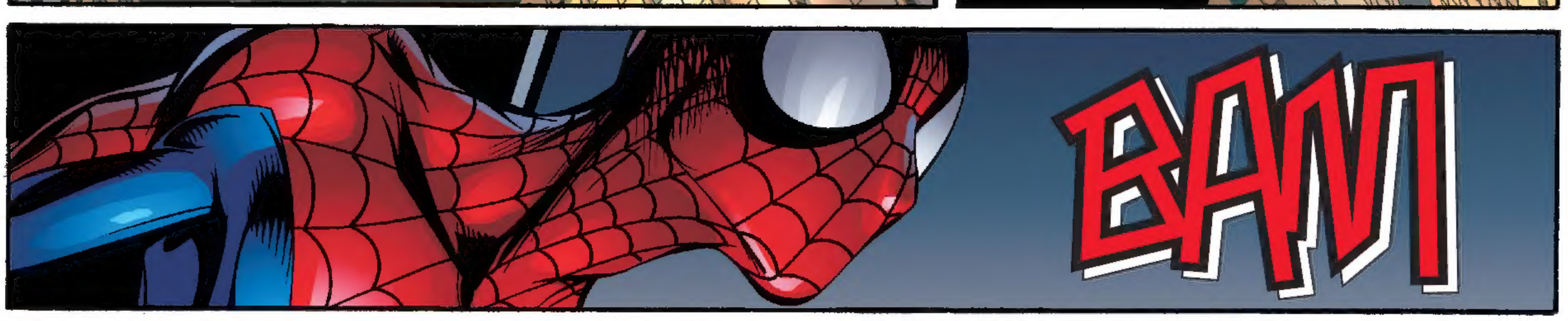
ULTIAMTE SPIDER-MAN VOL. 7: IRRESPONSIBLE TPB COVER
BY MARK BAGLEY & TRANSPARENCY DIGITAL

What the hell? Huh.
I mean I got on my costume and everything.
I went to all the trouble to put on my tights and all...

Aaaaaand...
There's *nothing* going on.
Nothing.
This is *New York City*. Where are all the crazy people?

Where's all the angry, sweaty, frustrated...


BAM

Aah, there you go...

That better not be Mr. Fisk's money you're gambling with there, Julio.

W-well, Mr. Fisk has a pretty whacky idea about what is *his* money-- now, don't he?

Tsk... Julio-- after all Mr. Fisk has done for you-- *this* is how it's going to go?

I can't believe this--

He-he-he *left* the country!!

The Kingpin left the country!!

This-- this ain't fair! He sends you Enforcer guys to *muscle* me??

Like I'm some kind of-- I don't have it!! I don't *have* it!!

I ain't payin'!

Which is it?

You don't have it or you ain't payin'?

I think either way...

Either way.

We've heard it all before.

Tale as old as time...

Beauty and the Beast!!!

(I-I-- thought that's where you were going.)

No.

Sorry.

Tsk, Julio...

...now you're just a cautionary tale.

THWAP

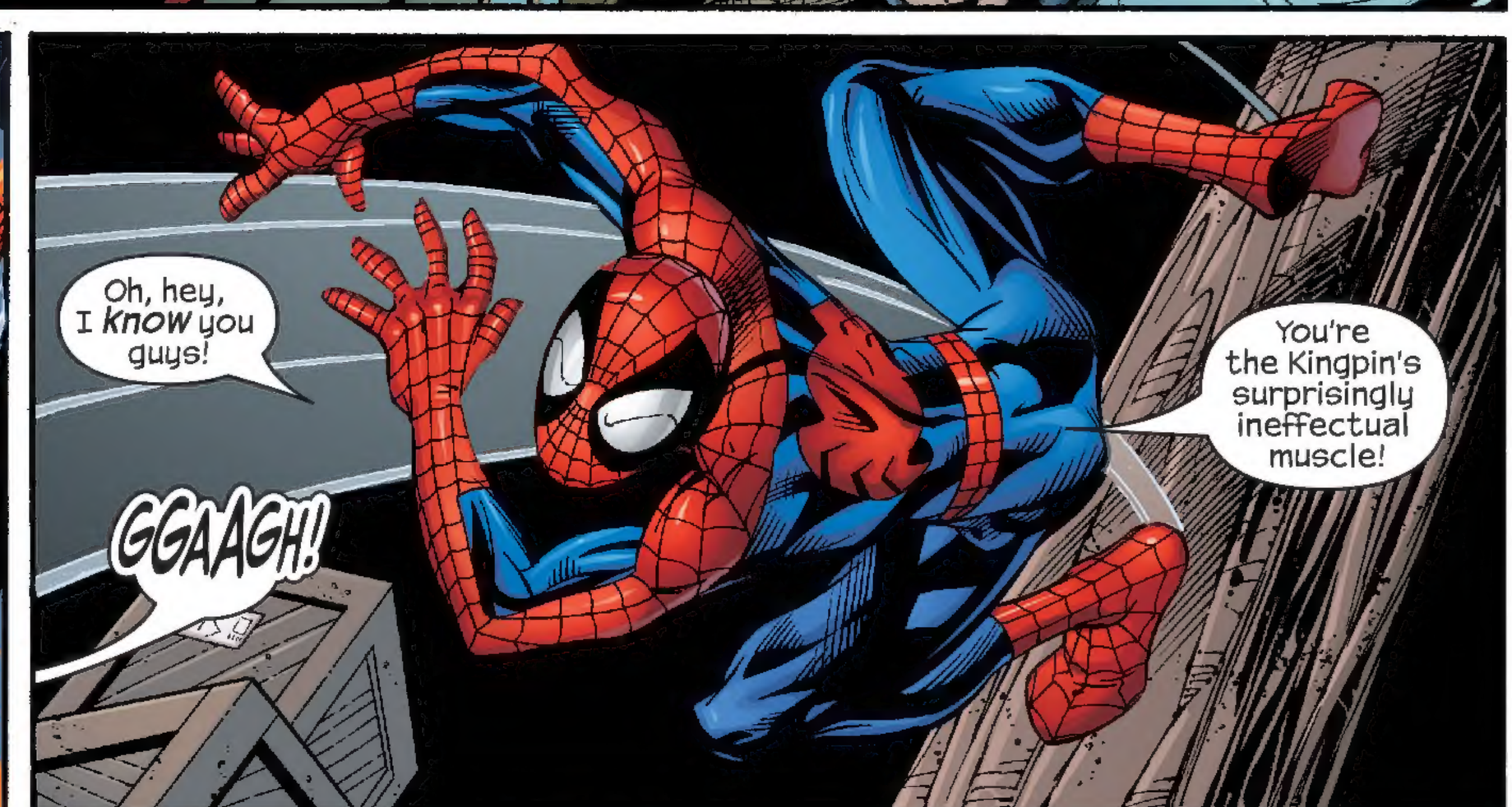
BAM

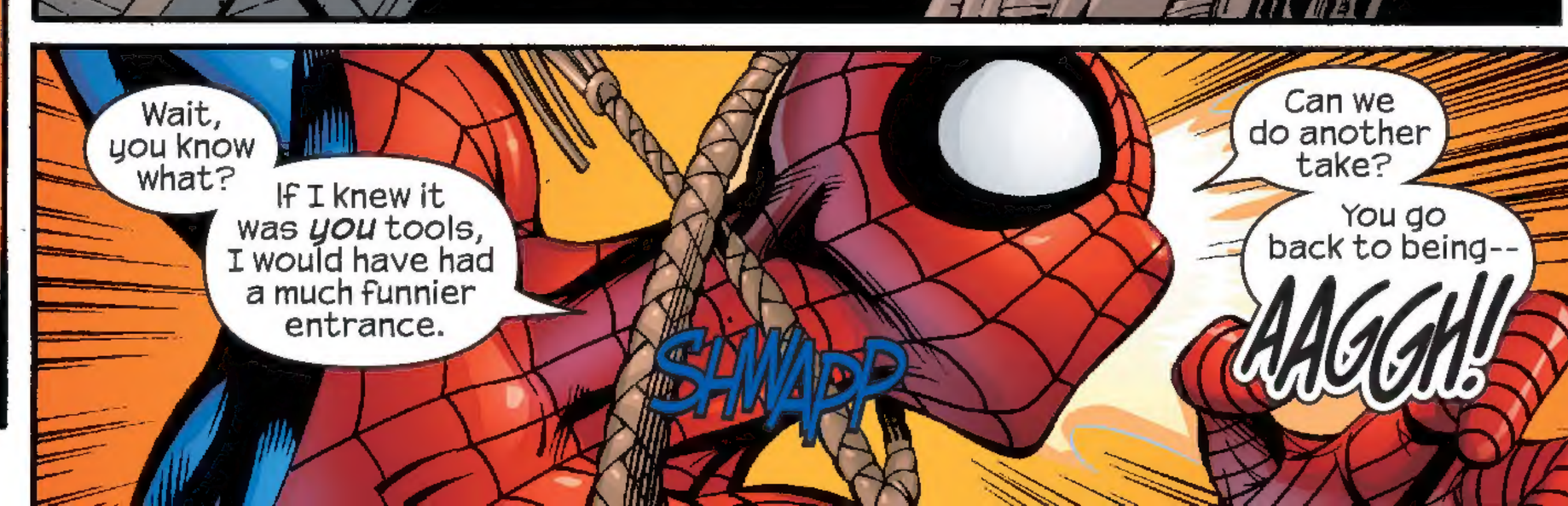
Gun, gun, guns!
Always with the guns!
You know what they say? They say that a gun is just a substitute for...

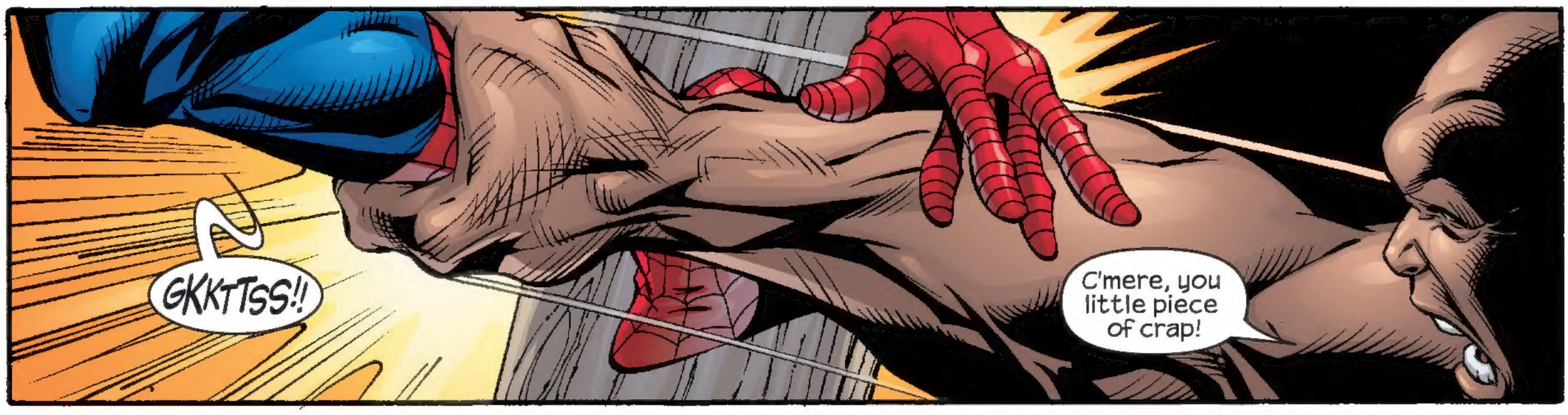
HACK SHACK STUDIOS
...or not.

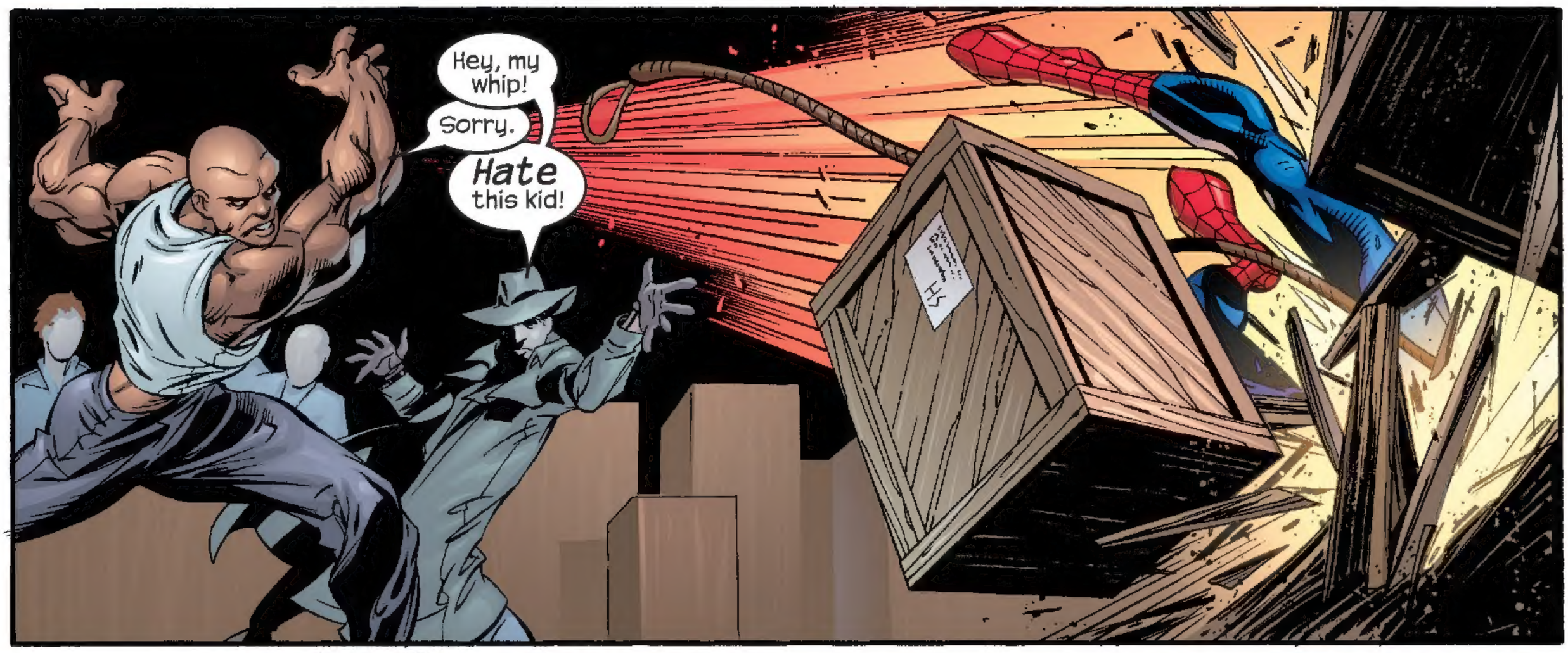
Oh, man... it's-- it's him again.

BAM
BAM
BAM
BAM


Oh, hey, I know you guys!
GGAAGH!
You're the Kingpin's surprisingly ineffectual muscle!


Wait, you know what?
If I knew it was you tools, I would have had a much funnier entrance.
SHWAPP
Can we do another take?
You go back to being--
AAGGH!


GKKTTSS!!
C'mere, you little piece of crap!

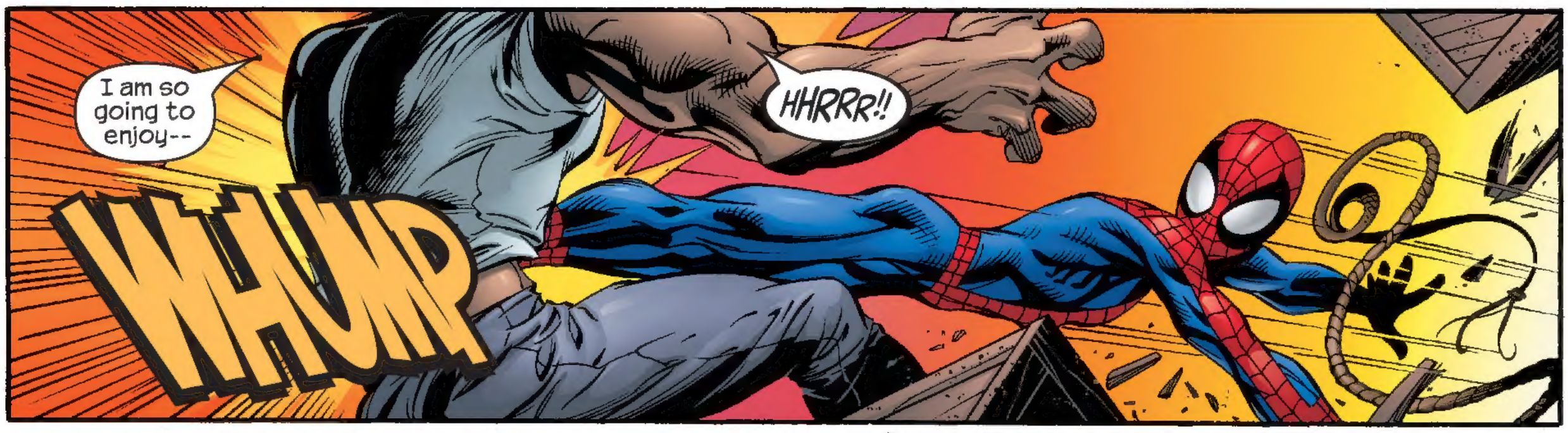

Hey, my whip!
Sorry.
Hate this kid!

You hired protection?!! From us?!

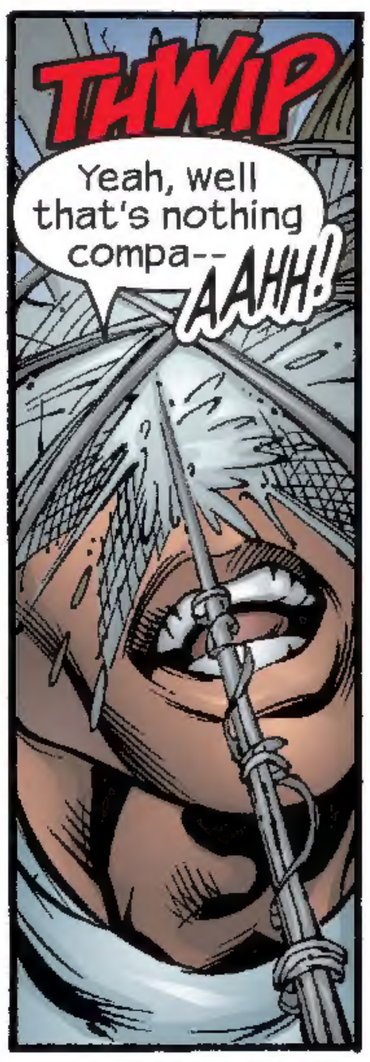
No-- no. I don't know this guy! This--

OOF!
I'd really like to know how you idiots aren't in jail.

Would ya, huh?
You know how much crap we had to deal with 'cause of you!

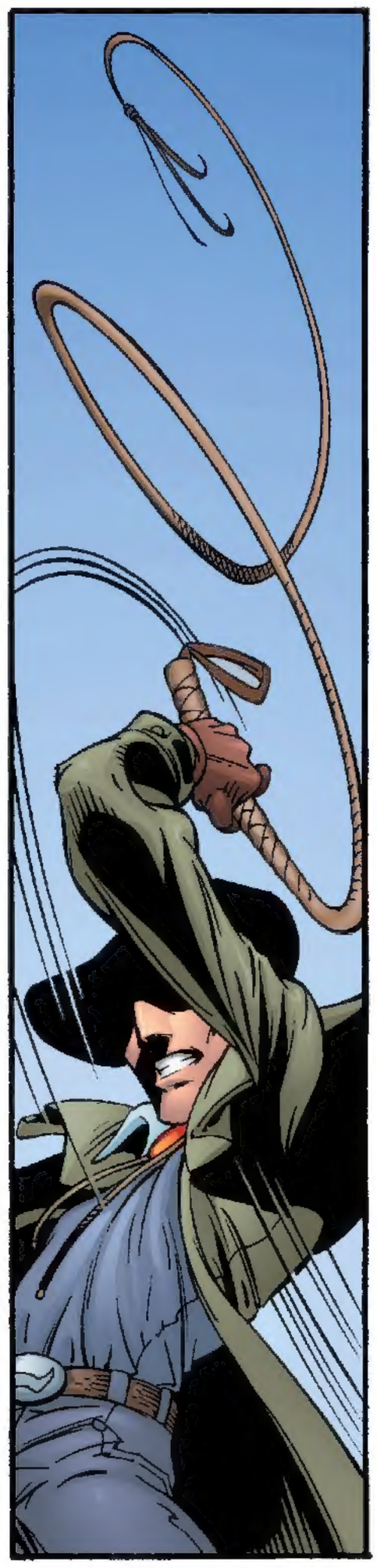

I am so going to enjoy--
WHUMP
HHRRR!!

See, that's-- that's when you're supposed to fall down.

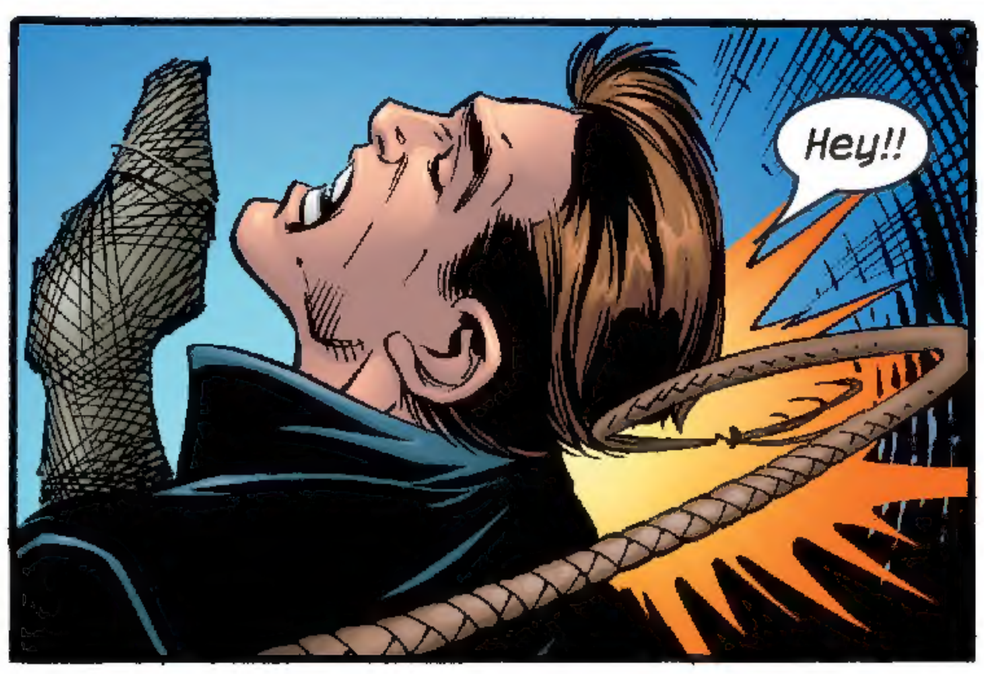

THWIP
Yeah, well that's nothing compa--
AAHH!

Good boy.
Now, stay!
FUMP

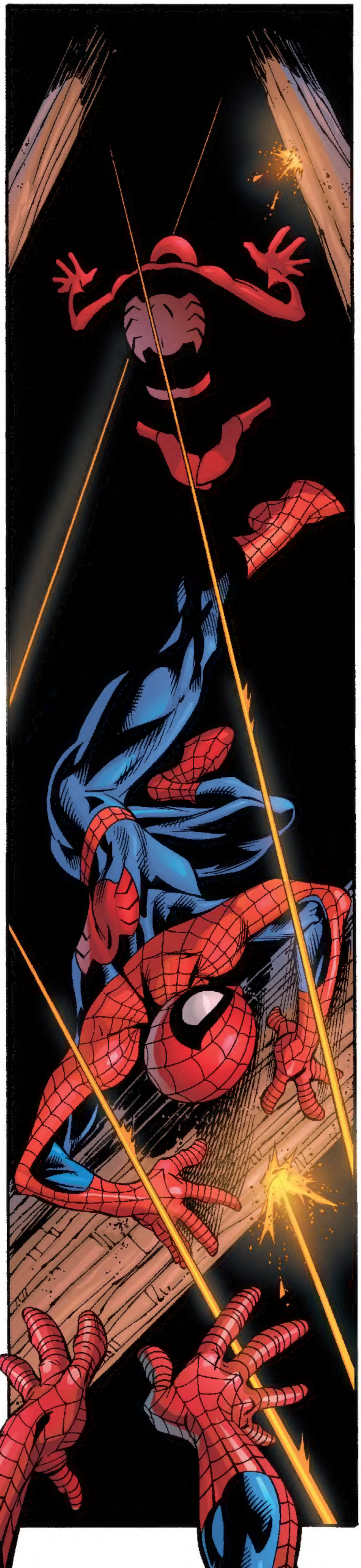
BAM
BAM
BAM
Hey! Nice!
I was trying to help you guys not get shot!



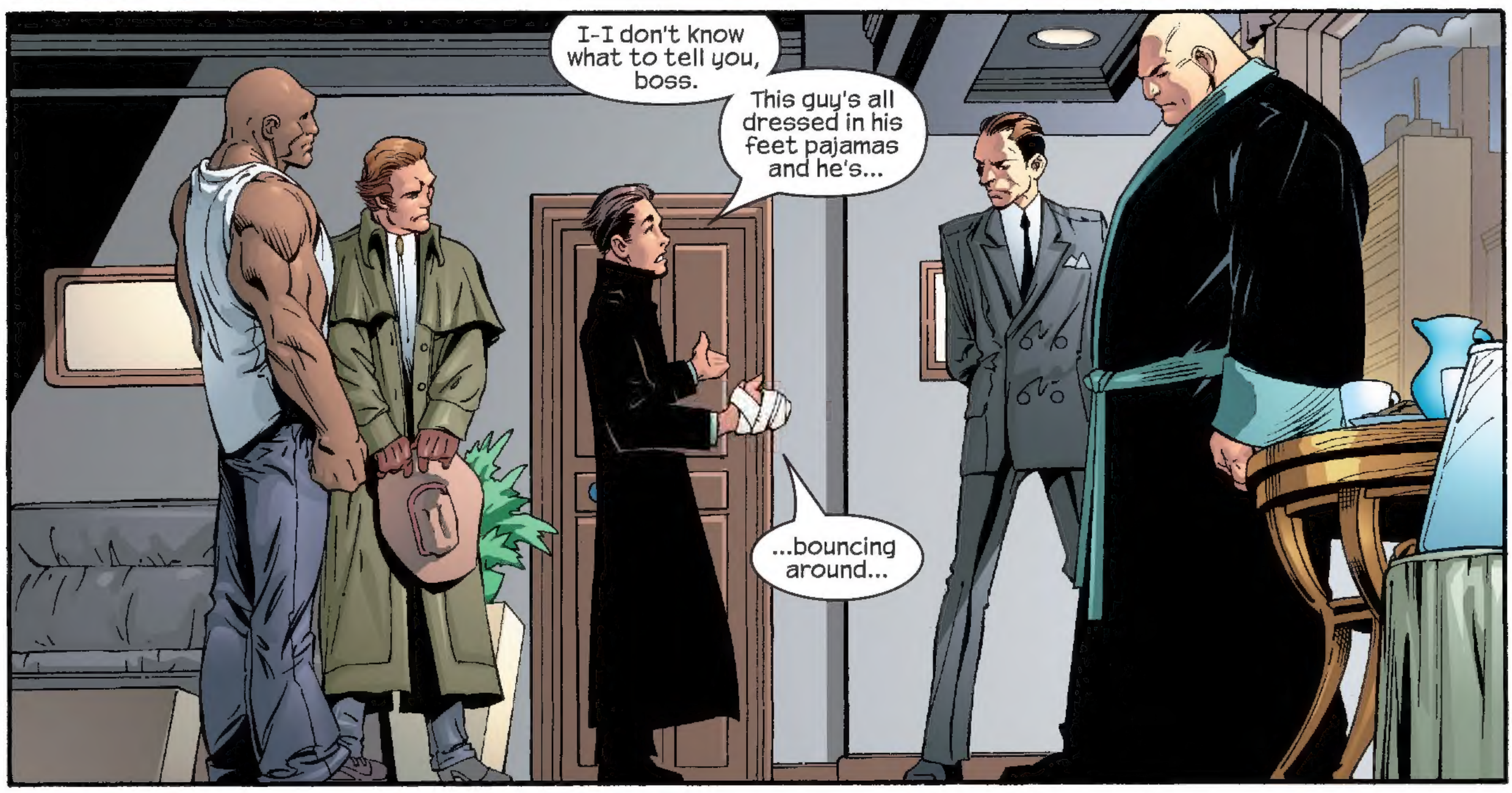
Seriously, how you guys are not in jail is beyond me?
SHHOWHP

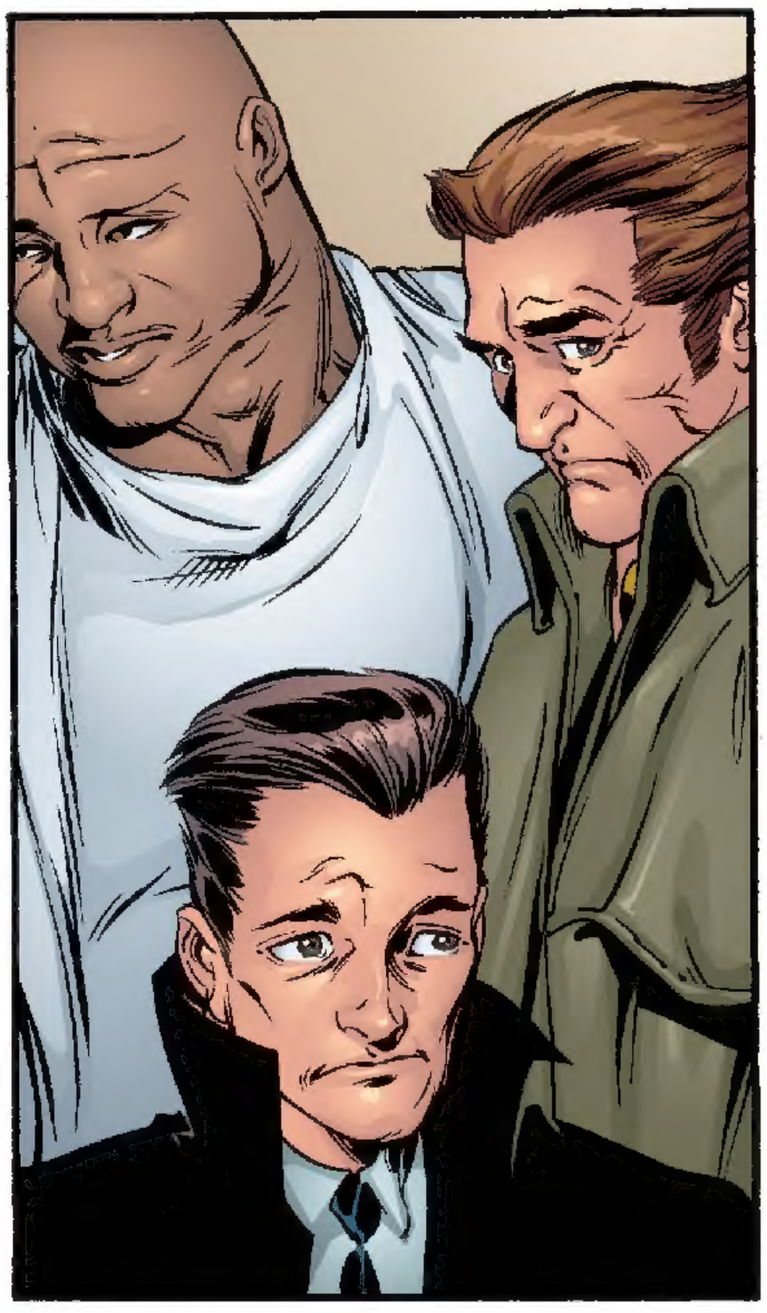

Hey!!

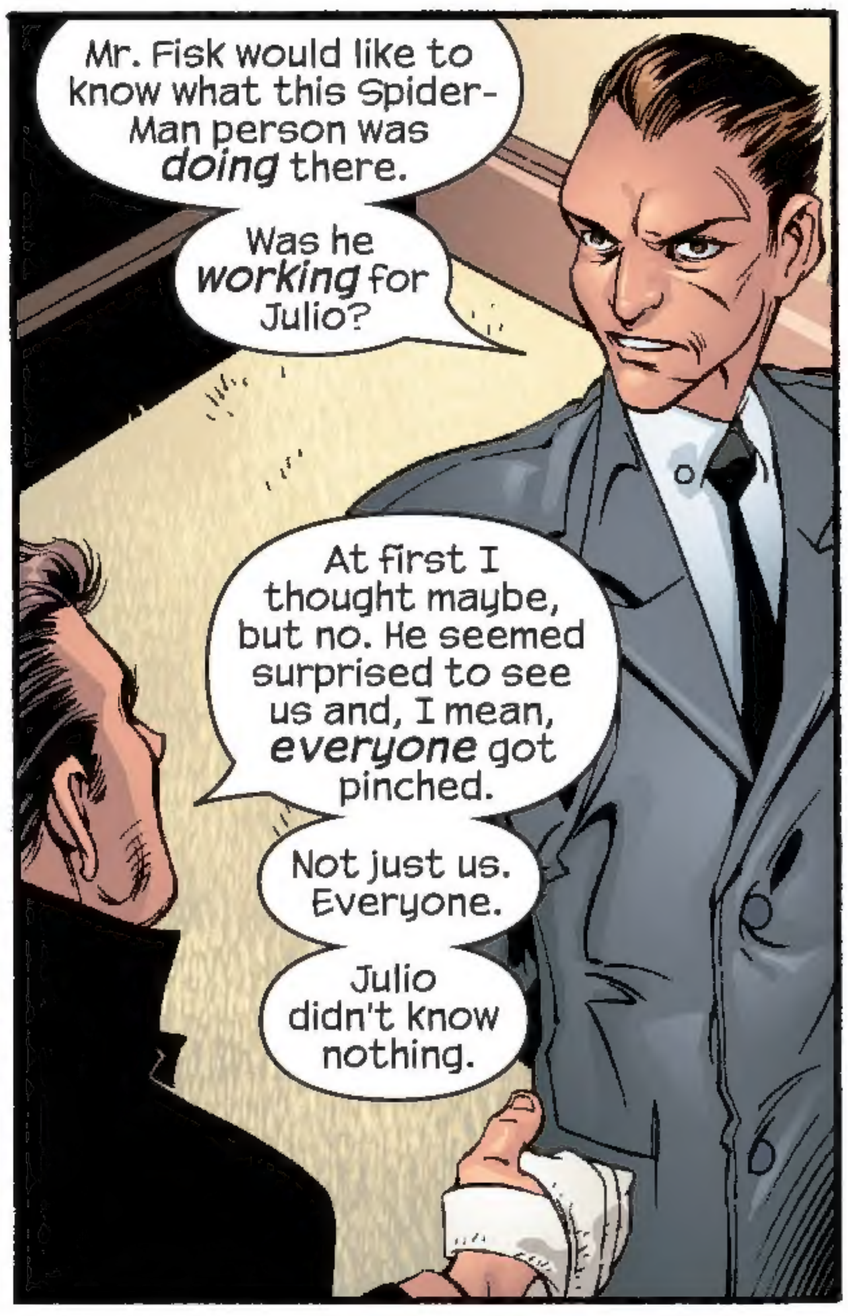
Sorry...



Crap!
What the *hell* was that?
You're a dead man, Julio.
Wasn't me!
Cops coming.
Wasn't me!!
WEEEEEOOOOOOOWEEEEEOOOOOOOWEEEEEOO
Yo, Dan, we gotta get *outta* here.
WEEEEEOOOOOOOWEEEEEOOOOOOOWE
Wasn't AAGGH!!
WEEEEEOOOOOOOWEEEEEOOOOOOOW
Oops! Sorry!
My bad!
Kingpin is going to kill us.
AAGGHH!!
What--?
WEEEEEOOOOOOOWEEEEEOO


I-I don't know what to tell you, boss.
This guy's all dressed in his feet pajamas and he's...
...bouncing around...




Mr. Fisk would like to know what this Spider-Man person was *doing* there.
Was he *working* for Julio?
At first I thought maybe, but no. He seemed surprised to see us and, I mean, *everyone* got pinched.
Not just us. Everyone.
Julio didn't know nothing.

You're very lucky that Julio was smart enough not to press charges.
And I was able to sweep the rest of it under the rug.
But not only did you *not* come back with the 1.2 mil...
You made, what Mr. Fisk would consider to be, a *spectacle* of yourselves when the order of the day was to *lay low.*

No, yeah, no.
We-- we *were* laying low-- it was *Spider-Man* that--

SHOOTING OFF GUNS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT!!

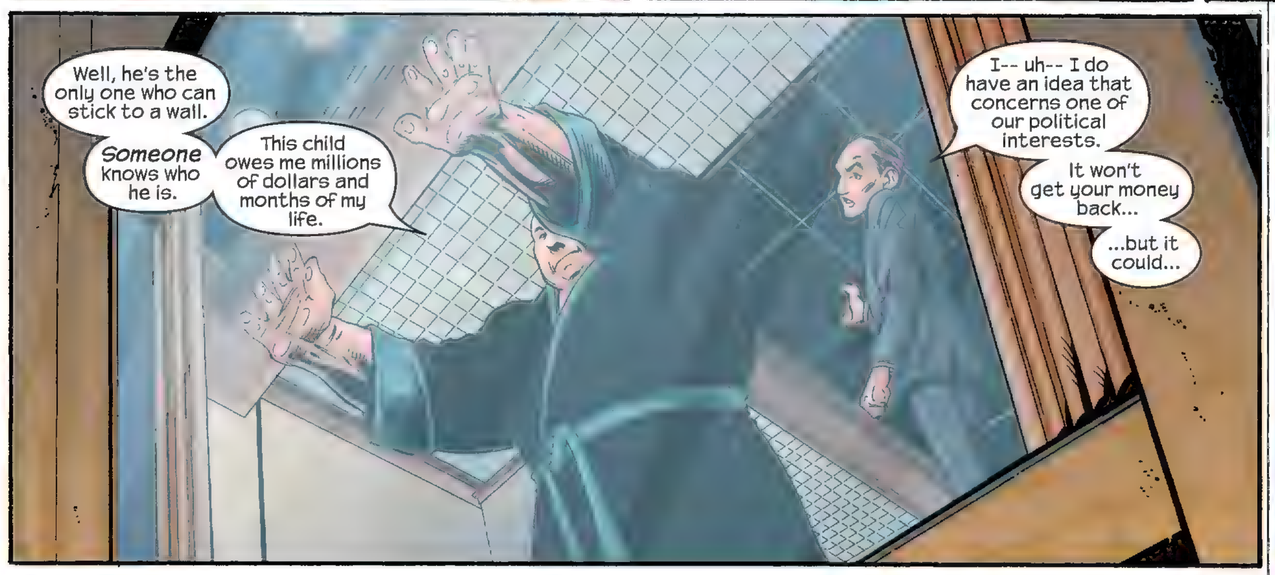
What Mr. Fisk is trying to say is you have just *one* more chance.
But as long as Mr. Fisk's legal situation is still up in the air, you have to--
Leave.

The money this kid has cost me.
That's what he *is*, you know--
I know.
He's just a kid.
Cost me millions of dollars.
Millions of dollars.
I know.
A child.

How did little idiots like this Spider-Man get into my life?
To lose money to something like *this*.
Had to spread around-- what was it?
Upwards three.
Three million just to get back in this country!!

As much as I'd like a minute alone in a windowless room with this prepubescent ...
What I'd like even *more* is to put one in the back of the head of every single one of *those "public servants"* that took my blood money.
I'd like to stab them in the eyes. My political *"friends."*
My friends with their hands out.
You walked away from a murder rap.
They had it on tape and you walked.
As your legal counsel, I said it before and I say it again, three million seems like a bargain.

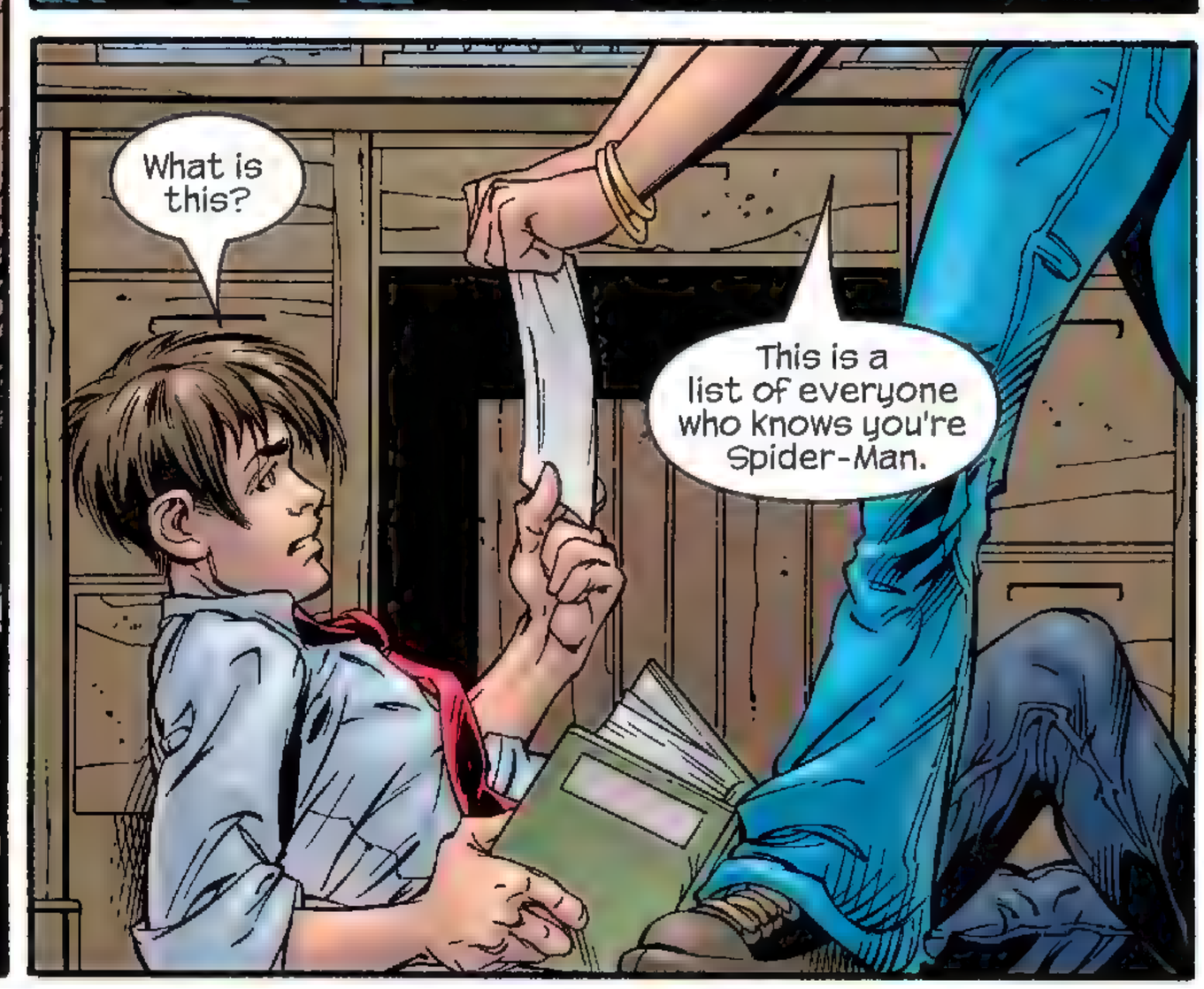
He's a kid. I want to--
We've been over this.
What did you say? Fifteen or sixteen-year-old white male?
That's what you have?
How many sixteen-year-old white boys do you think live in this city?
Or in the Tri-State Area?


Well, he's the only one who can stick to a wall.
Someone knows who he is.
This child owes me millions of dollars and months of my life.
I-- uh-- I do have an idea that concerns one of our political interests.
It won't get your money back...
...but it could...

Ask yourself--
Can our children truly be safe when masked vigilantes are allowed to wreak havoc in our streets?
Decent New Yorkers deserve a better place to live and one man will make sure they get it.
Vote for the law.
Vote for Sam Bullit, District Attorney.
(Paid for by the Committee to elect Sam Bullit)
VOTE BULLIT
I love it! I $%^$%$ love it!
So we can count on you and your newspaper's endorsement, Mr. Jameson?
Absolutely.
Uh, Jonah--
What we were hoping for, to start, is a Sunday magazine piece-- a profile-- "The Man Behind the Mission."
I love it!
I love it, love it, love it.
What I think it does is--
Humanize the campaign.
Exactly.
Jonah, I thought we were going to discuss this before we--
Parker, what are you doing here?
Out.
This ain't summer camp.
So, I like the profile idea but I think what our readers really want to see is...
STAFF

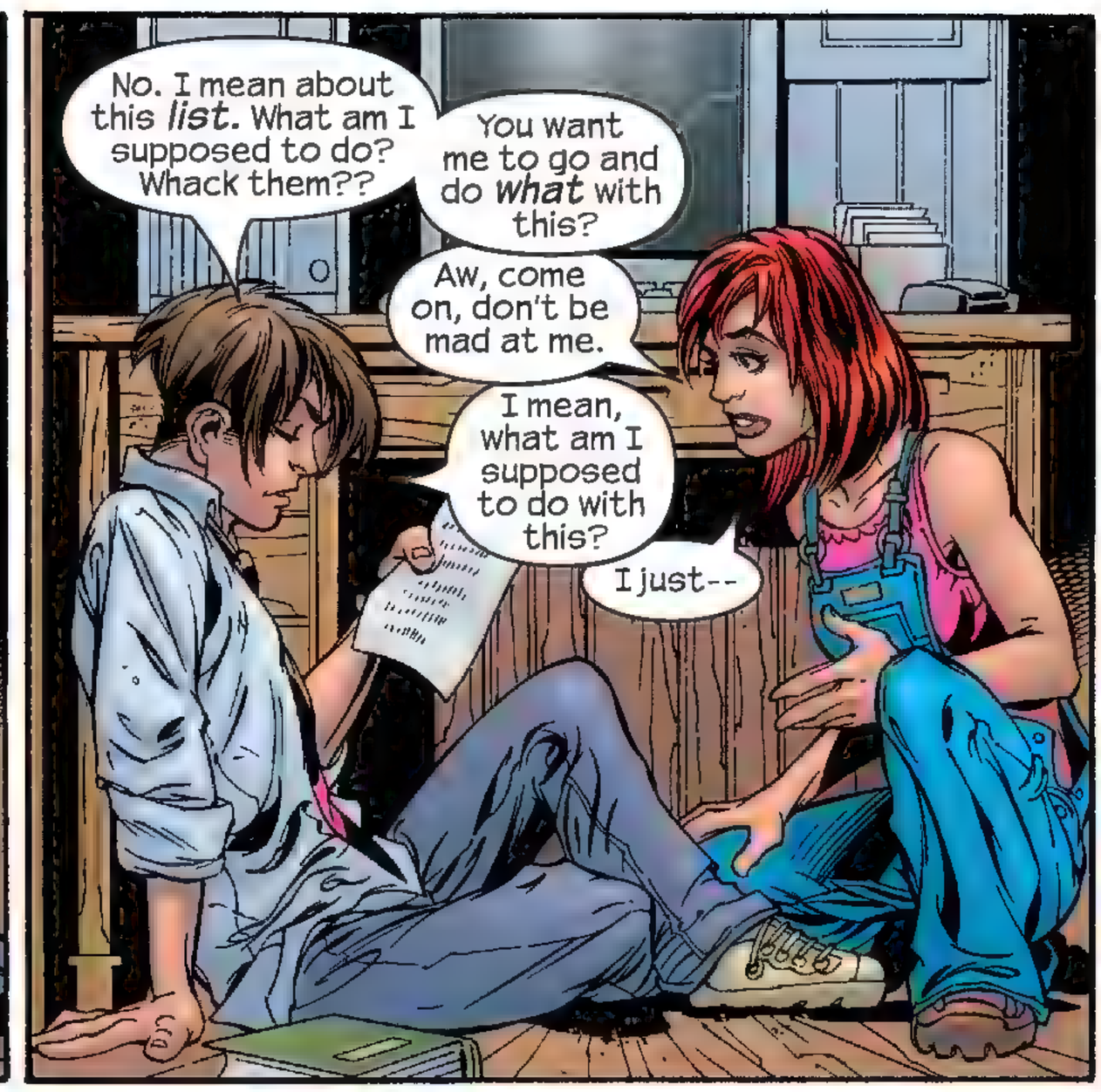
Everyone on the planet Earth is picking on me.

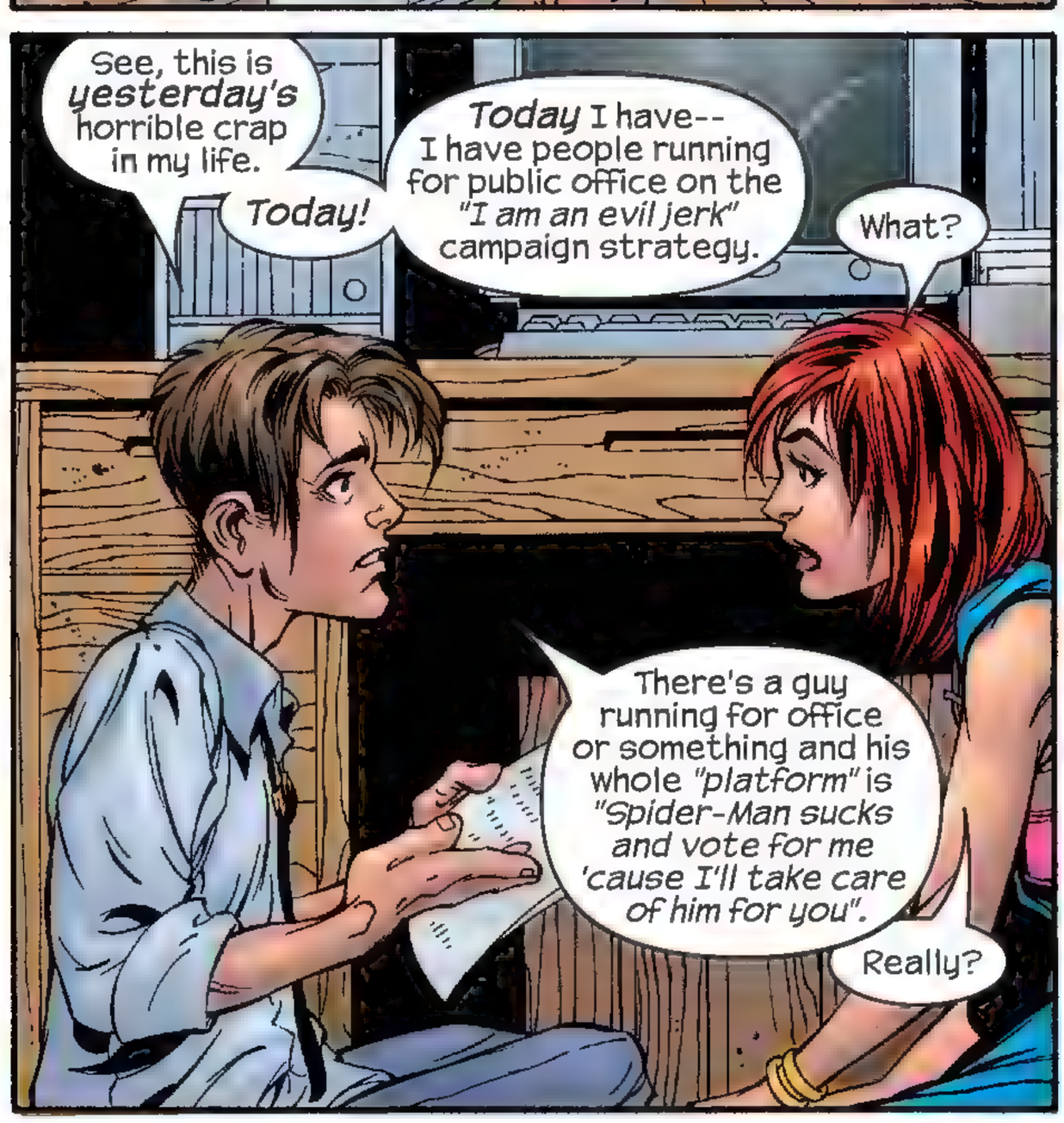
Hey!
Hi, MJ.
What are you doing on the floor?
Sulking.
You sulk on the floor?
Sure.


What is this?
This is a list of everyone who knows you're Spider-Man.

Don't.
I just want to point out to you that--
Don't.
--that *waaay* too many people know you're Spider-Man and it's going to come back to--
Bite me.
Yeah.

Sweetie, I worry.
What am I supposed to do?
Be more careful.


No. I mean about this *list*. What am I supposed to do? Whack them??
You want me to go and do *what* with this?
Aw, come on, don't be mad at me.
I mean, what am I supposed to do with this?
I just--


See, this is *yesterday's* horrible crap in my life.
Today!
Today I have-- I have people running for public office on the *"I am an evil jerk"* campaign strategy.
What?
There's a guy running for office or something and his whole *"platform"* is *"Spider-Man sucks and vote for me 'cause I'll take care of him for you"*.
Really?

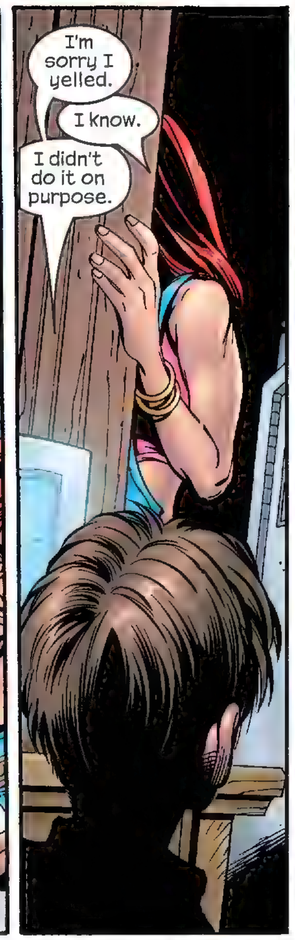
Yeah.
Really.
Screw 'im. He's a politician.
That's like one step below... I don't know... something sucky.

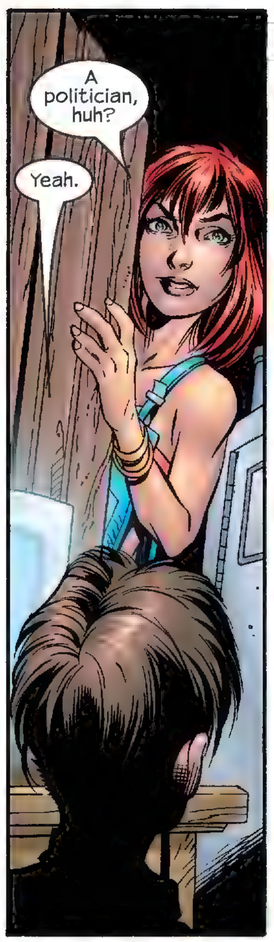
So what did you do here, let's see...
Well, Norman Osborn and Doc Ock are in jail.
Harry is-- I don't know where.
Plus all three of them are goofy loons so, really, no one even cares what mishugas they say.
"Mishugas?"
It's Yiddish.
Where do you know Yiddish all of a sudden?
I picked it up.
You should put it back.

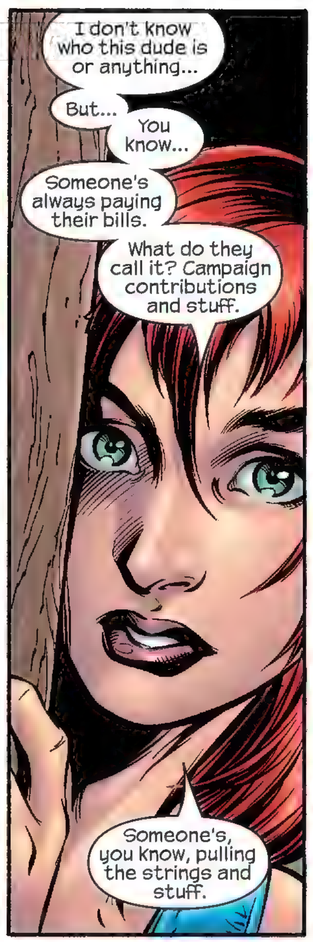
And these guys: Nick Fury, The Ultimates, Captain America, The X-Men...
These are all super heroes. So--
So what?
So there's like an-an unwritten thing.
A *"professional courtesy"*.

It's too many people.
I know!!
Why are you mad at me?
Why do you keep repeating this point of yours?!!

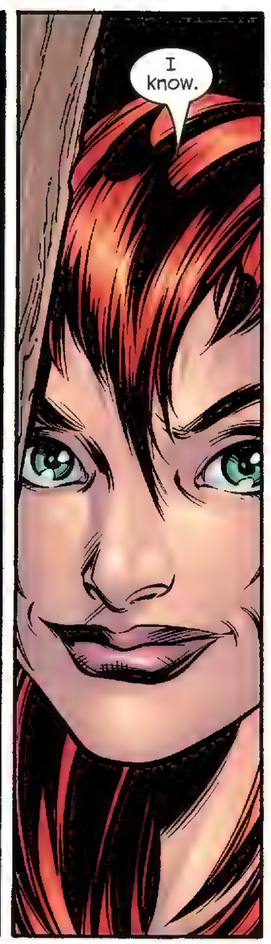
Okay, I'm going home.


I'm sorry I yelled.
I know.
I didn't do it on purpose.


A politician, huh?
Yeah.

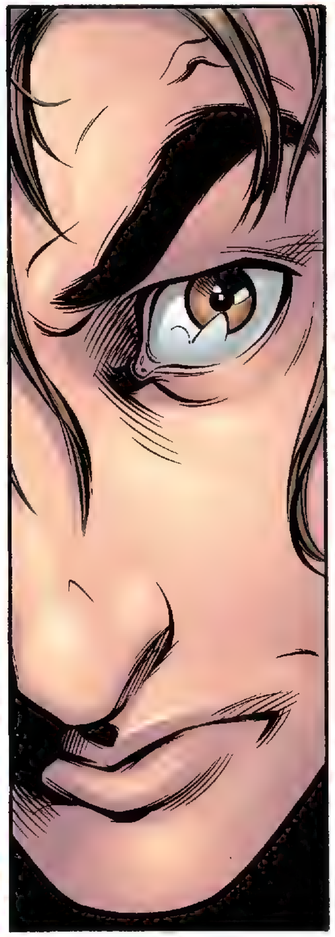

I don't know who this dude is or anything...
But...
You know...
Someone's always paying their bills.
What do they call it? Campaign contributions and stuff.
Someone's, you know, pulling the strings and stuff.

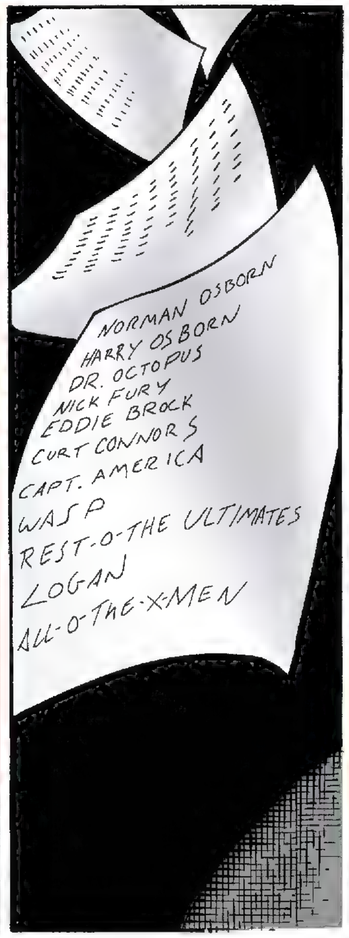
That's not totally insane.


I know.

Who would want to do that?

Good question.
Huh.
Oh! Look at this.
I have a list right here.
NORMAN OSBORN
HARRY OSBORN
NICK FURY
CURT CONNORS
WASP
REST-O-THE ULTIMATES
LOGAN
ALL-O-THE X-MEN




NORMAN OSBORN
HARRY OSBORN
DR. OCTOPUS
NICK FURY
EDDIE BROCK
CURT CONNORS
CAPT. AMERICA
WASP
REST-O-THE ULTIMATES
LOGAN
ALL-O-THE-X-MEN

GEOMETRY

Everyone on the planet Earth *is* picking on me.

Officially, everyone.

This *is* picking on me, right? I'm not crazy.

Who is this guy and why has he crawled--

Oh, God!

TAKE BACK OUR CITY!

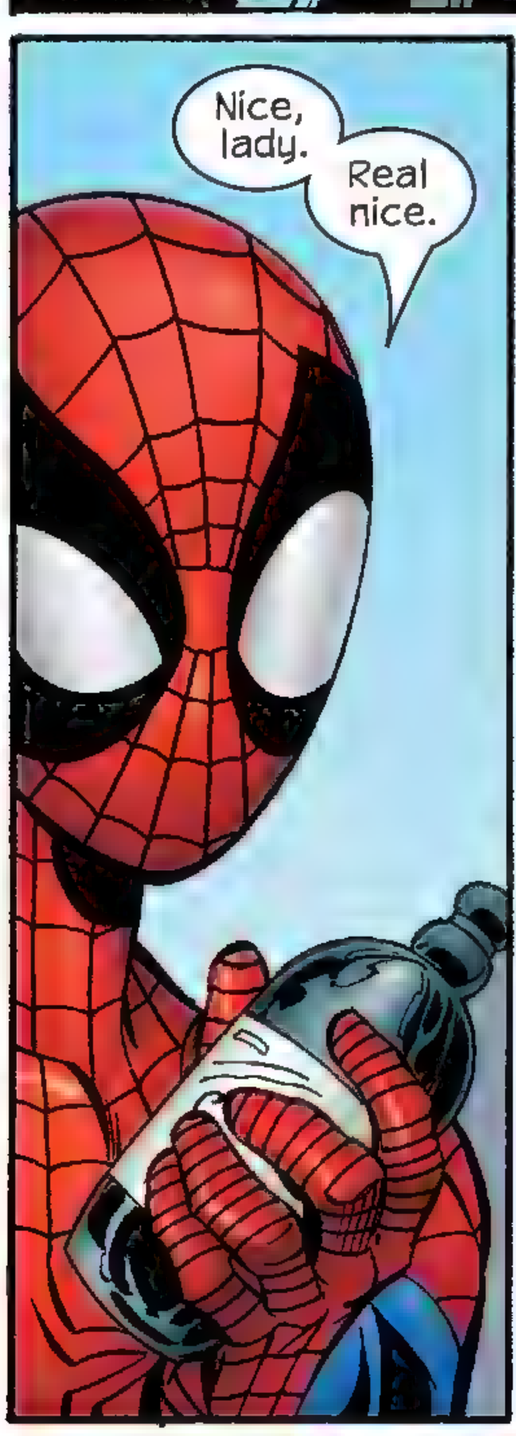
--so far up my--

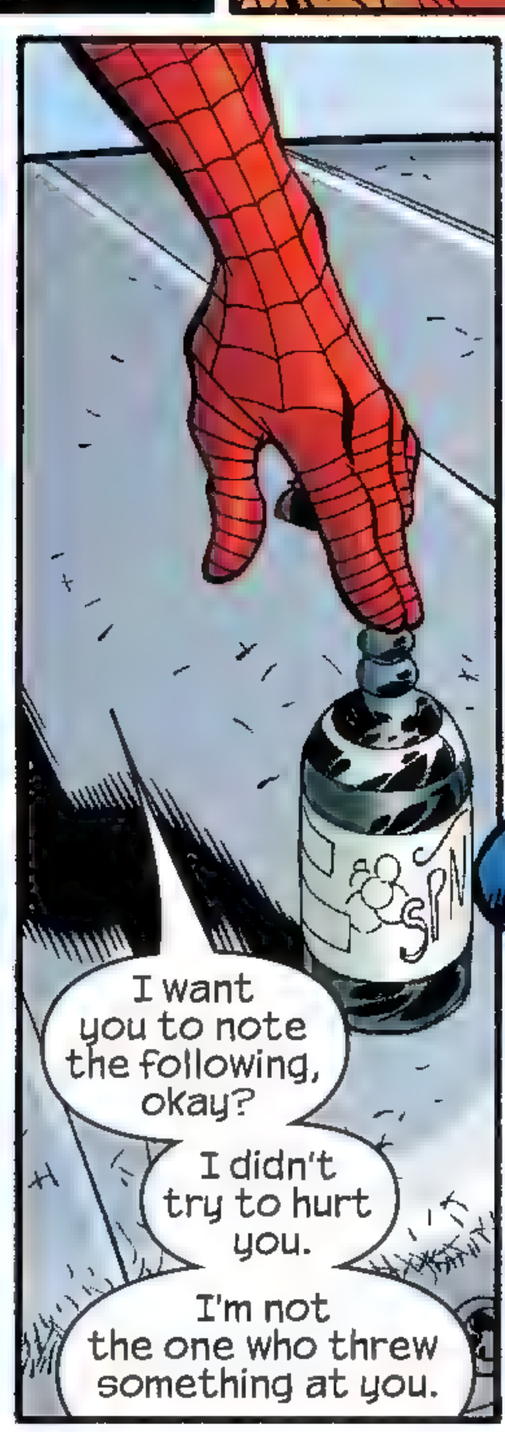
HOLY LORD!! HOLY LORD!!

What?! What did I do?
What did I do that you're freaking here like this?
Seriously.

Just get out of here!!

Hey!
TAP


Nice, lady.
Real nice.


I want you to note the following, okay?
I didn't try to hurt you.
I'm not the one who threw something at you.

And I didn't call you any names even though you wore that hat out in public.

DAILY BUGLE

KINGPIN CLEARED

Questionable evidence deemed fraud/ inadmissible

I--

I guh--

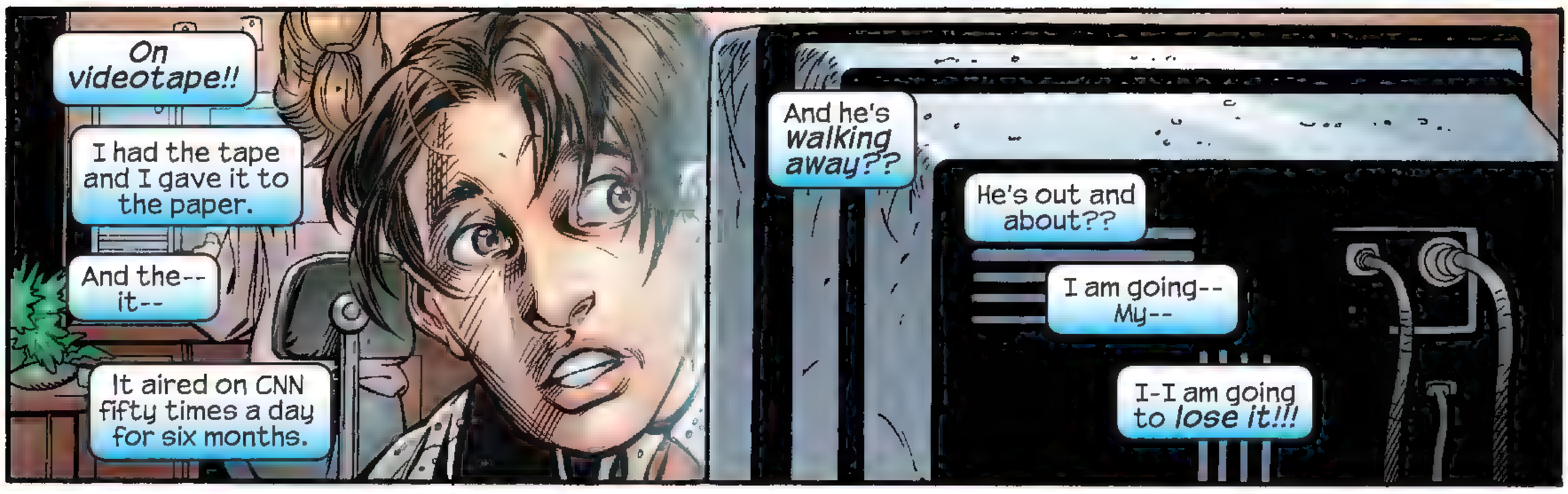
I can't-- no.

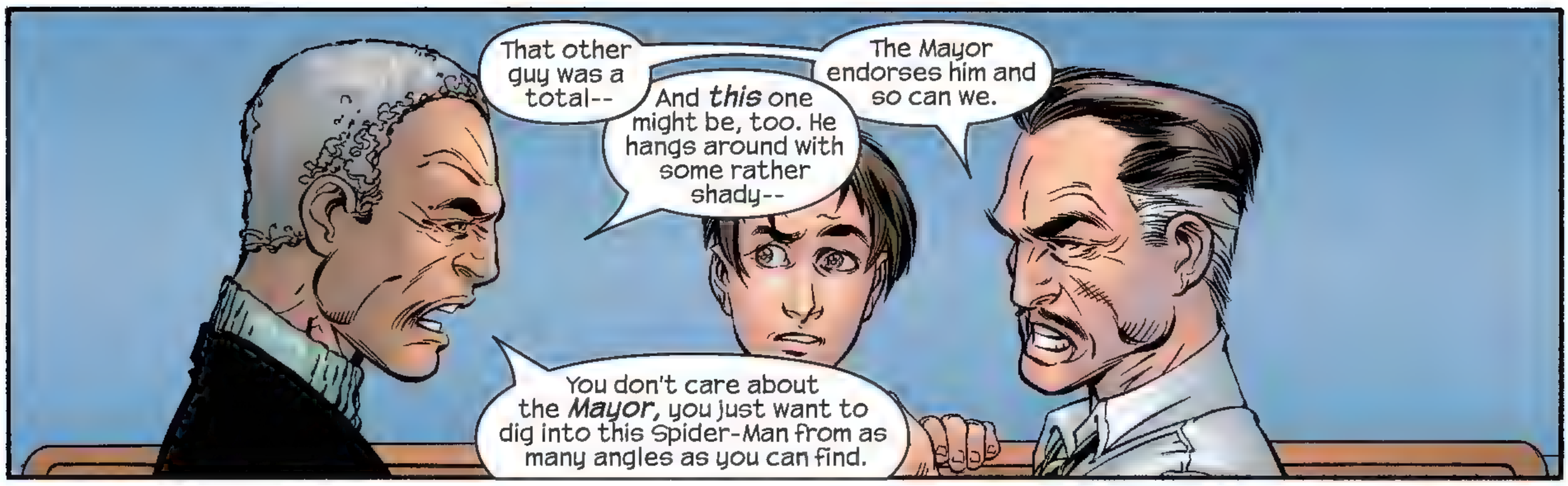
I-- what?

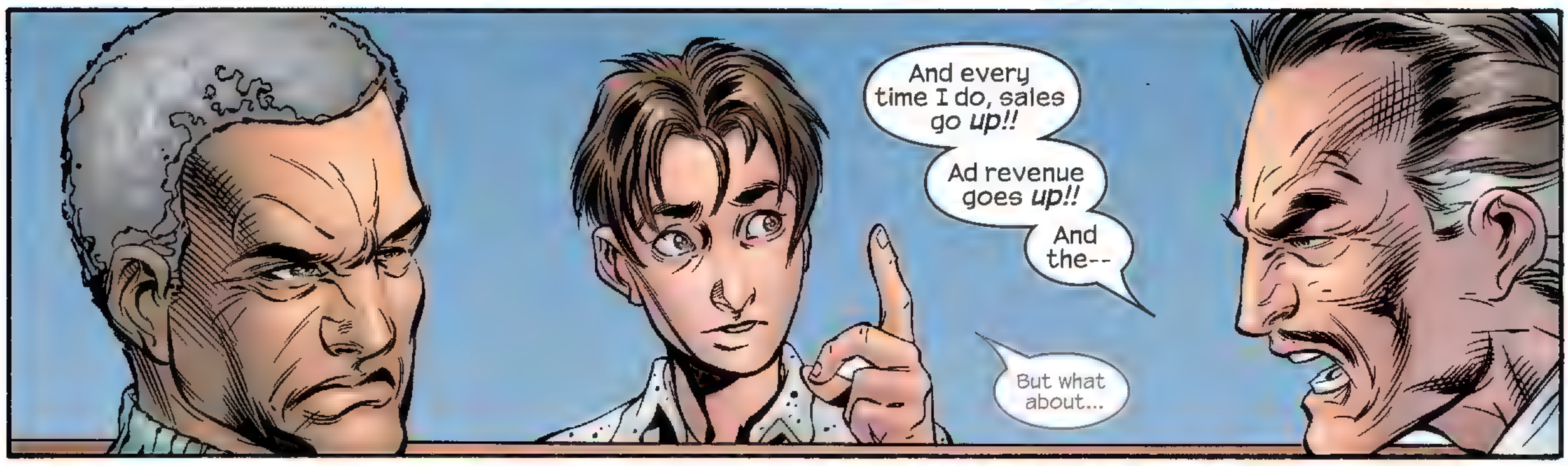
Huh?

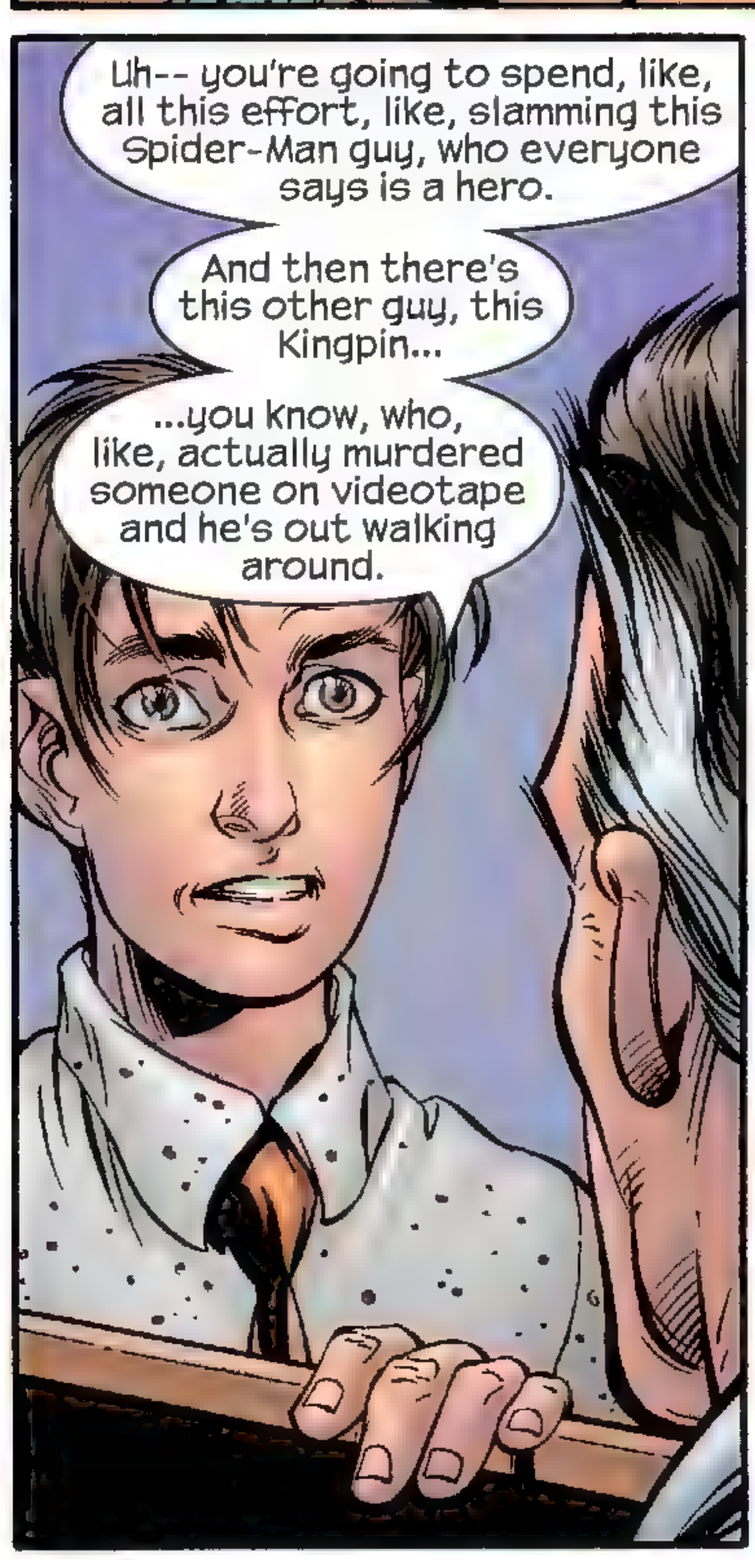
I--

He murdered someone on videotape!!




That other guy was a total--
And *this* one might be, too. He hangs around with some rather shady--
The Mayor endorses him and so can we.
You don't care about the *Mayor*, you just want to dig into this Spider-Man from as many angles as you can find.


And every time I do, sales go *up!!*
Ad revenue goes *up!!*
And the--
But what about...

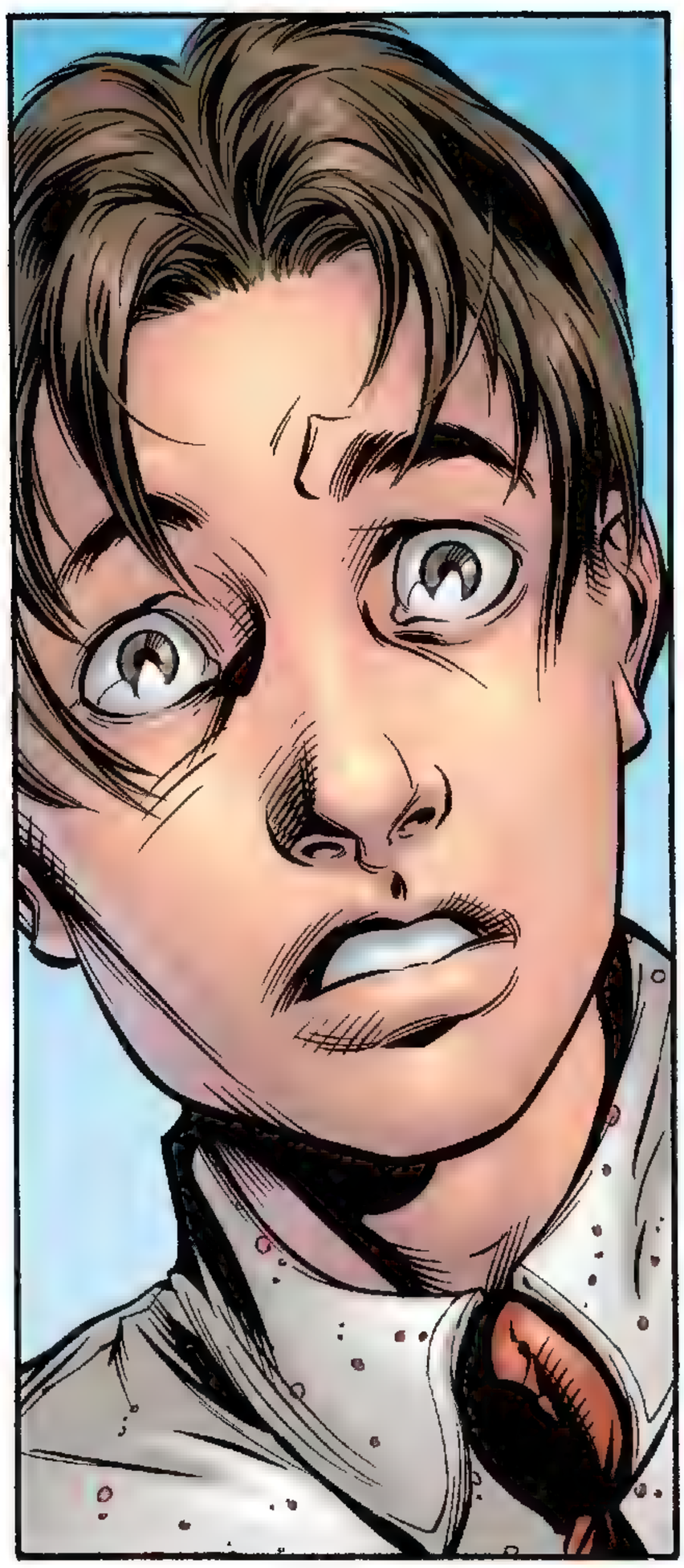

Uh-- you're going to spend, like, all this effort, like, slamming this Spider-Man guy, who everyone says is a hero.
And then there's this other guy, this Kingpin...
...you know, who, like, actually murdered someone on videotape and he's out walking around.

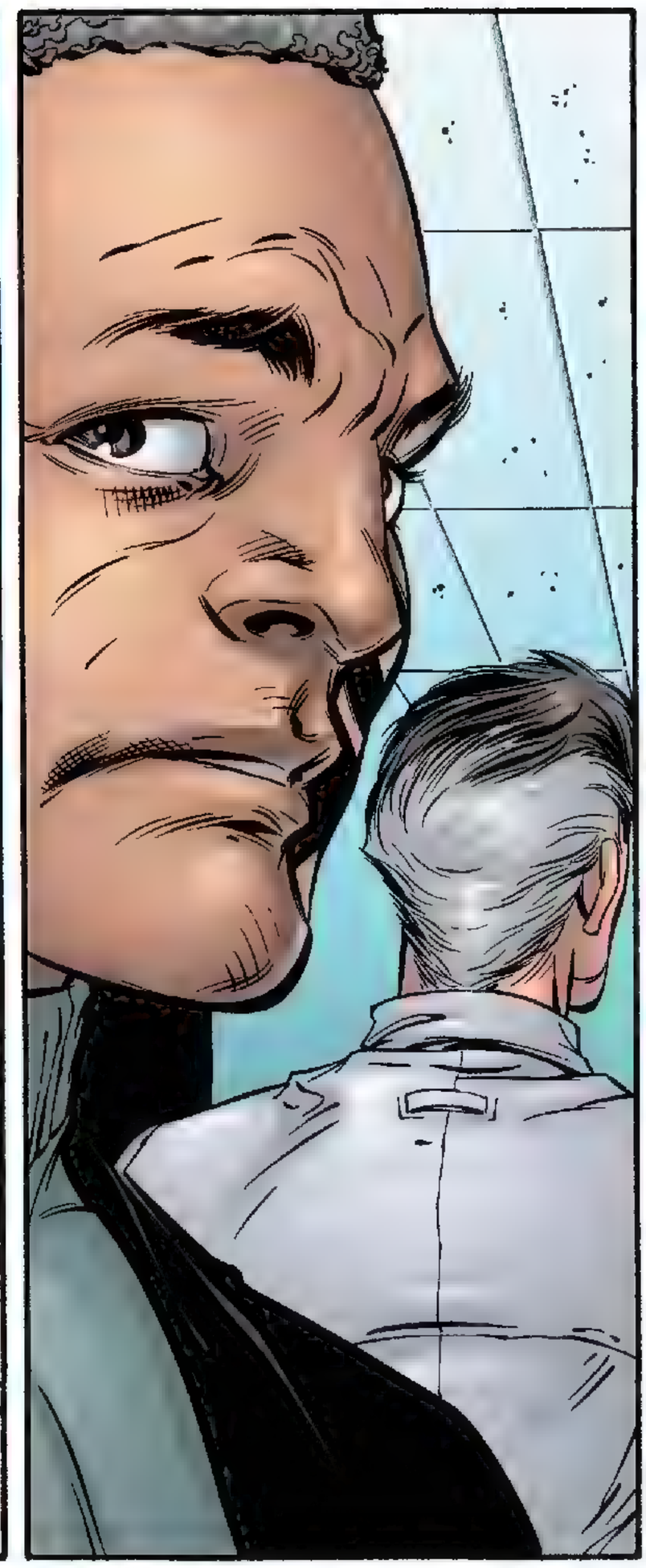
I mean, shouldn't we all be, like, looking into how this guy could be walking around after he *murdered*...

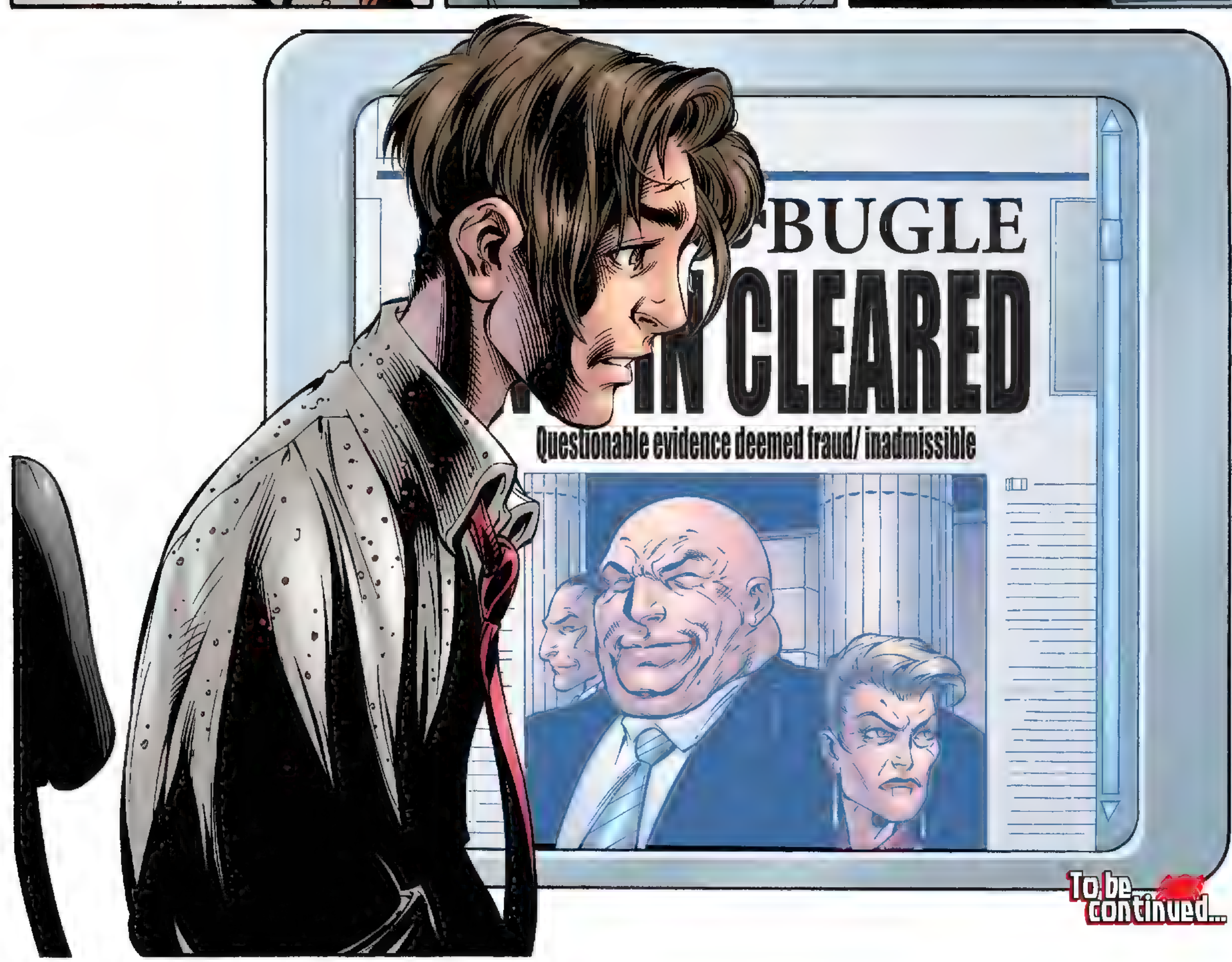
...instead of picking on some guy who is trying to be--
Who *are* you?!!
What are you *doing* here? Why do I hear your voice?
OUT! I WANT YOU OUT!

What?

This isn't a place for kids.
You're fired.
Out.



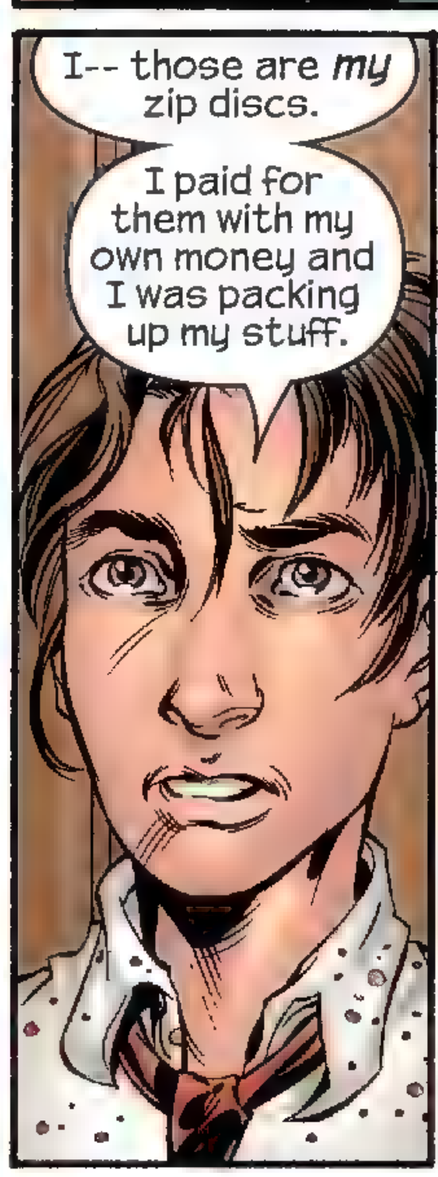




To be continued...

DAILY BUGLE
I'm saying that we get rid of the color sections here and here and--
--what?

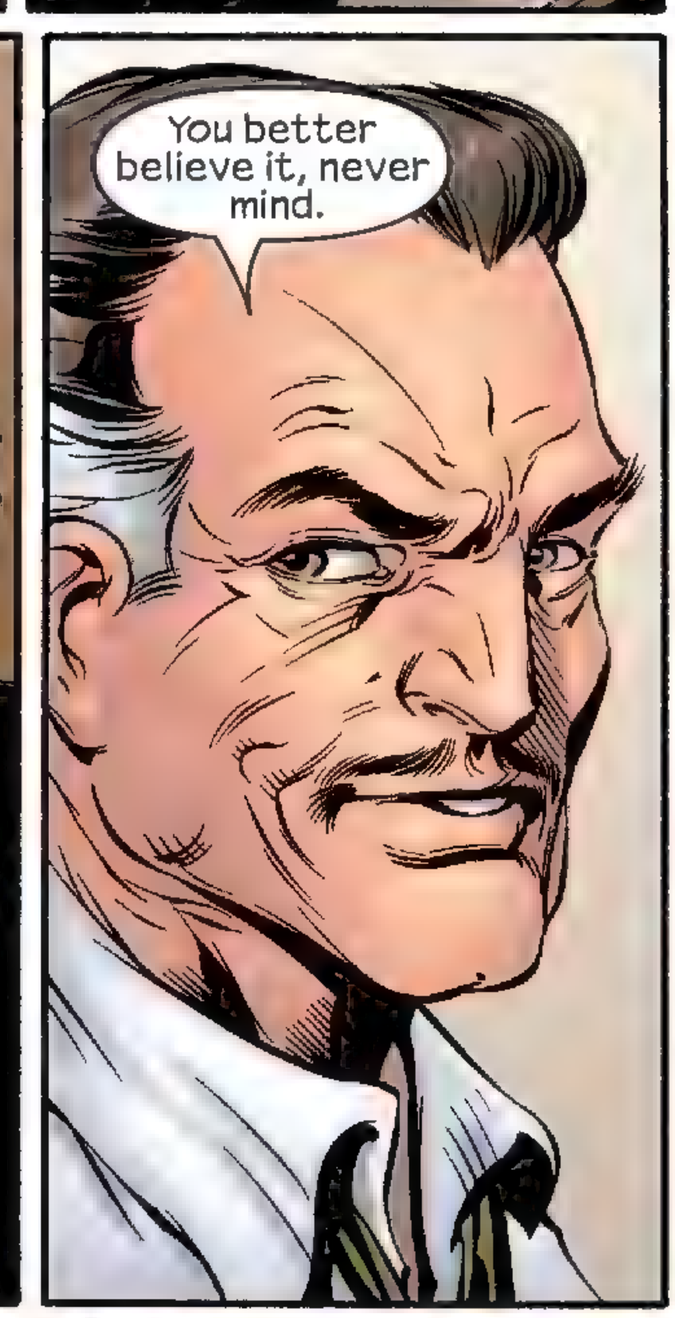
What, Parker? What?


I-- those are my zip discs.
I paid for them with my own money and I was packing up my stuff.

Well, go ahead then. Don't make a thing of it.
Jonah...

Just so you know, it isn't what you said, it's how you said it.

Yeah, right.
What was that?
Never mind.


You better believe it, never mind.

No. You know what?
That's-- that's a total load, man.

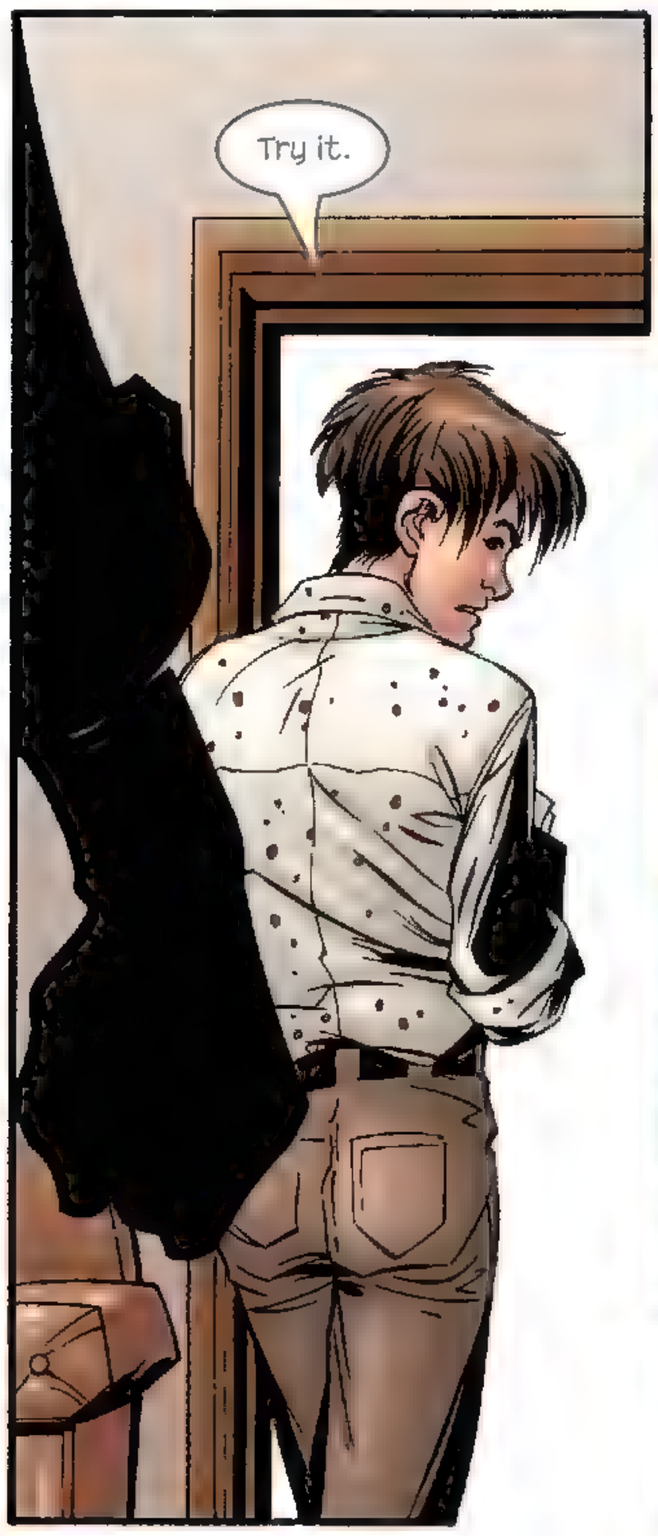
Excuse me?

It was *how* I *said* it? How did I *say* it?
All I did was ask you a question.
I wasn't yelling or being anything but polite.
I asked you a question.

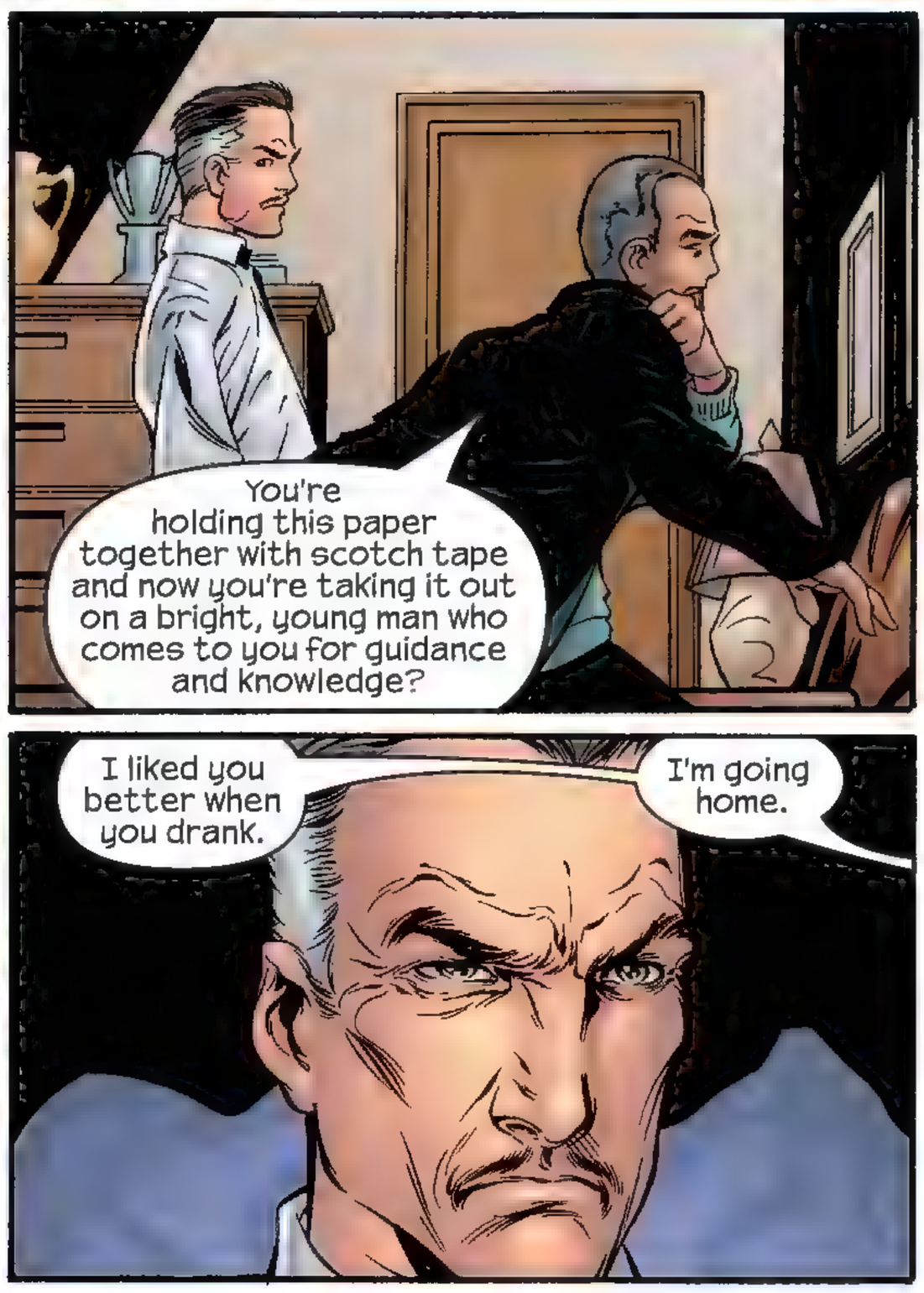
You're this older man, of, you know, *experience,* and I was asking you a question about something I didn't know the answer to.
And instead of answering the question...
...because I guess you didn't *like* the *answer* you had...
...you *fired* me!
And that's okay, I guess.
I mean, you can fire me for whatever reason you want.

But don't give me that *"it's not what I said, it's how I said it".*
I asked you a question and you fired me.

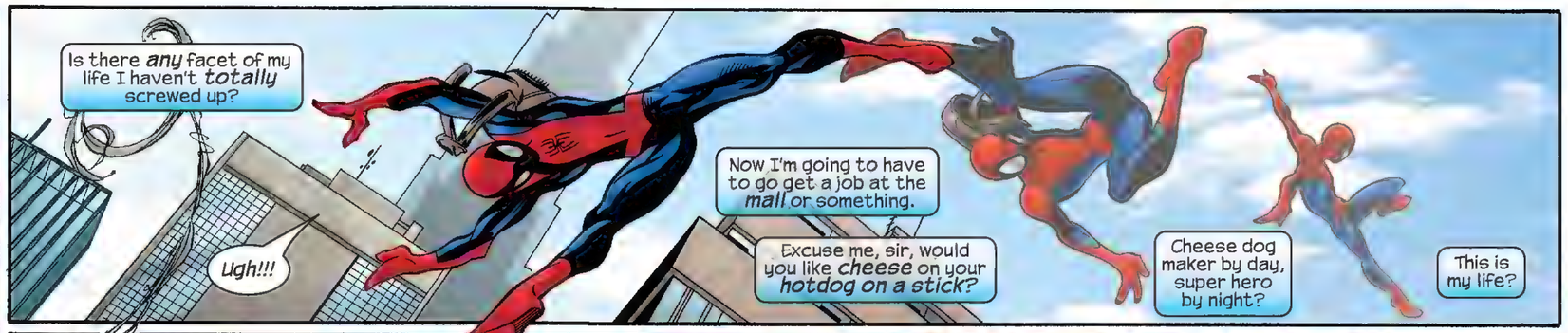
And now you're *double* fired.
Do I have to call security?!!


Try it.

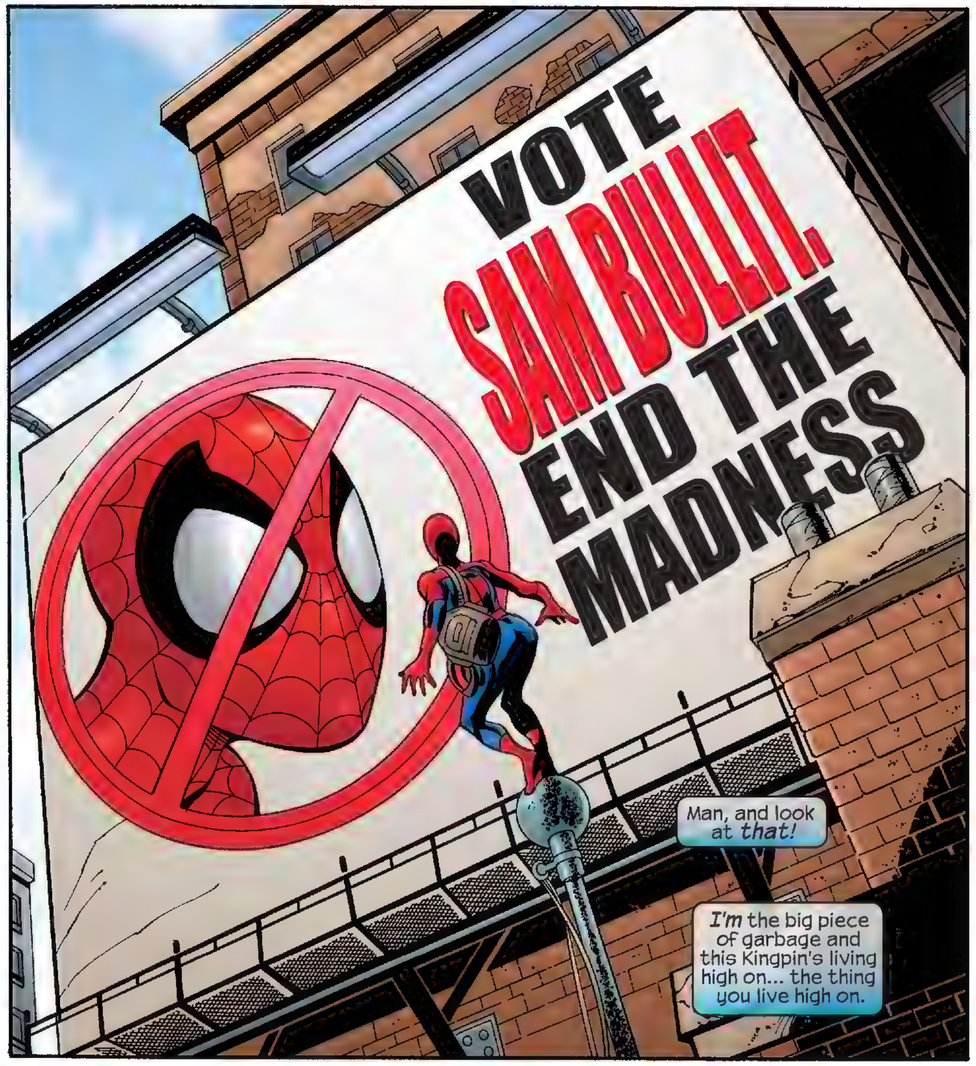
Teenagers!
So *this* is you now?
Every time you lose an argument you *fire* the person?
I'm not having this discussion.
Jonah, I've known you twenty years.
I know you know that kid is right on the money.

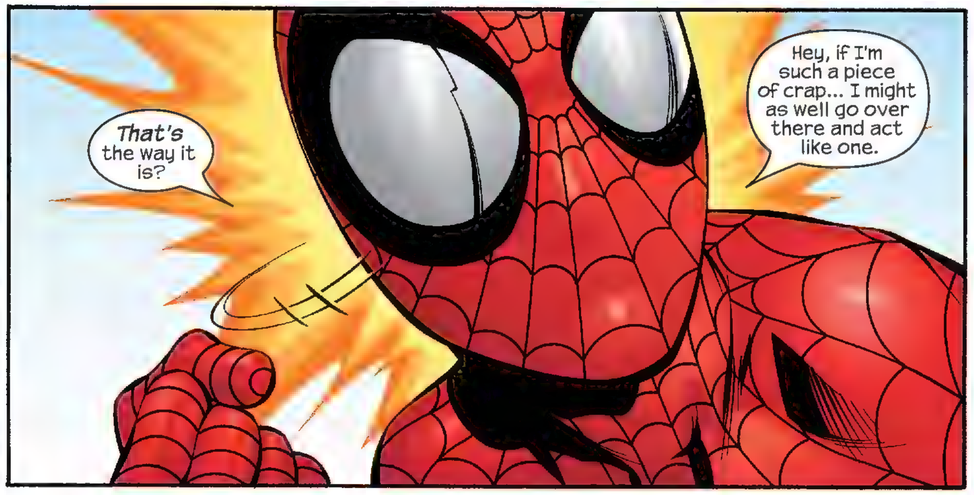

You're holding this paper together with scotch tape and now you're taking it out on a bright, young man who comes to you for guidance and knowledge?
I liked you better when you drank.
I'm going home.

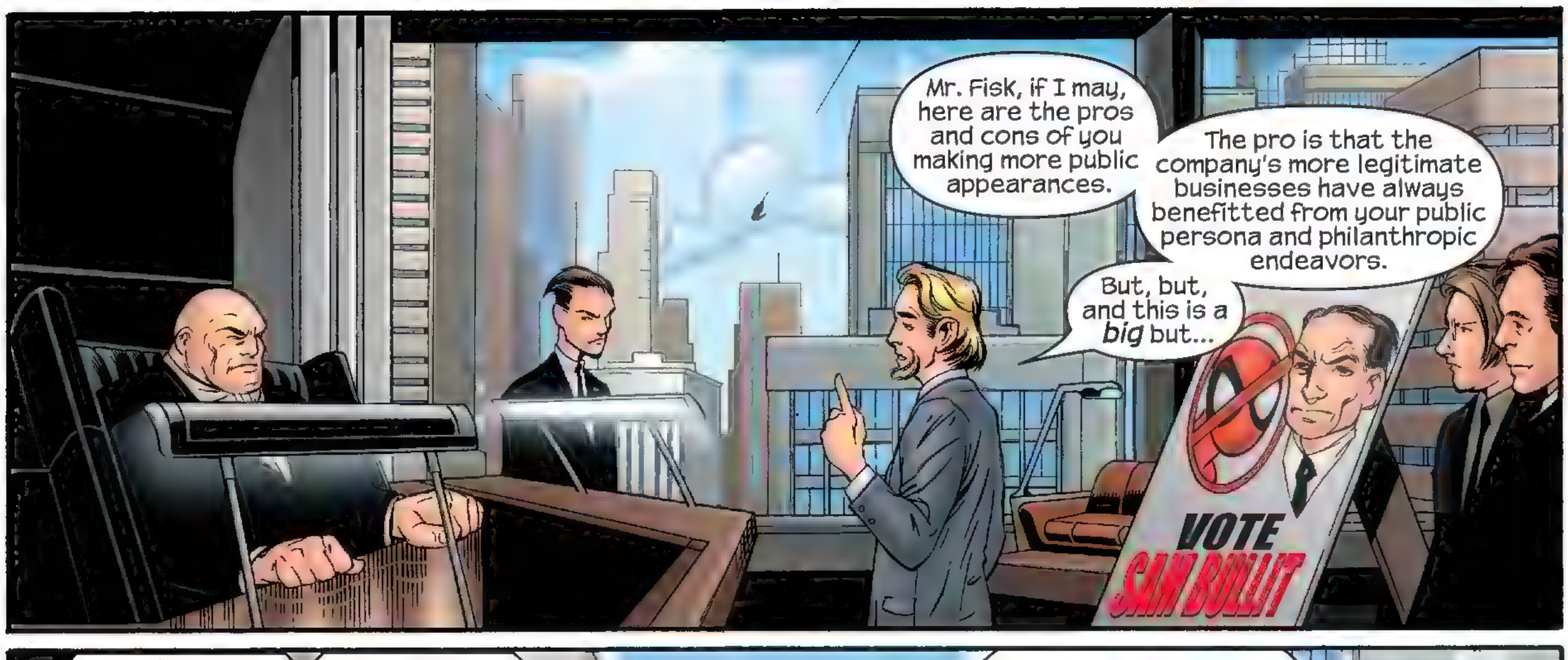
AAARRRGGHHHH!!
I got fired!! I opened my mouth and got fired!!
Great! Just great!!
Is there some kind of world's record I'm hitting for the youngest total loser in New York City?!

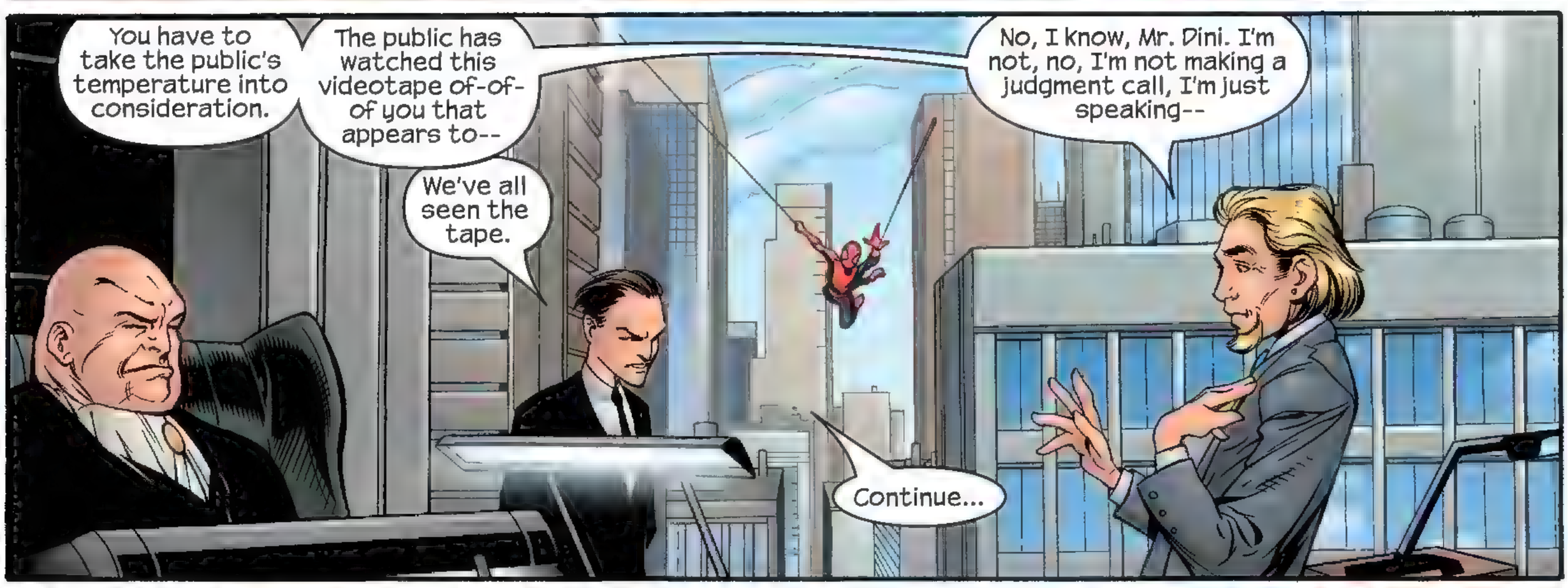

Is there any facet of my life I haven't totally screwed up?
Ugh!!!
Now I'm going to have to go get a job at the mall or something.
Excuse me, sir, would you like cheese on your hotdog on a stick?
Cheese dog maker by day, super hero by night?
This is my life?

This is what I have to look forward to?
And there it is. There's Fisk Tower.
The Kingpin's big freakin' castle right in the middle of the freakin' city.
And he's sitting up there just having a big freakin' party.
A big "I can do whatever the hell I freakin' want" party!
This is what I have to deal with? This is the world?


VOTE
SAM BULLIT.
END THE MADNESS
Man, and look at that!
I'm the big piece of garbage and this Kingpin's living high on... the thing you live high on.


That's the way it is?
Hey, if I'm such a piece of crap... I might as well go over there and act like one.


Mr. Fisk, if I may, here are the pros and cons of you making more public appearances.
The pro is that the company's more legitimate businesses have always benefitted from your public persona and philanthropic endeavors.
But, but, and this is a *big* but...
VOTE SAM BULLIT

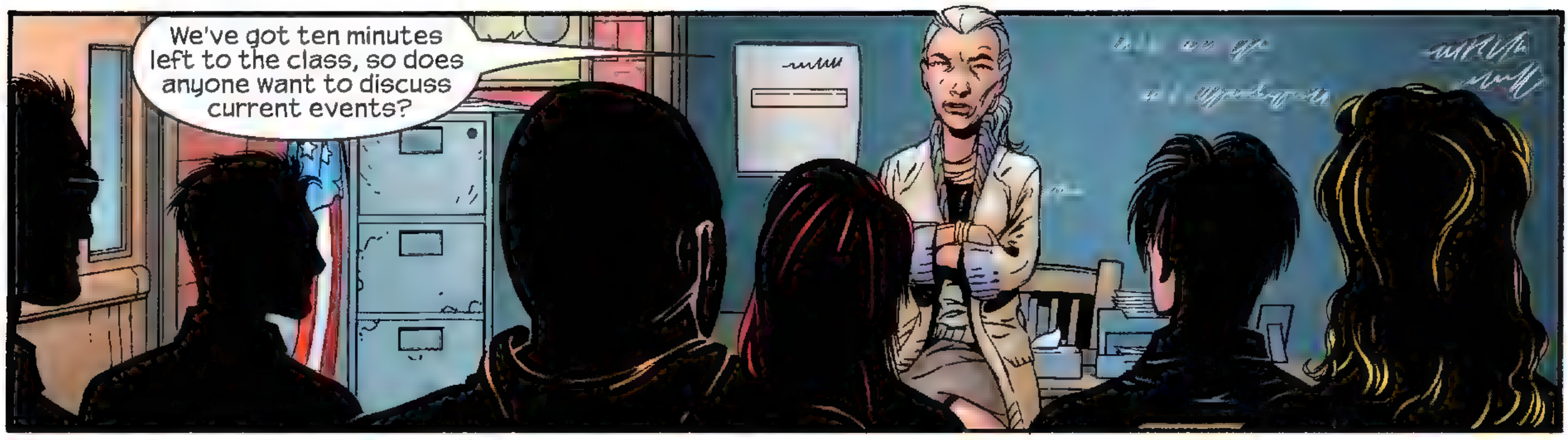

You have to take the public's temperature into consideration.
The public has watched this videotape of-of-of you that appears to--
We've all seen the tape.
No, I know, Mr. Dini. I'm not, no, I'm not making a judgment call, I'm just speaking--
Continue...

You have to see that there are people in the city that will still feel that you-- you are this *"Kingpin of Crime"* the Daily Bugle tagged you with...
...and what you *don't* want to do is appear *arrogant* or *cocky* in the face of these--
AAAIEEE!!!

THUMP
JEEZ!

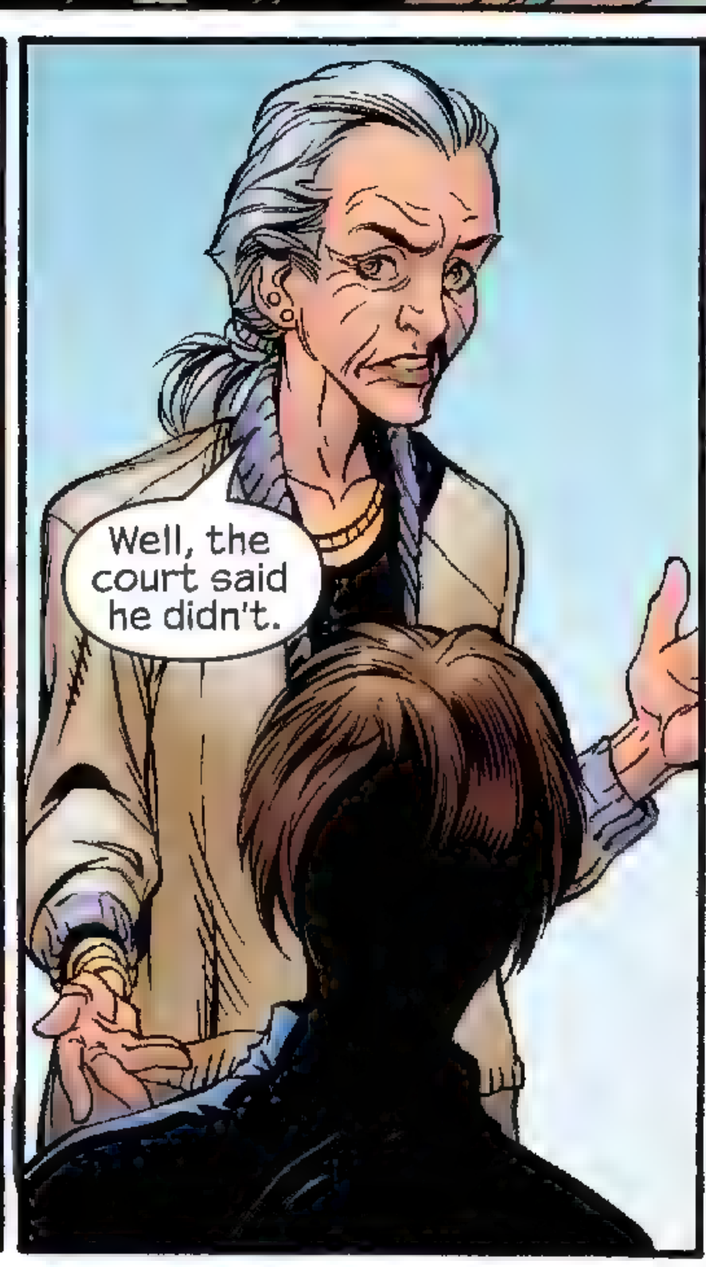
AGH!
THWIP
THWIP
OhmyGodohmyGodohmyGod...
Guh--
oh my--

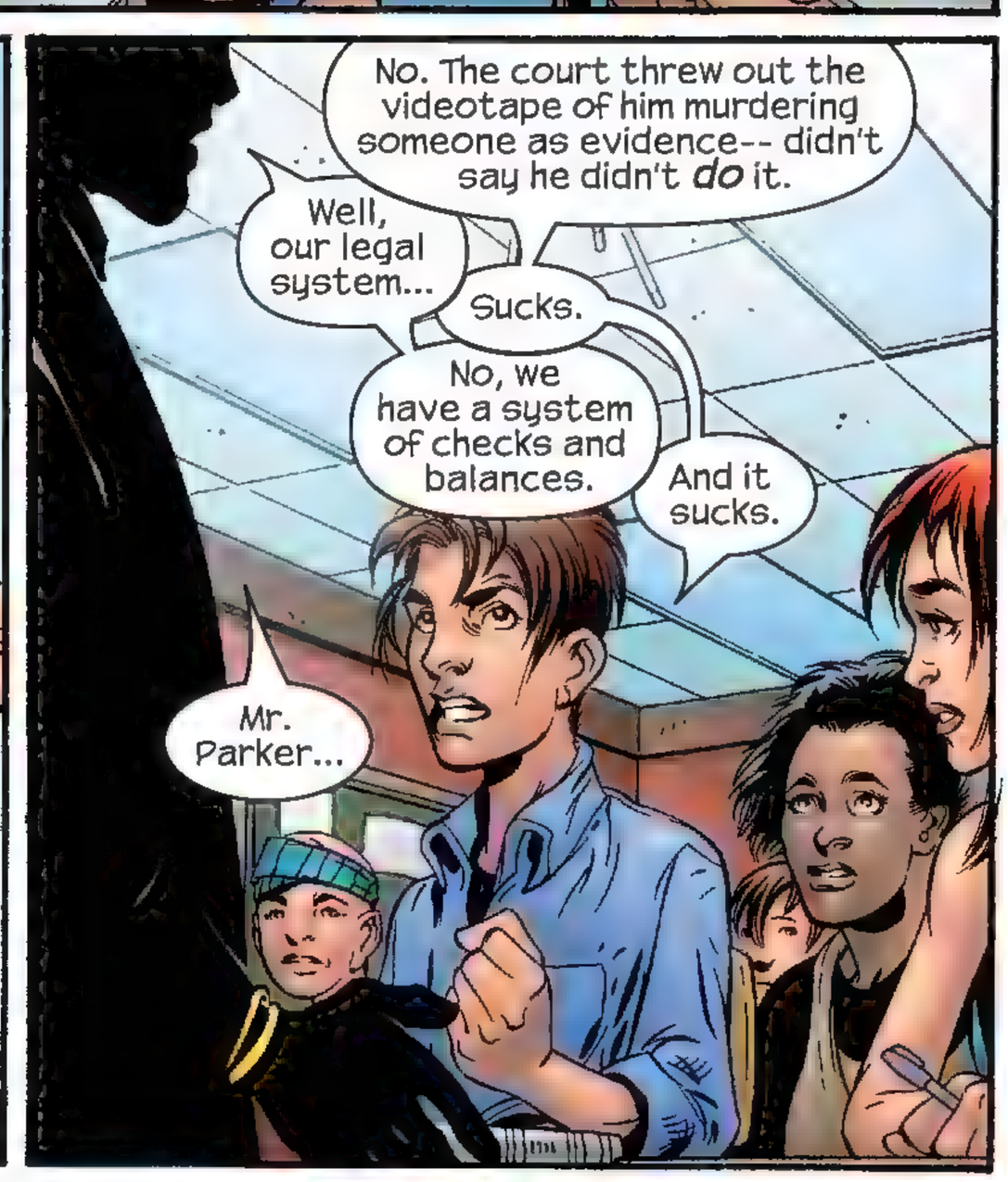
Come out here!! Come out here and face me, you!! You son of a--!!
OH MY GOD!!


We've got ten minutes left to the class, so does anyone want to discuss current events?

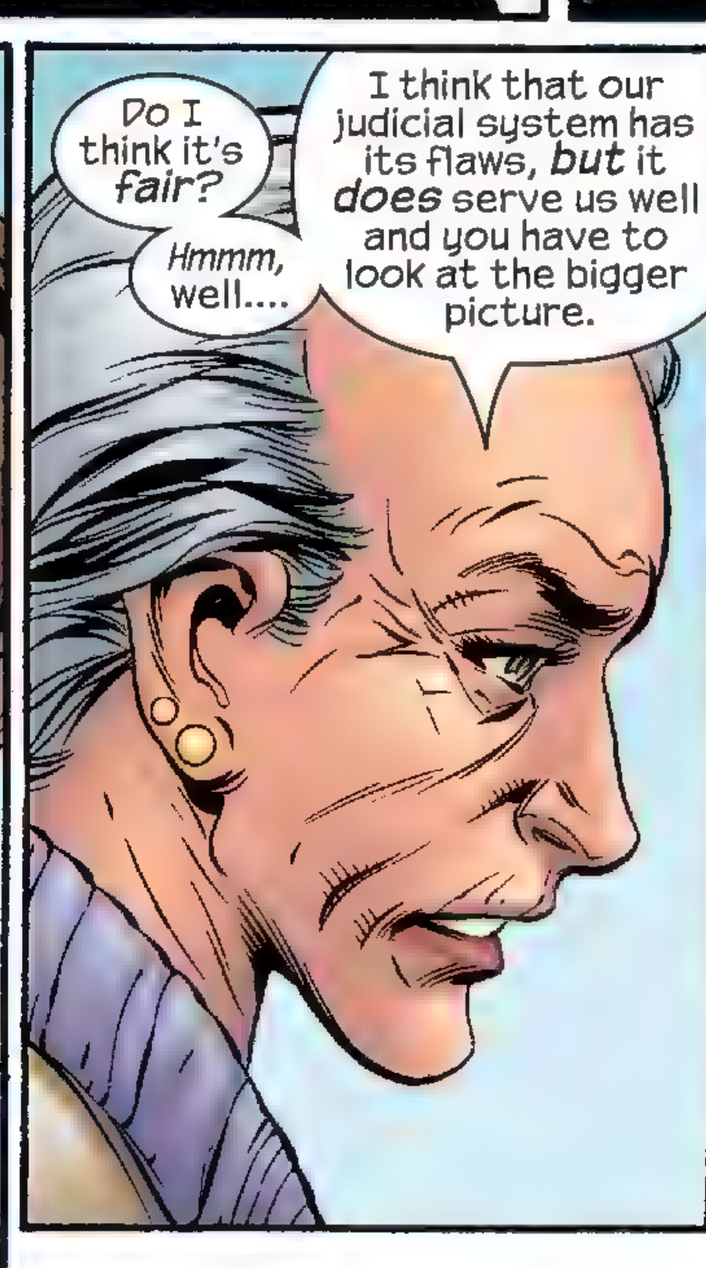
Anyone see anything that--?
Can we talk about this Wilson Fisk being allowed to walk around like he didn't *kill* someone?
What's on your mind, Mr. Parker?

Yeah, uh, how is he allowed to walk around like he didn't kill someone?

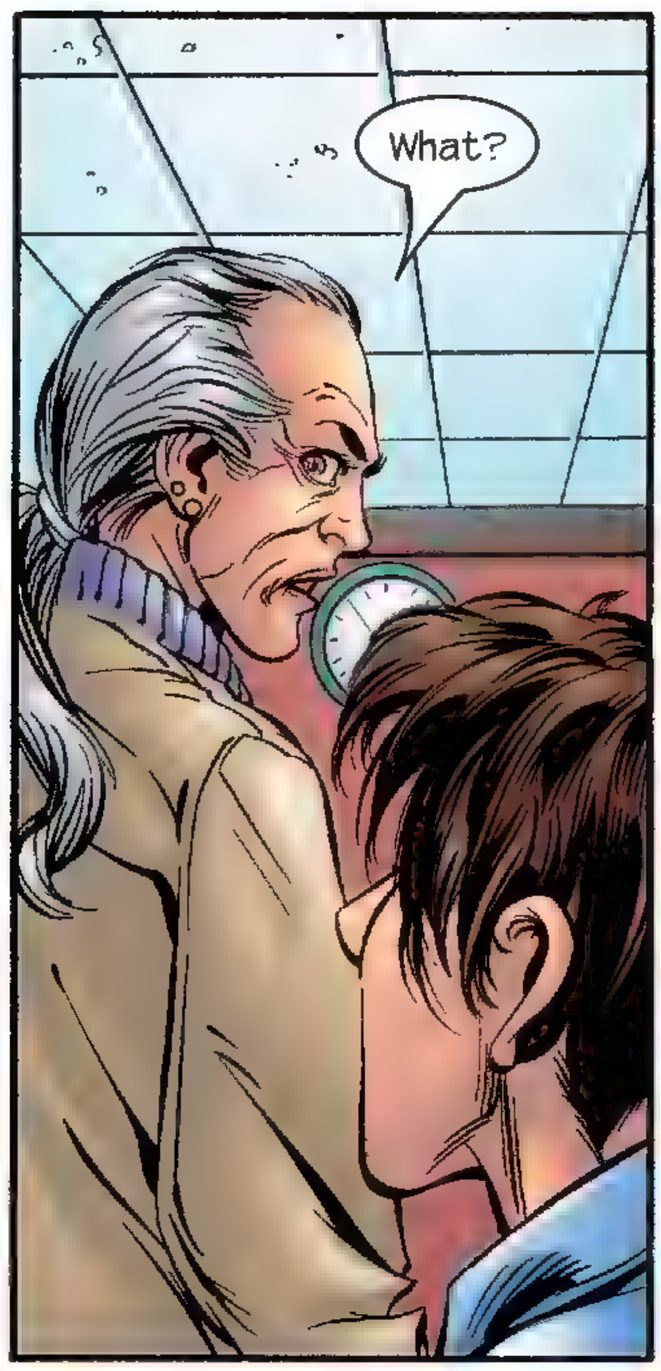

Well, the court said he didn't.

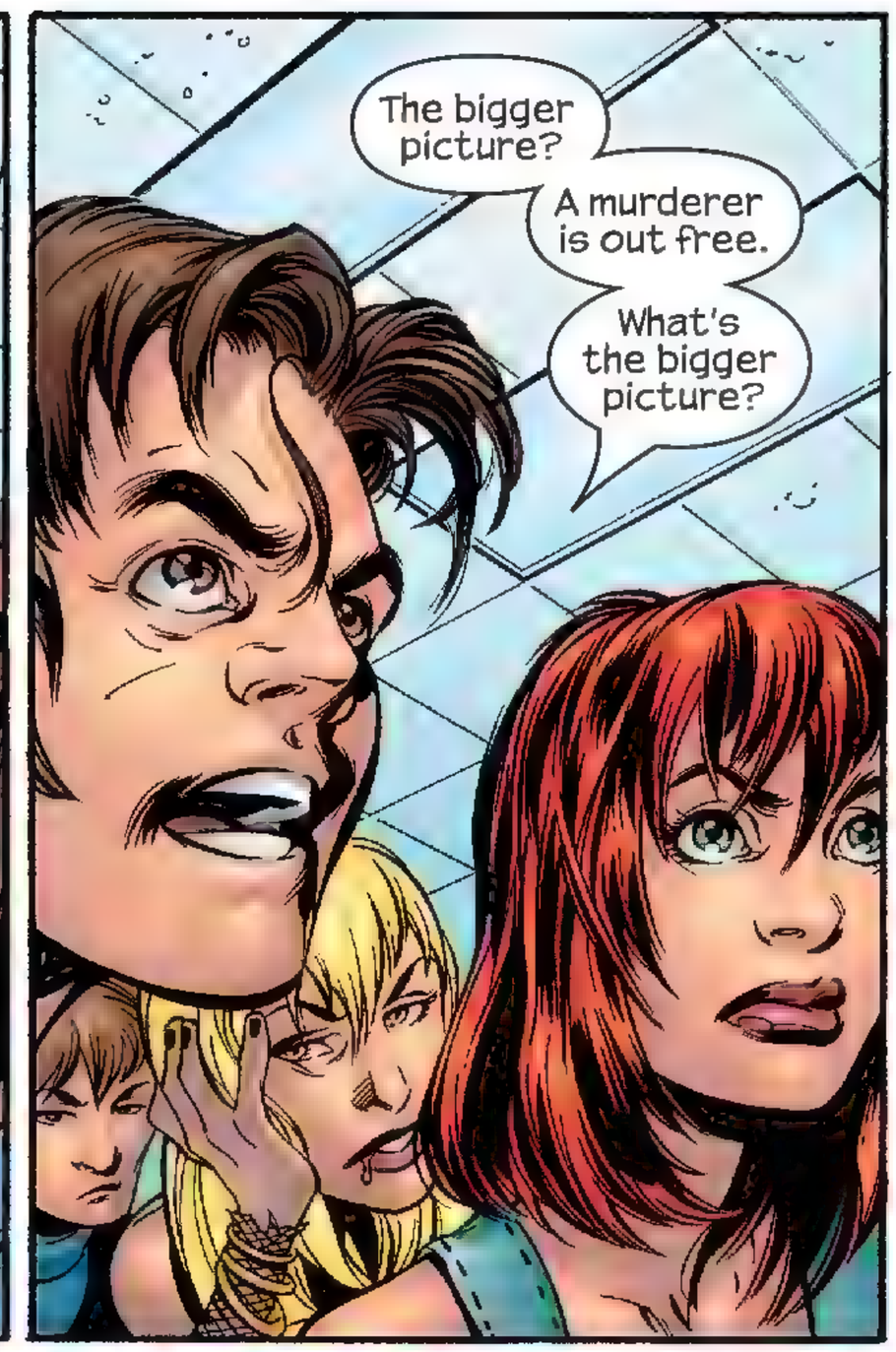

No. The court threw out the videotape of him murdering someone as evidence-- didn't say he didn't *do* it.
Well, our legal system...
Sucks.
No, we have a system of checks and balances.
And it sucks.
Mr. Parker...

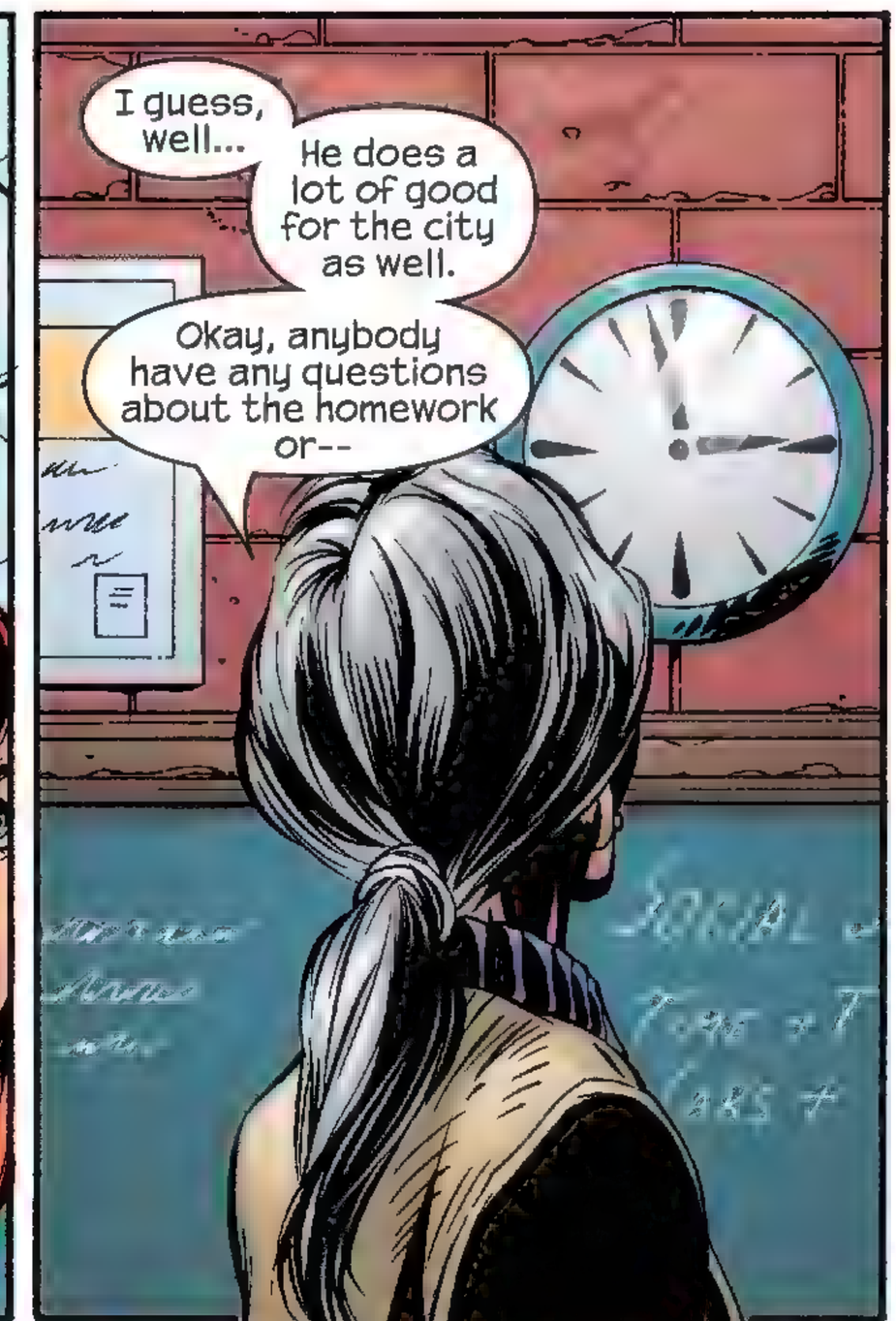
I'm asking you. *You.*
Do *you* think that this is right?
Do you think it's fair that he should be allowed out in the real world like this?


Do I think it's *fair?*
Hmmm, well....
I think that our judicial system has its flaws, *but* it *does* serve us well and you have to look at the bigger picture.

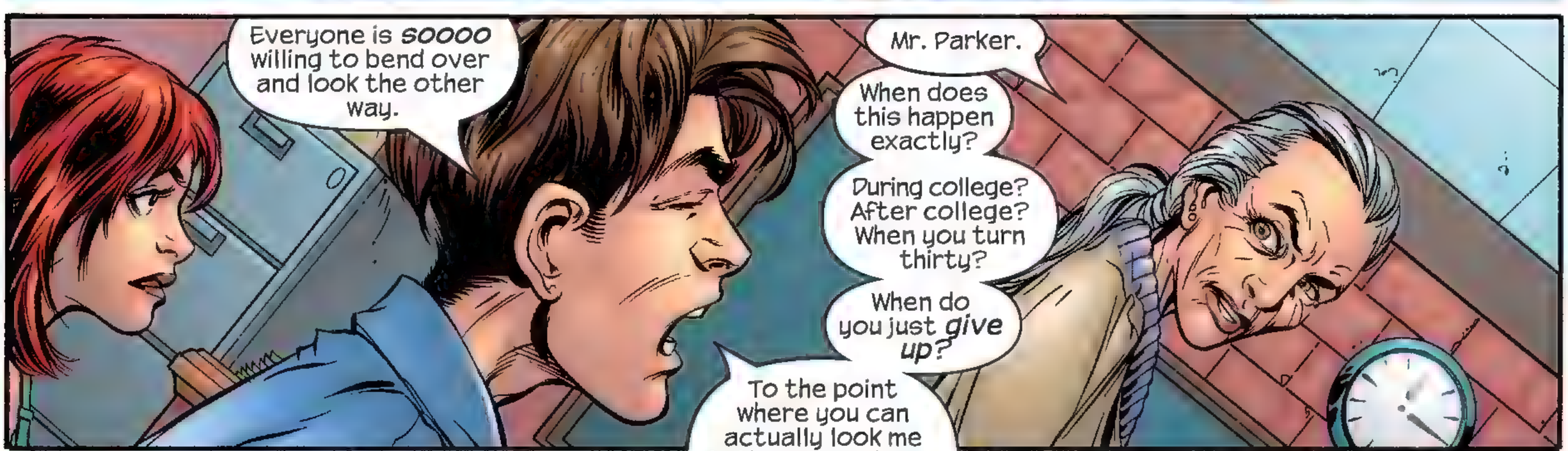
And what is *that?*


What?

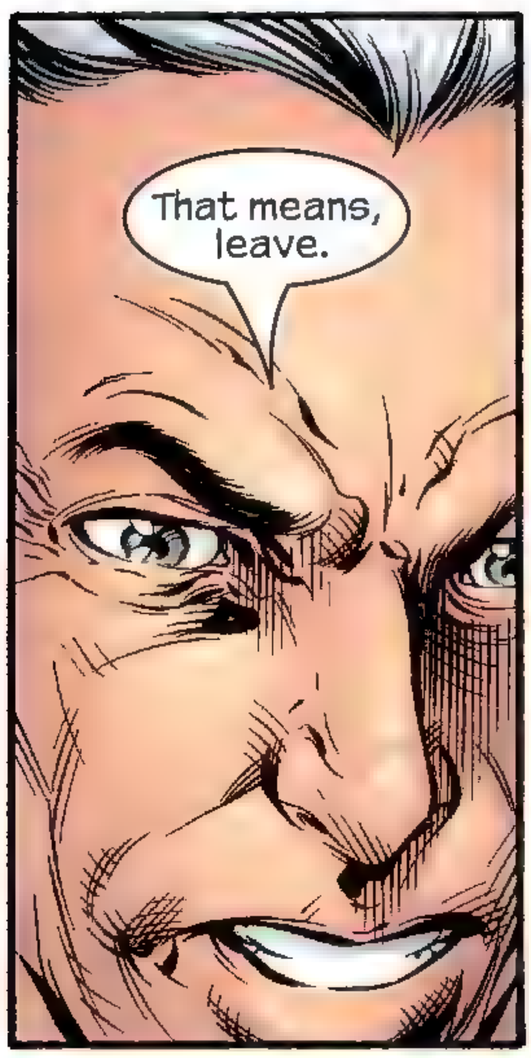

The bigger picture?
A murderer is out free.
What's the bigger picture?

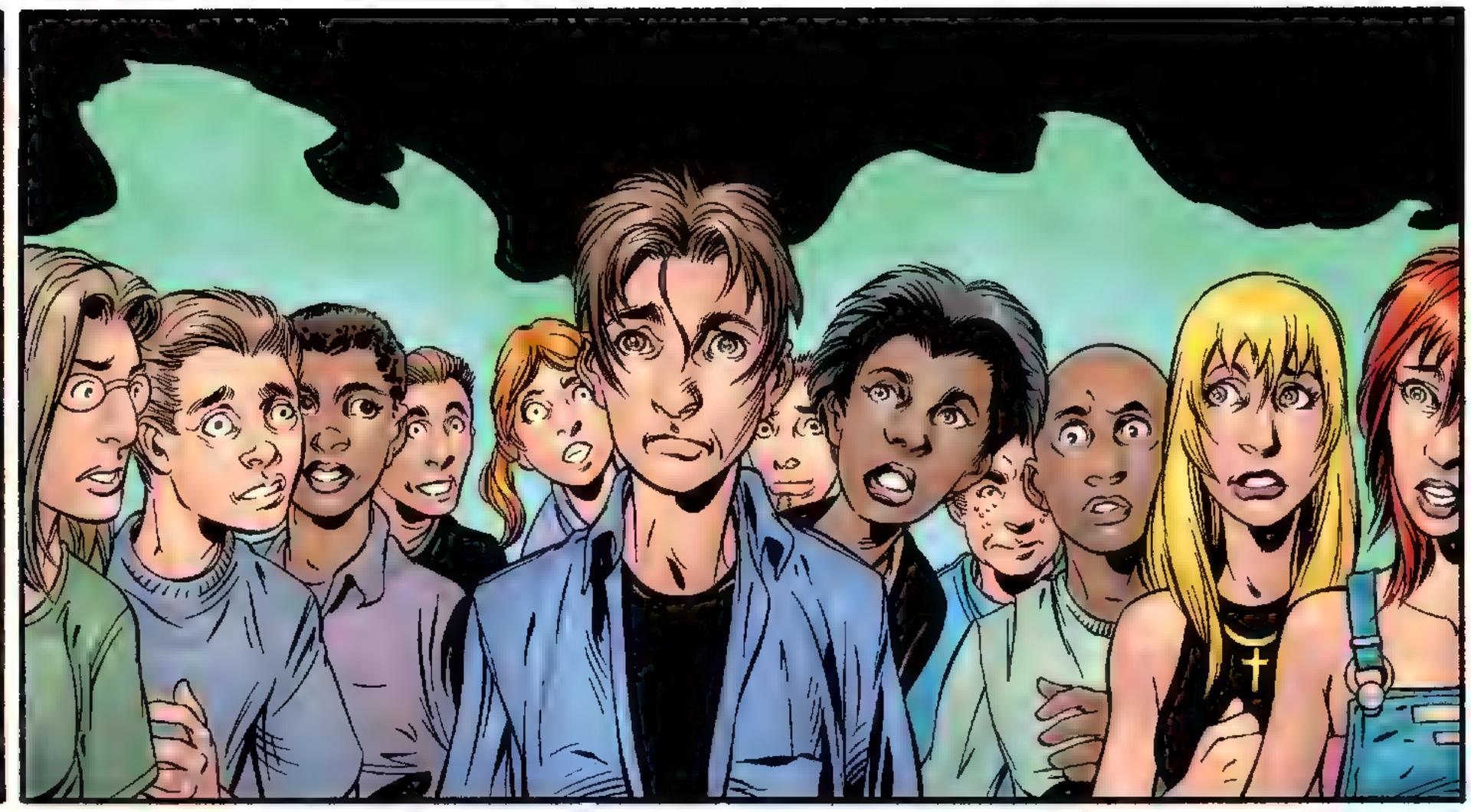

I guess, well...
He does a lot of good for the city as well.
Okay, anybody have any questions about the homework or--

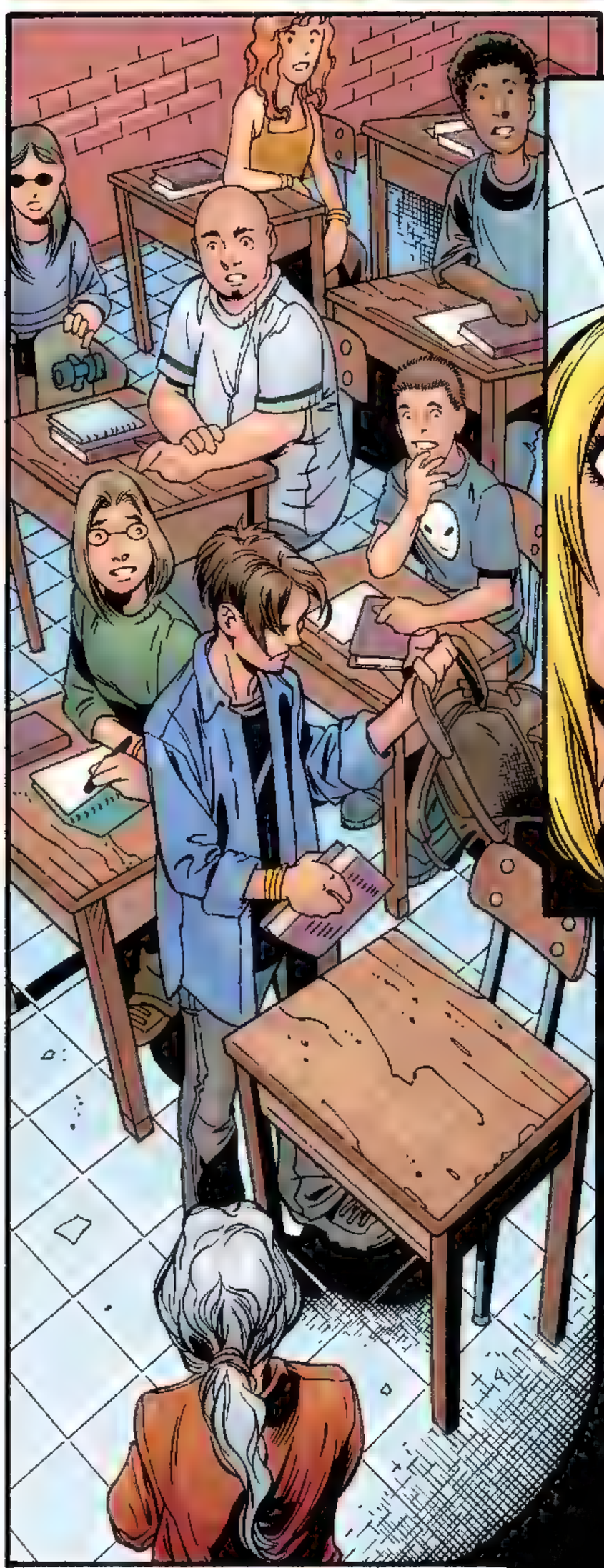
Oh, that is such a load of crap!
I am so *sick* of all this-- this *compromise*.

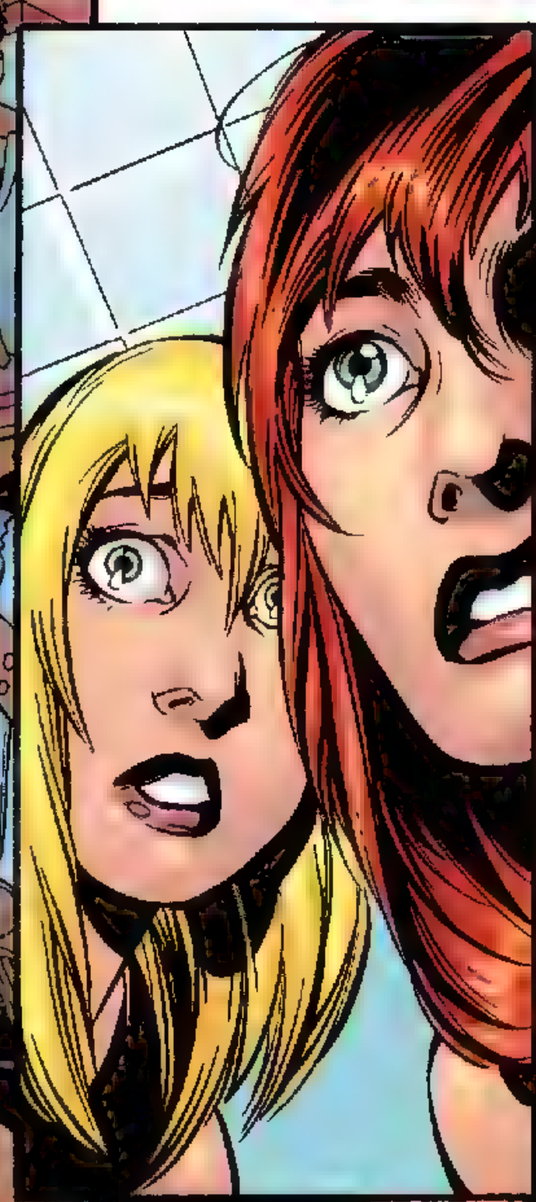

Everyone is *soooo* willing to bend over and look the other way.
Mr. Parker.
When does this happen exactly?
During college? After college? When you turn thirty?
When do you just *give up*?
To the point where you can actually look me in the eye and say, *"Sure he murders, but he's got good qualities, too."*

Maybe you should step outside and get a breath of fresh air.

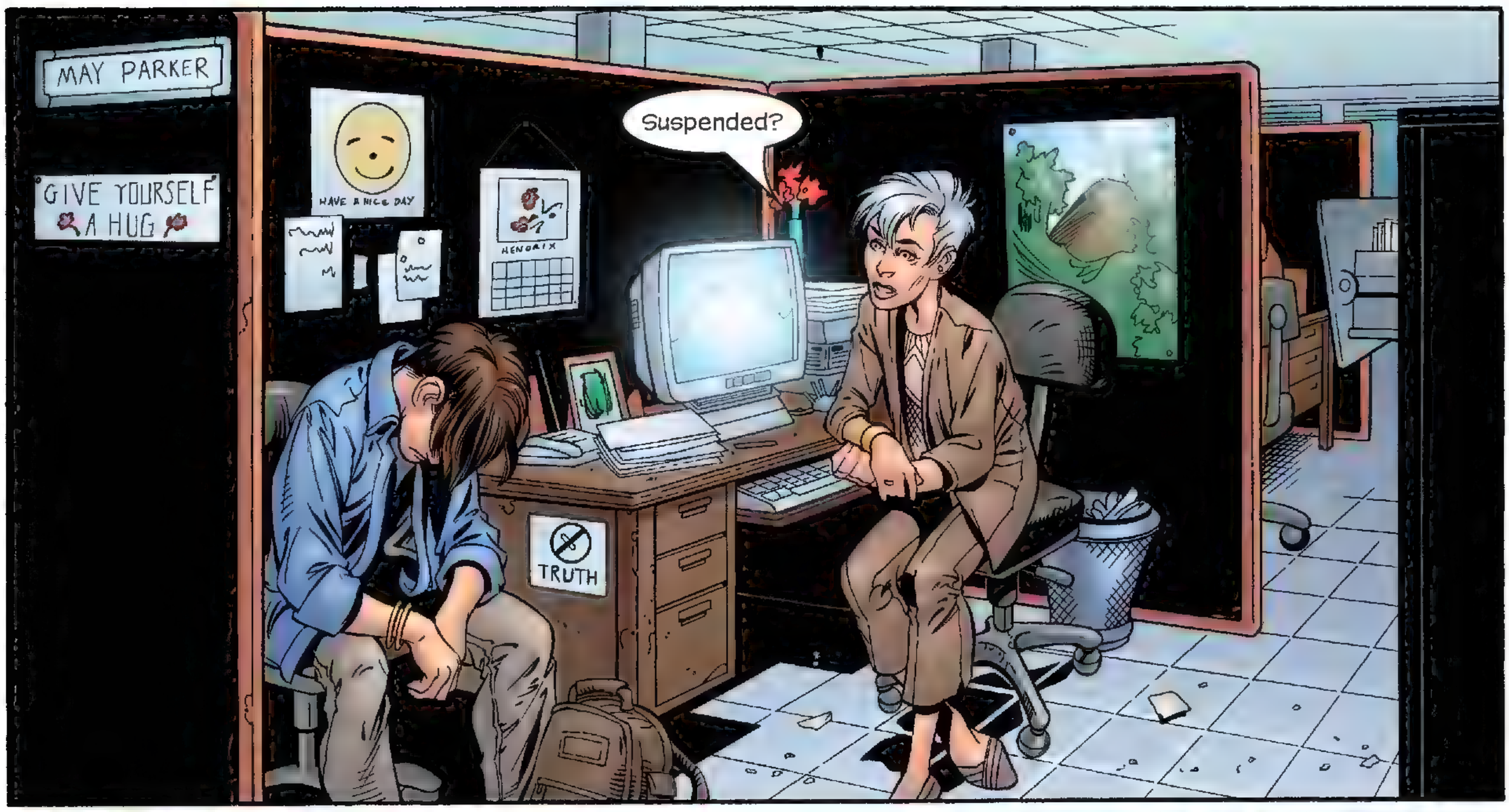

That means, leave.

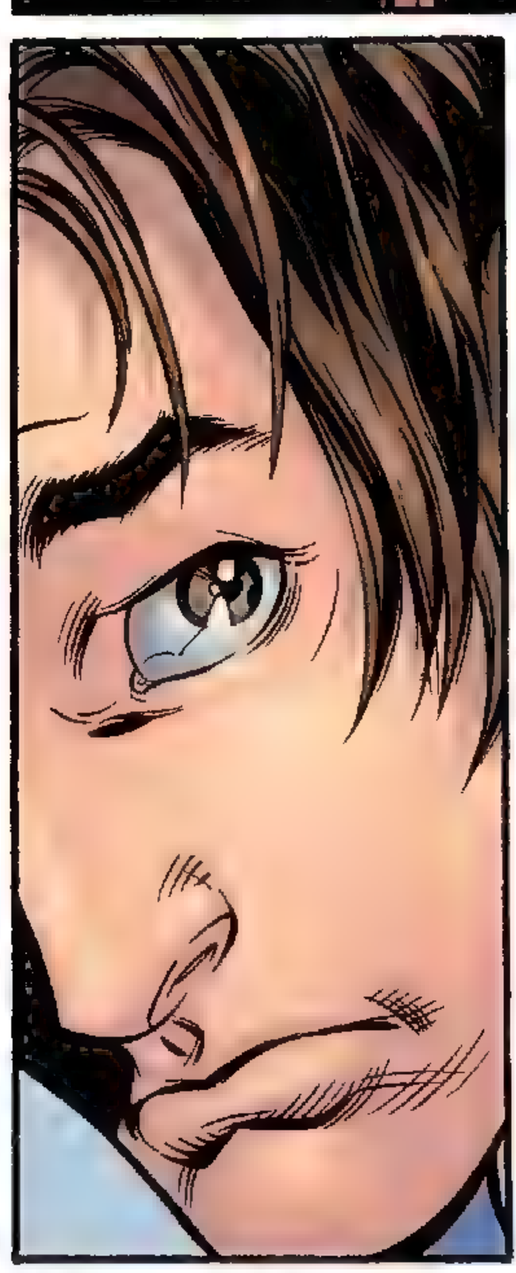




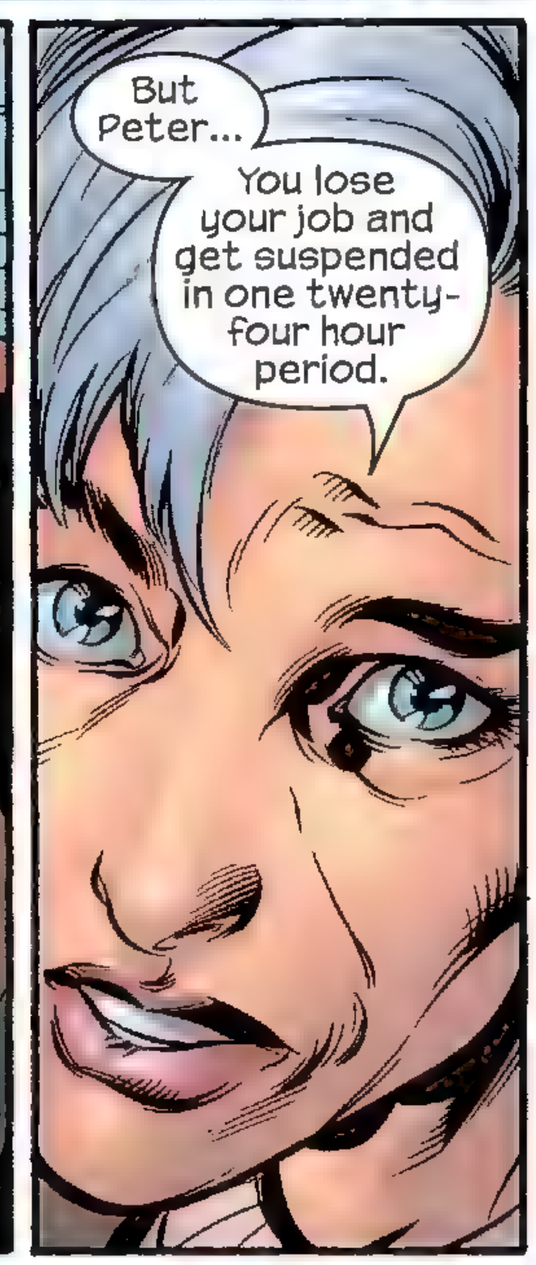


FINE!!
I think I learned enough today.

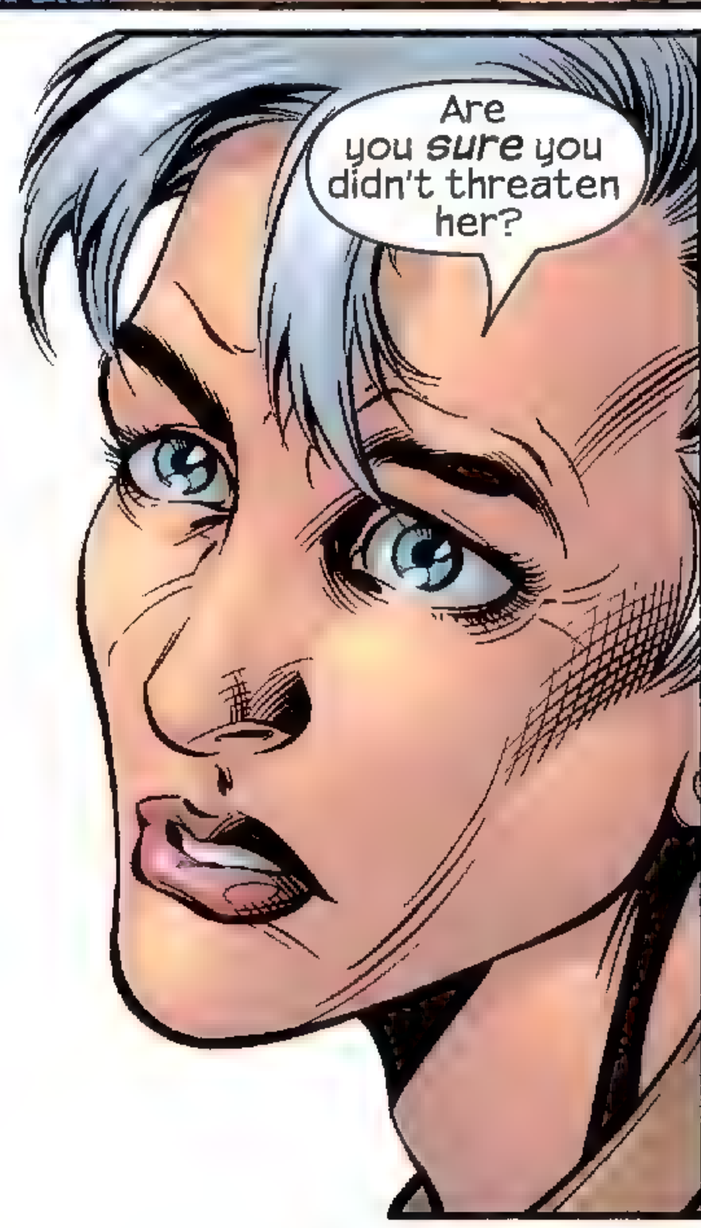

MAY PARKER
GIVE YOURSELF A HUG
HAVE A NICE DAY
HENDRIX
TRUTH
Suspended?



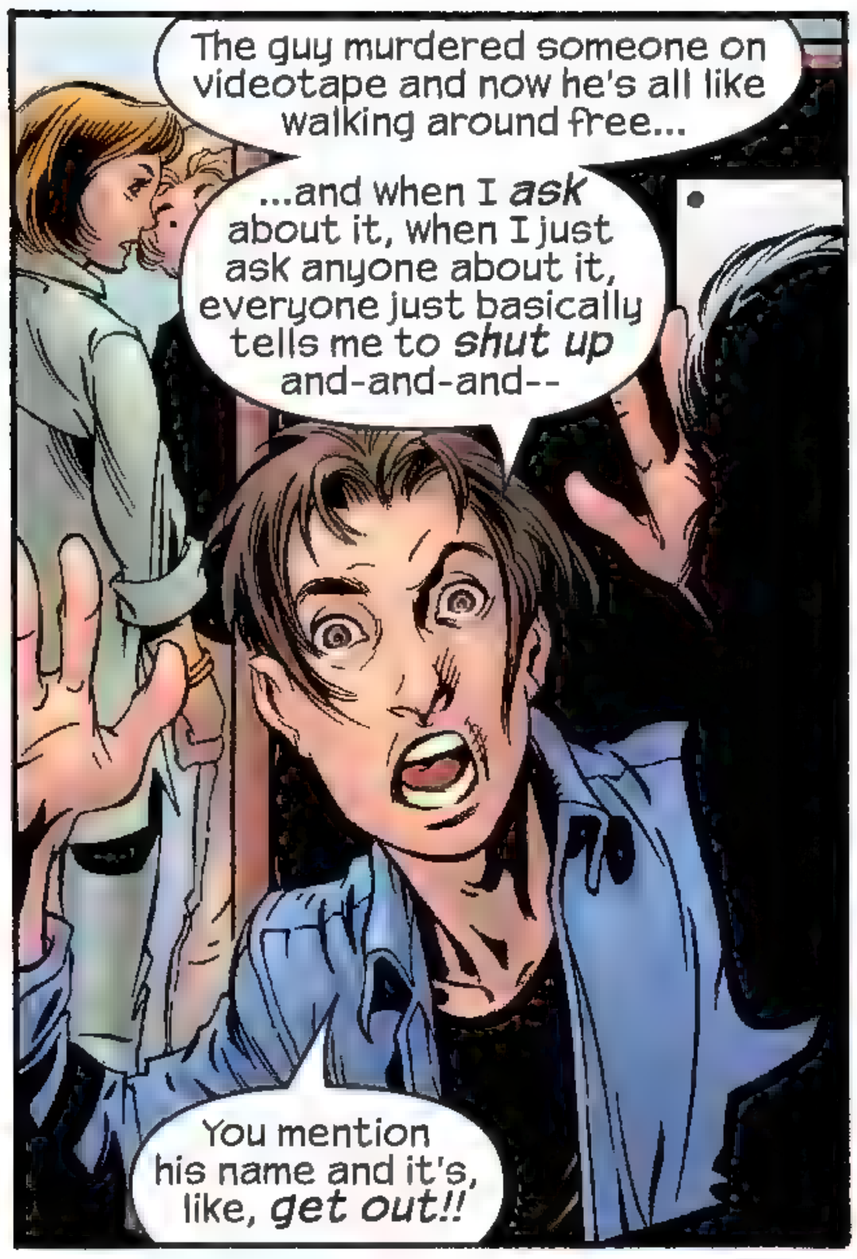
You threatened your Social Studies teacher?
No, I swear.
Then what?
Not even close. I mean maybe, maybe I insulted her.
Like, accidently.
But I didn't even mean to do that.


But Peter...
You lose your job and get suspended in one twenty-four hour period.

Yeah.
Yippeedoo for me.


Are you sure you didn't threaten her?

No! I swear! I swear.
All I did was, like, ask about-- do you know this Wilson Fisk thing?


The guy murdered someone on videotape and now he's all like walking around free...
...and when I *ask* about it, when I just ask anyone about it, everyone just basically tells me to *shut up* and-and-and--
You mention his name and it's, like, *get out!!*

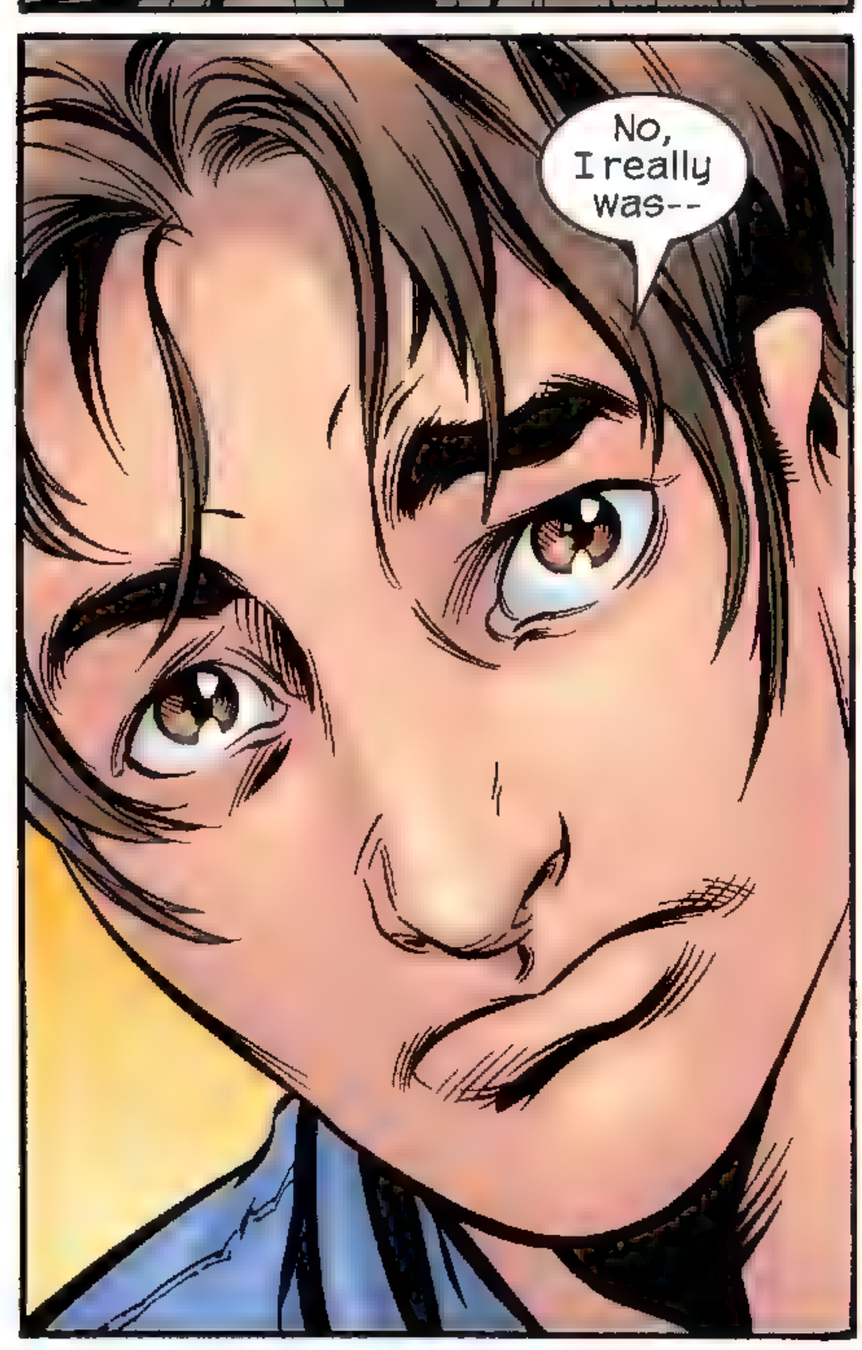
Oh, sweety...
You know what this is about, don't you?

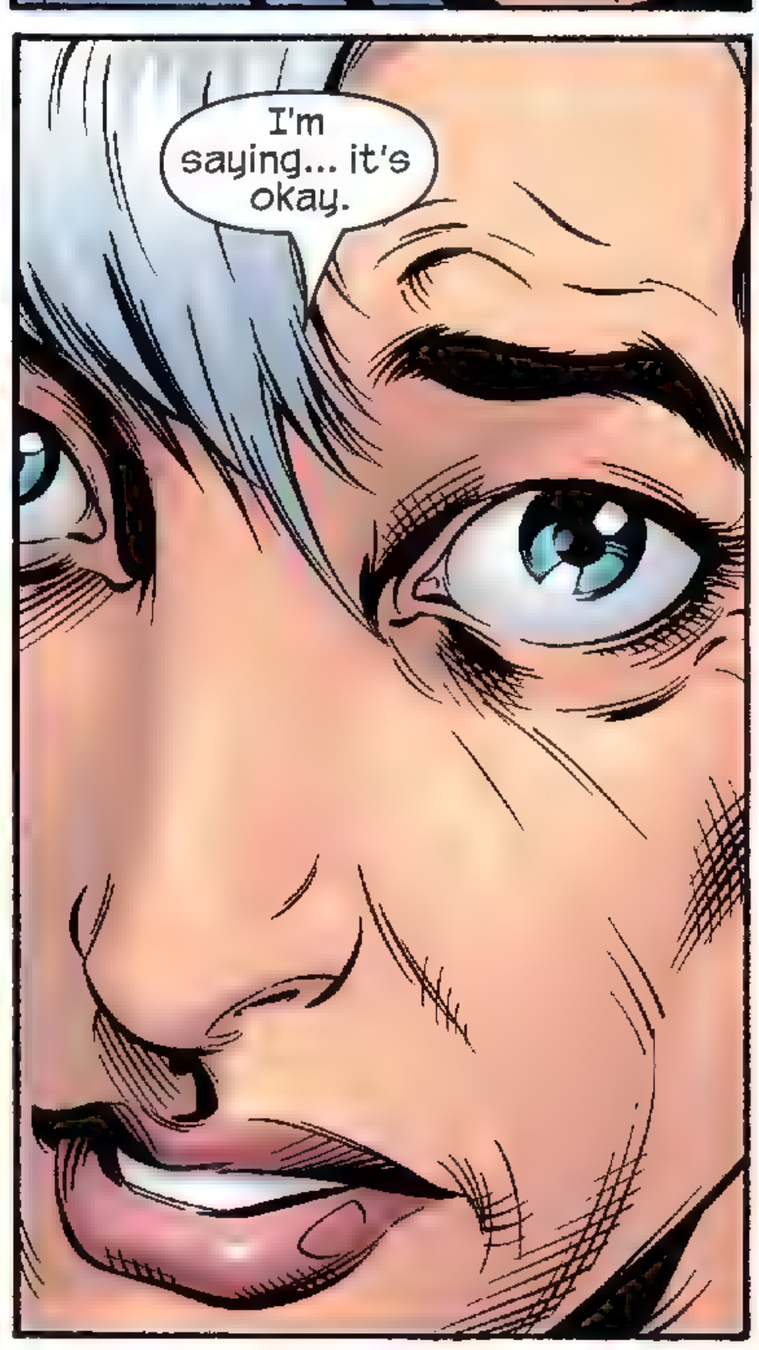
Well, yeah, I just don't understand how one man can hold such a--

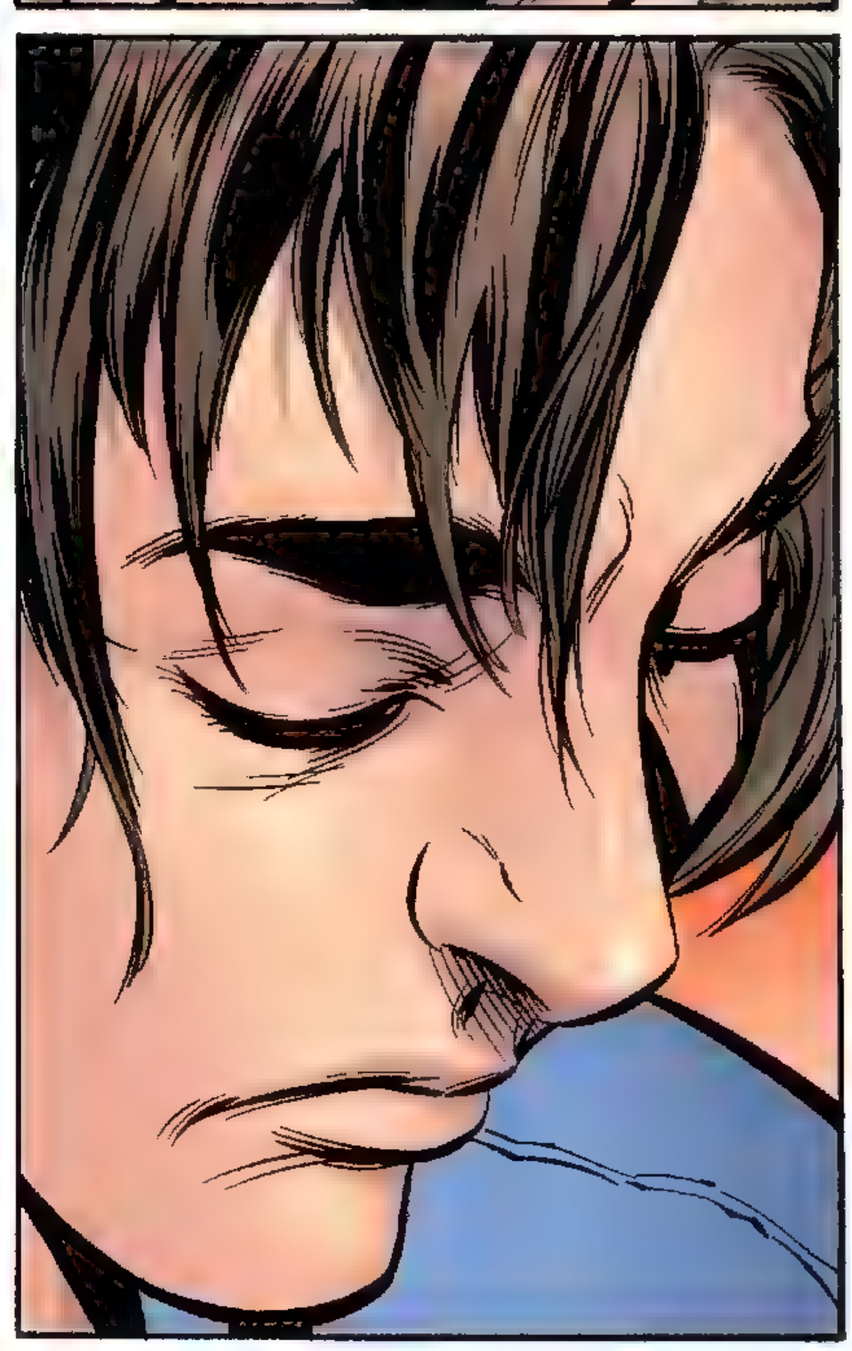
Sweety, the man that murdered your Uncle Ben is in jail.
And he's going to *stay* in jail.
You don't have to worry about that.

I go through the same things, you know.
Sometimes I walk into the living room and I think he's back.

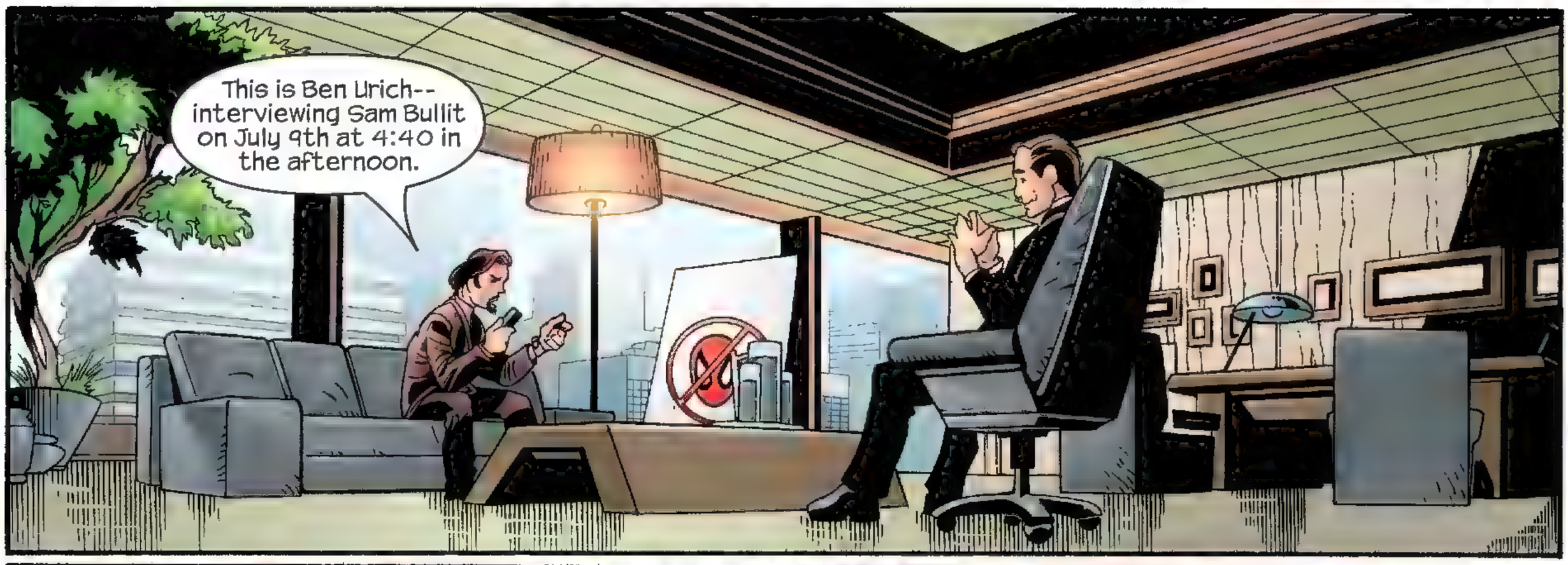
The man who killed Ben. I think I see him.
But he's not there, sweety.

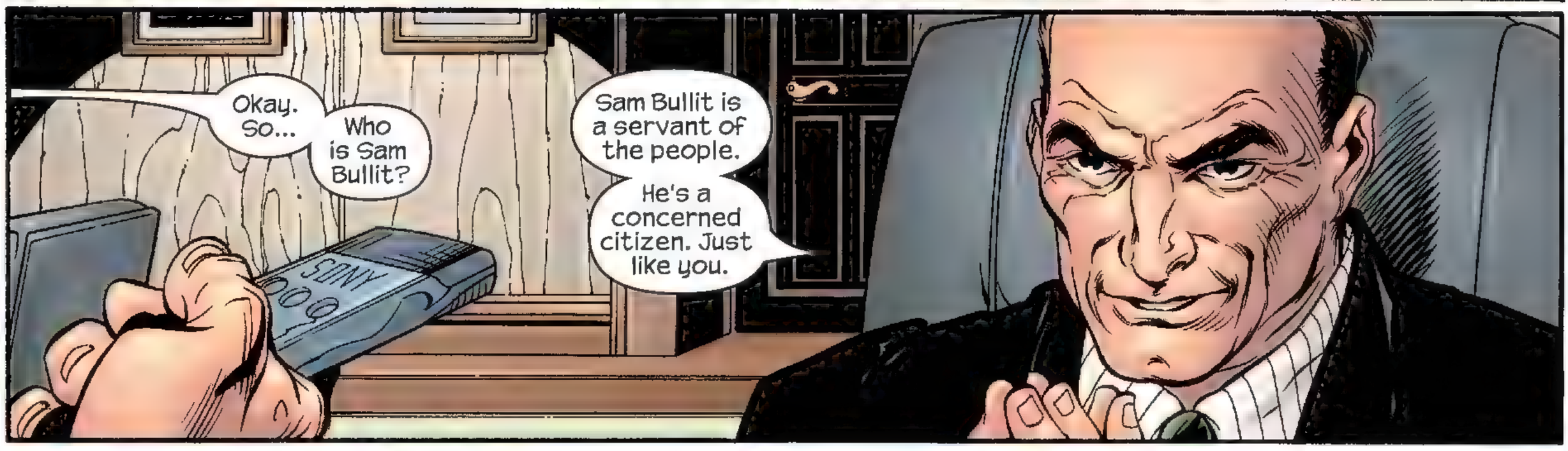

No, I really was--


I'm saying... it's okay.

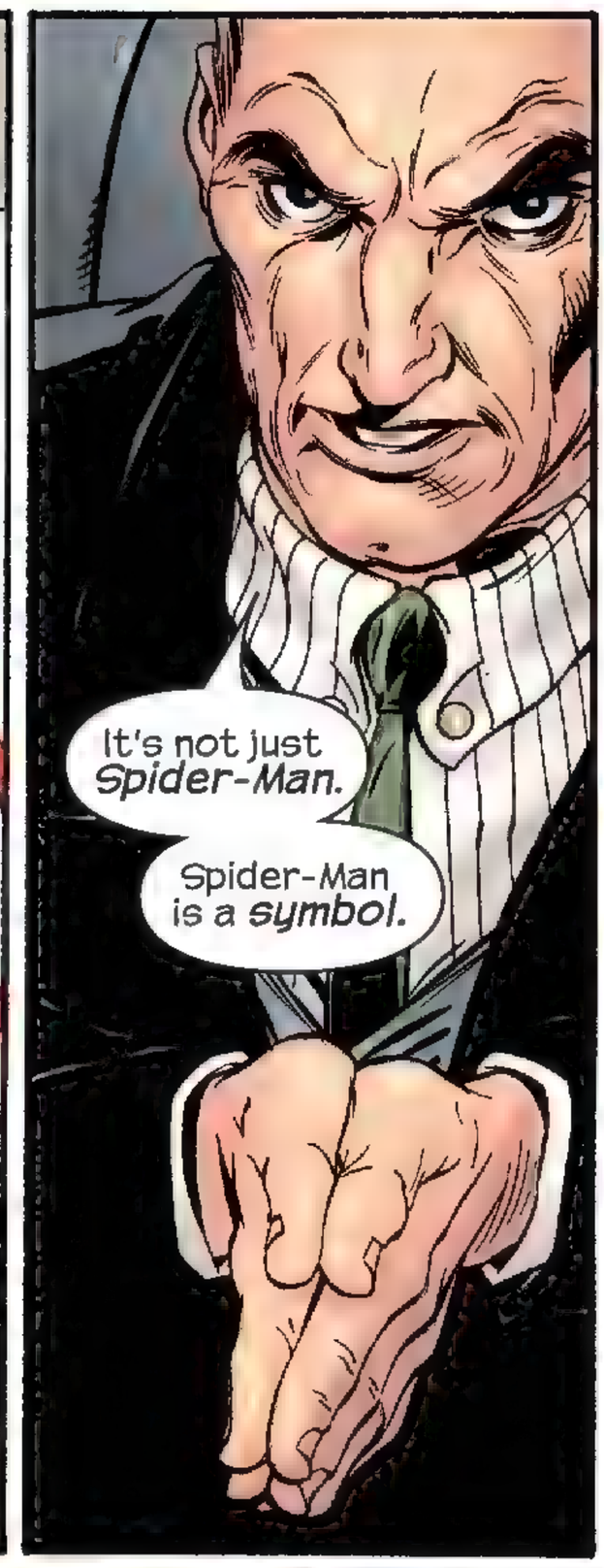


You'll apologize to your teacher.
Yeah.
Good.
Man, I really liked that job though.
I know.
BENDIS, BRIAN
JEMAS
J. Jonah Jameson's office?
May Parker.
Yes. Hello.
My name is May Parker, I'm Peter Parker's aunt and legal guardian.
I just wanted to say that your behavior towards Peter was nothing short of deplorable, you shallow-minded, unconscionable piece of rat $%#@!!
No wonder no one reads your piece of crap paper, you egomaniac!!!
Oh, and nice mustache!
Hitler called. He said he wants his "look" back!!!
Okay, so...
What do you want for dinner?

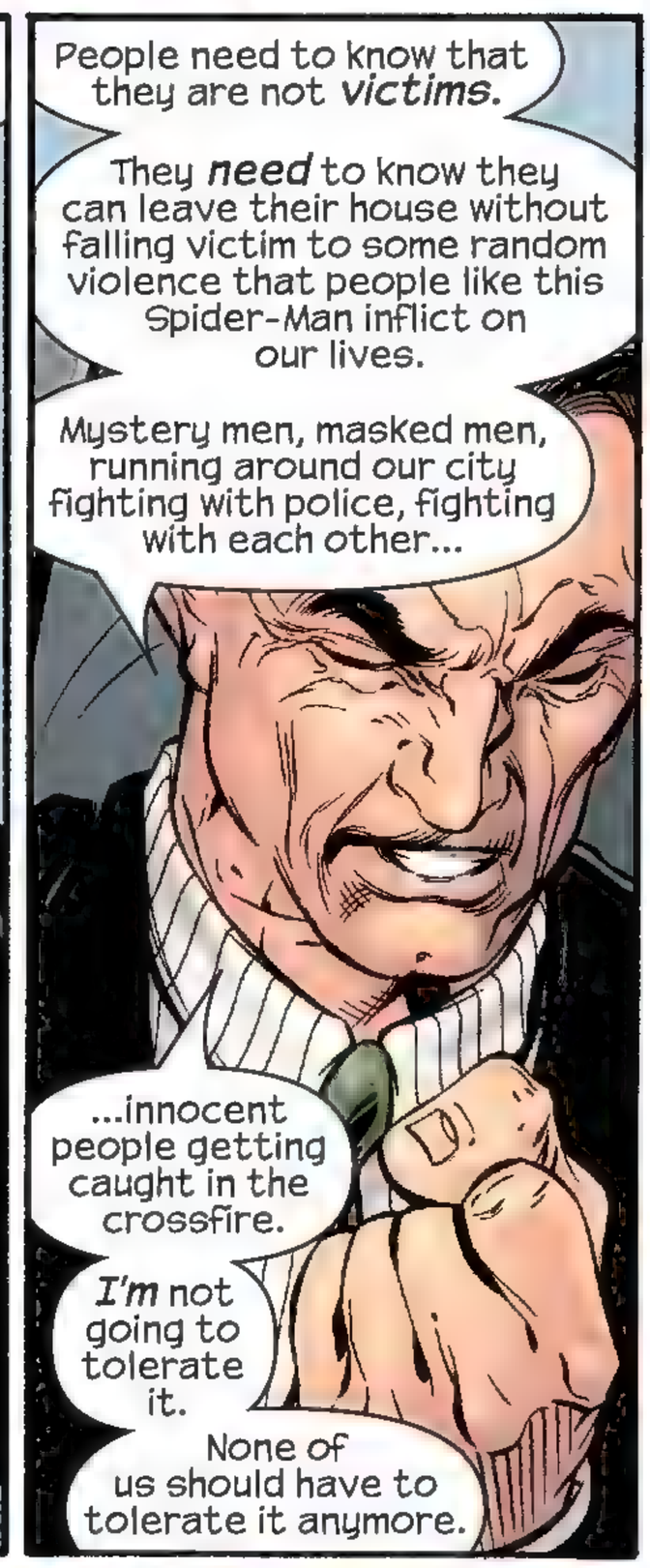

This is Ben Urich-- interviewing Sam Bullit on July 9th at 4:40 in the afternoon.

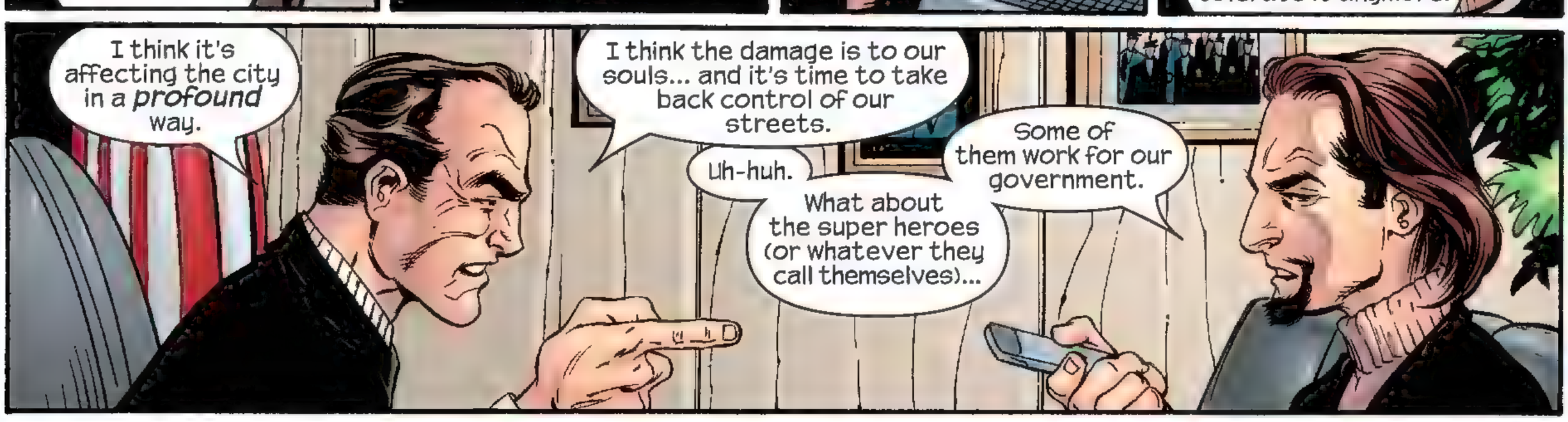

Okay. So...
Who is Sam Bullit?
Sam Bullit is a servant of the people.
He's a concerned citizen. Just like you.

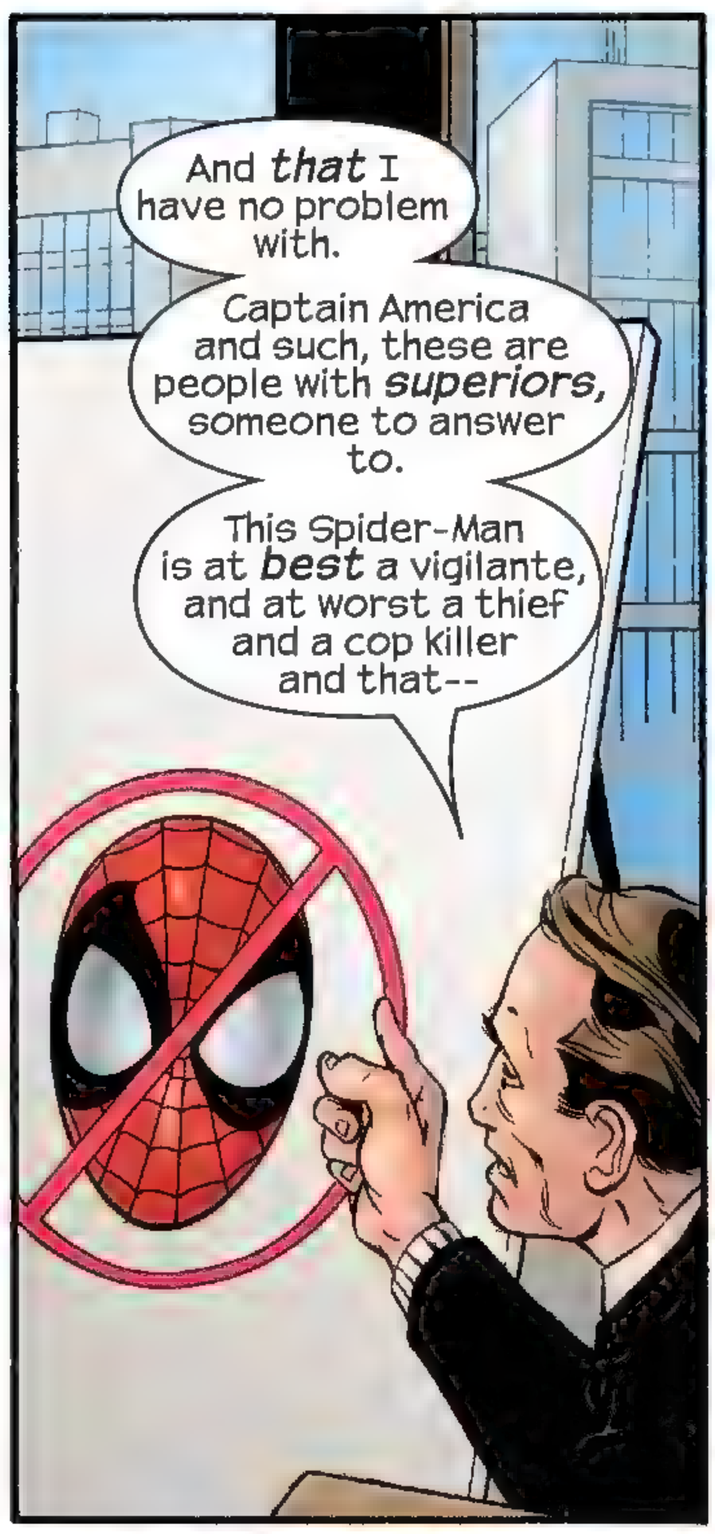
Spider-Man.
Your campaign strategy, your campaign for District Attorney, is leaning pretty heavy on this anti-*Spider-Man* bandwagon.
The question I have is with corruption in City Hall, homicide rates, and drug wars on the streets... all at an all-time high...
With all these issues at hand, why *Spider-Man*?


It's not just *Spider-Man*.
Spider-Man is a *symbol*.

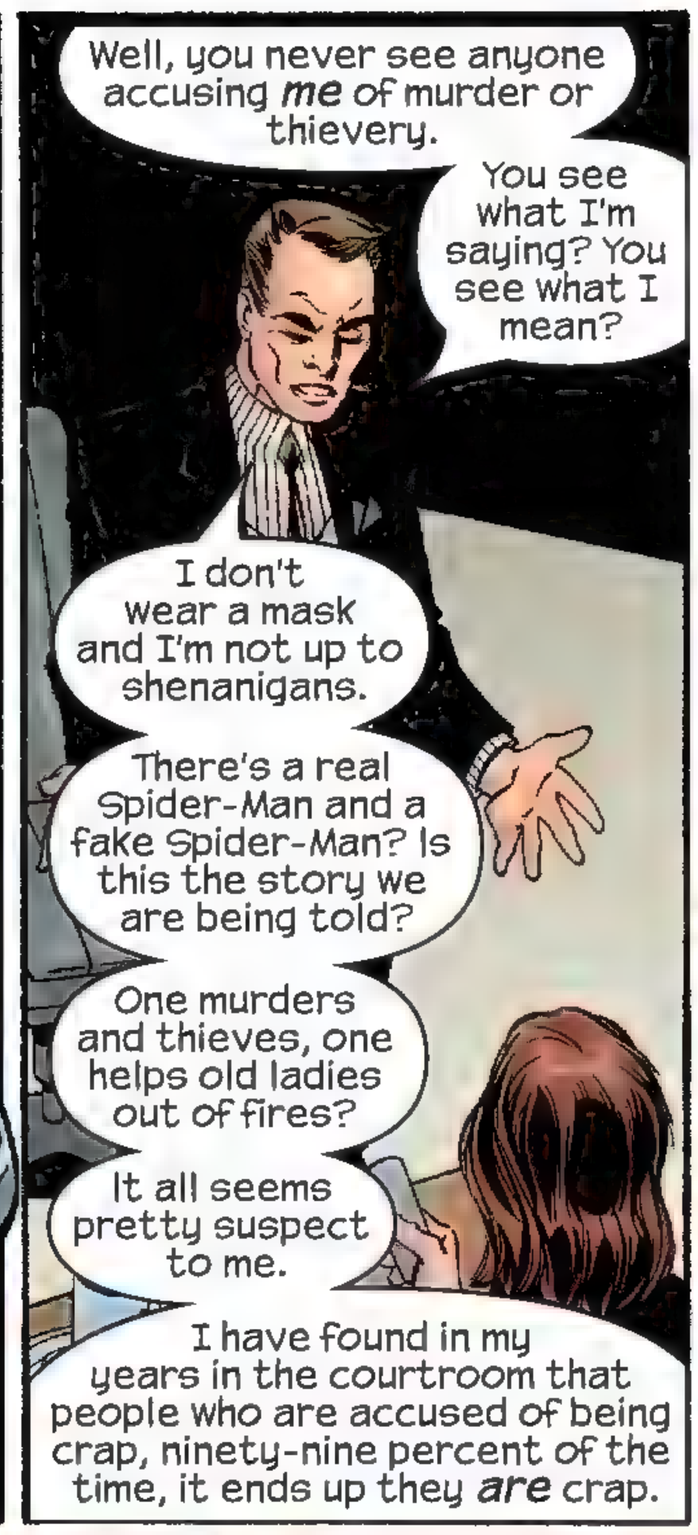
A symbol for what?


People need to know that they are not *victims*.
They *need* to know they can leave their house without falling victim to some random violence that people like this Spider-Man inflict on our lives.
Mystery men, masked men, running around our city fighting with police, fighting with each other...
...innocent people getting caught in the crossfire.
I'm not going to tolerate it.
None of us should have to tolerate it anymore.


I think it's affecting the city in a *profound* way.
I think the damage is to our souls... and it's time to take back control of our streets.
Uh-huh.
What about the super heroes (or whatever they call themselves)...
Some of them work for our government.

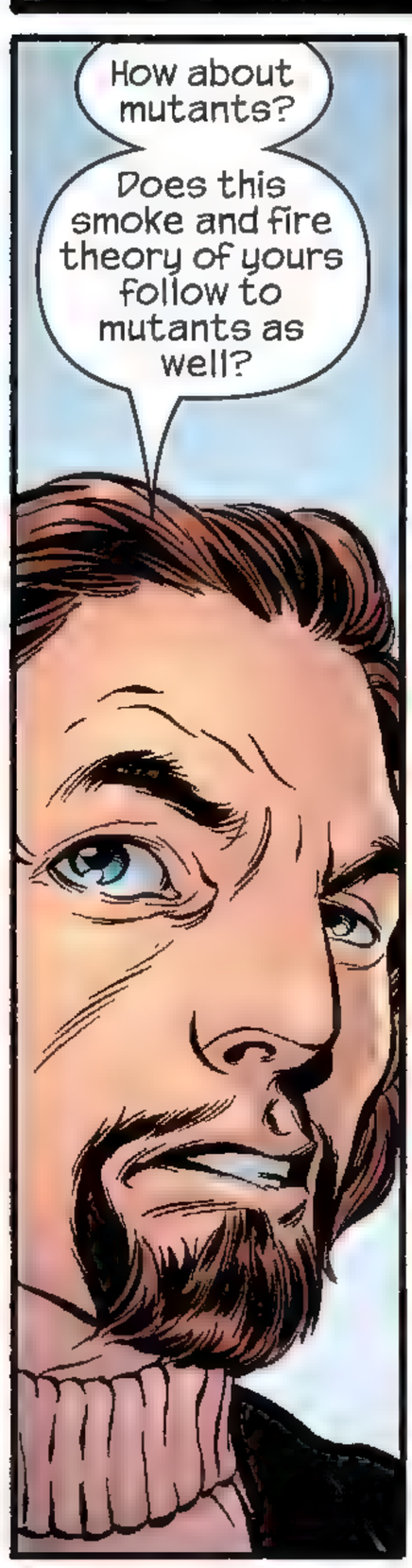

And that I have no problem with.
Captain America and such, these are people with superiors, someone to answer to.
This Spider-Man is at best a vigilante, and at worst a thief and a cop killer and that--

They caught the man who murdered that cop dressed as Spider-Man.
He confessed to the impersonation, the murder, the whole thing.
SONY


Well, you never see anyone accusing me of murder or thievery.
You see what I'm saying? You see what I mean?
I don't wear a mask and I'm not up to shenanigans.
There's a real Spider-Man and a fake Spider-Man? Is this the story we are being told?
One murders and thieves, one helps old ladies out of fires?
It all seems pretty suspect to me.
I have found in my years in the courtroom that people who are accused of being crap, ninety-nine percent of the time, it ends up they are crap.

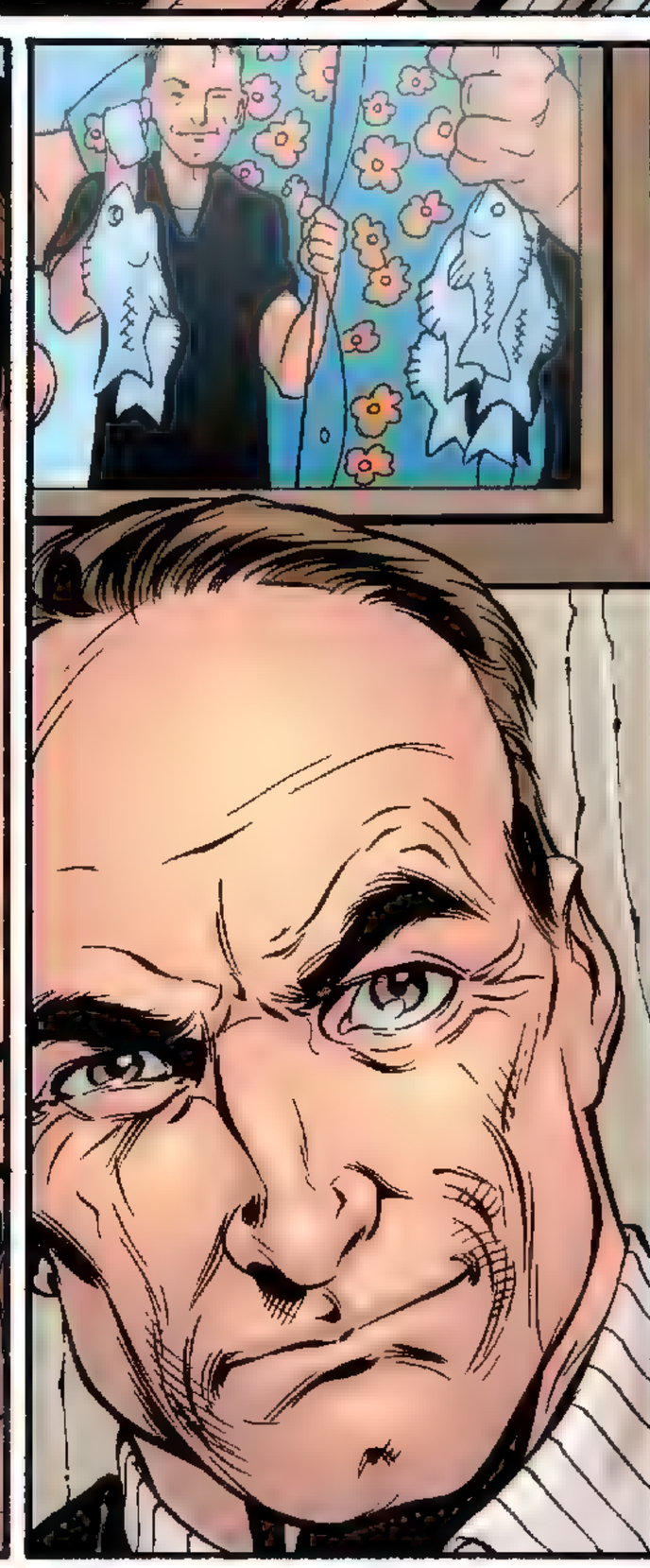
Where there's smoke, there's fire.

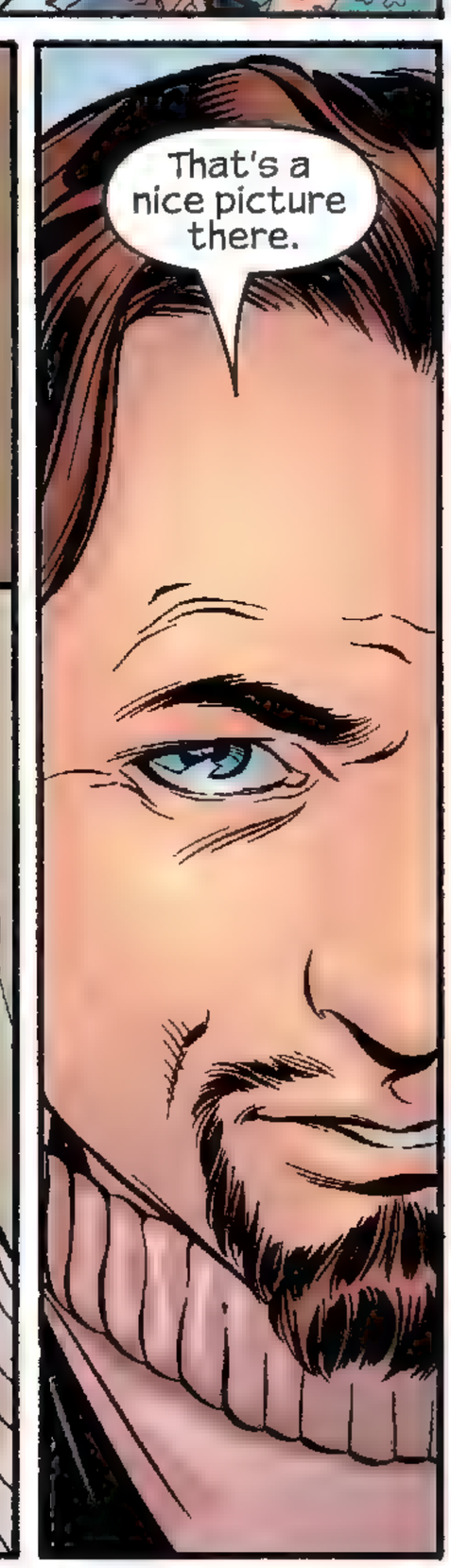
Exactly. Exactly!!


How about mutants?
Does this smoke and fire theory of yours follow to mutants as well?

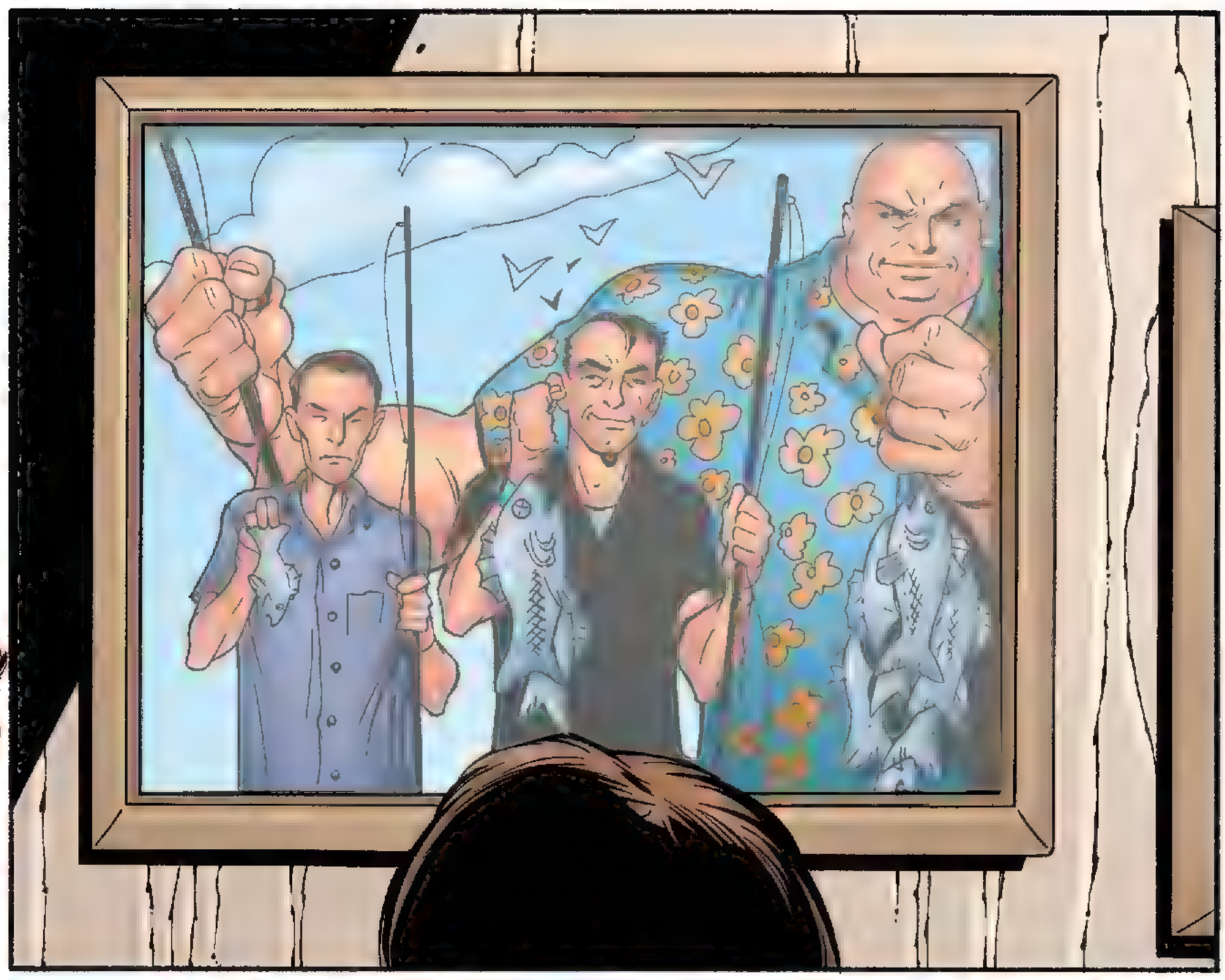
It's a complicated issue and I am still looking into it.
No gut feeling?
My gut feeling is that the President of the United States says humans and mutants can live together in harmony.
And though I certainly haven't seen any evidence of this, I suppose I have to support my President as is my duty as an American.

Uh-huh.

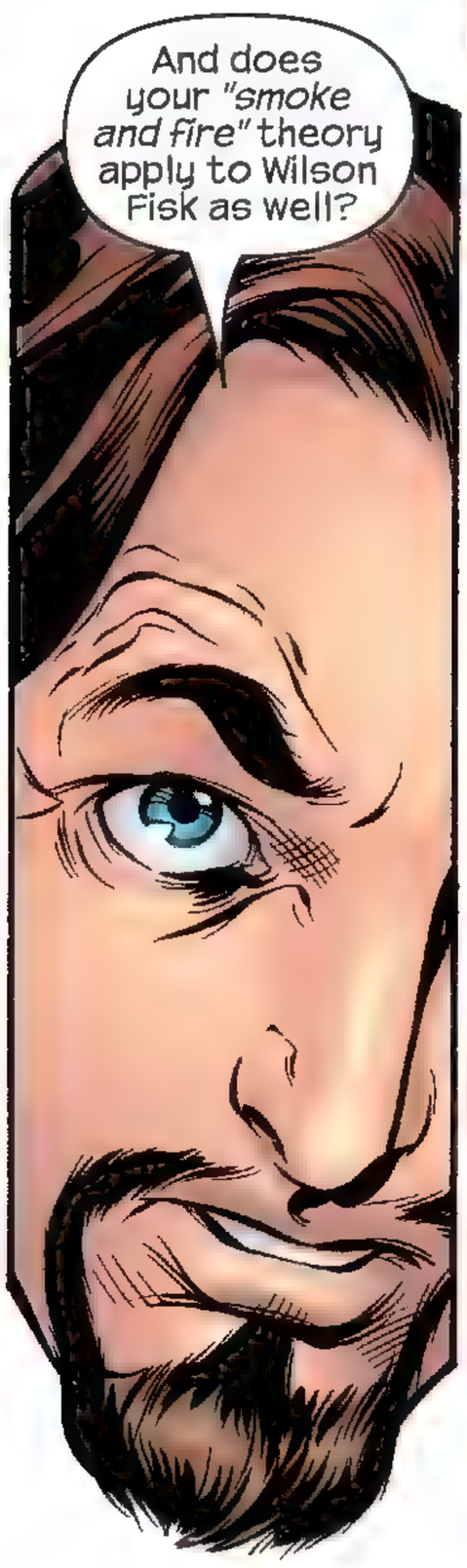


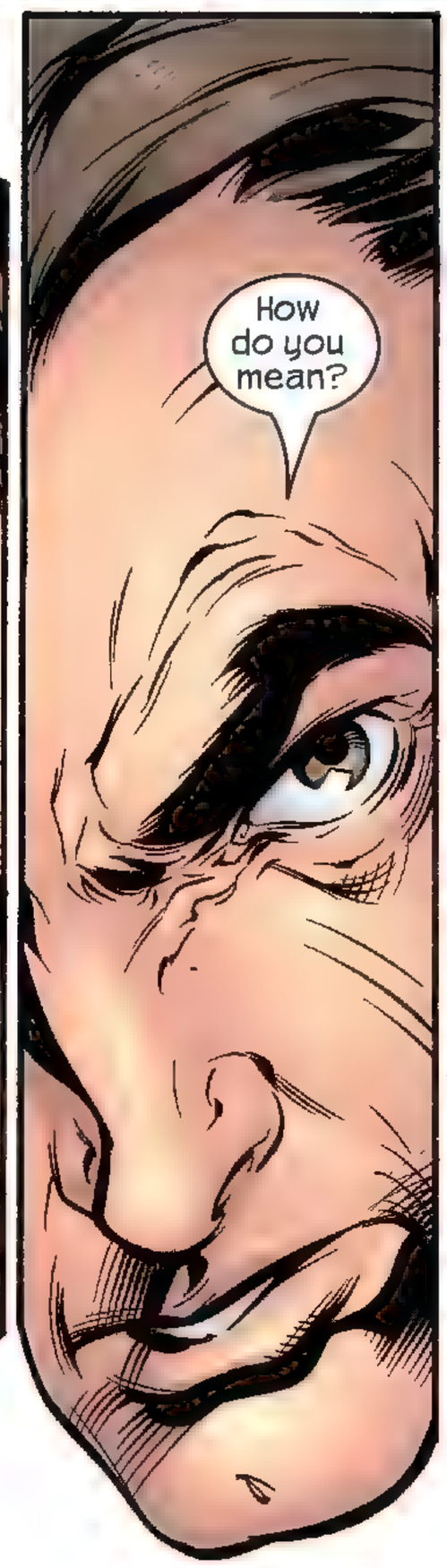

That's a nice picture there.

Which one?
That one with you, your law partner...
...and Wilson Fisk.

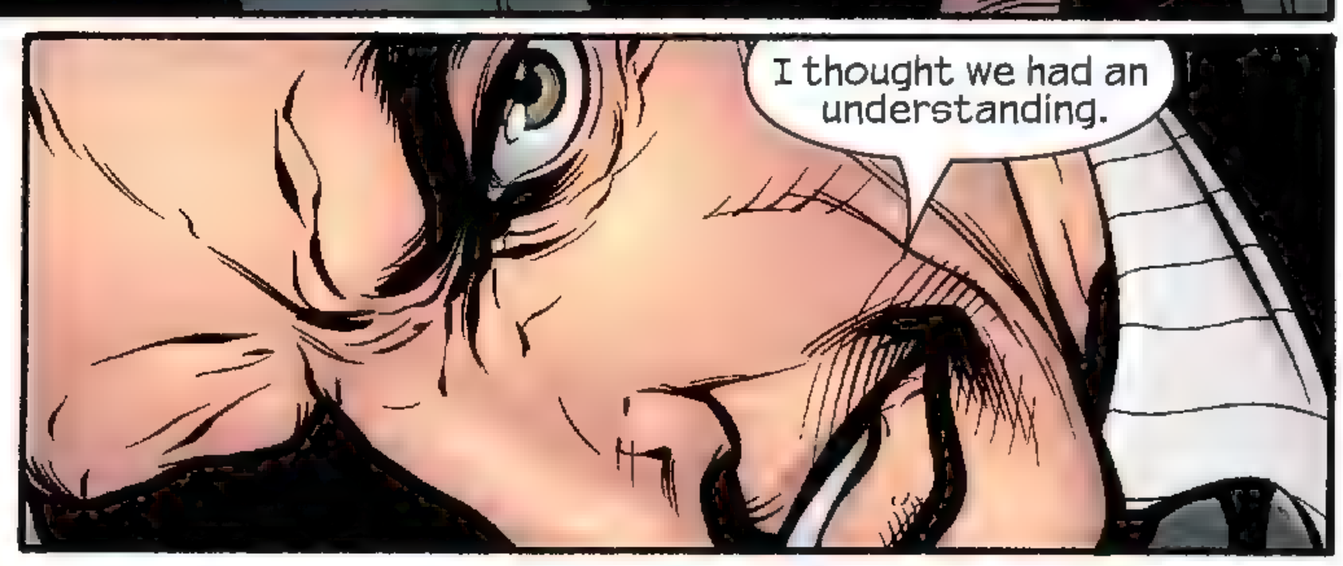


That was a hell of a fishing trip. You should have--

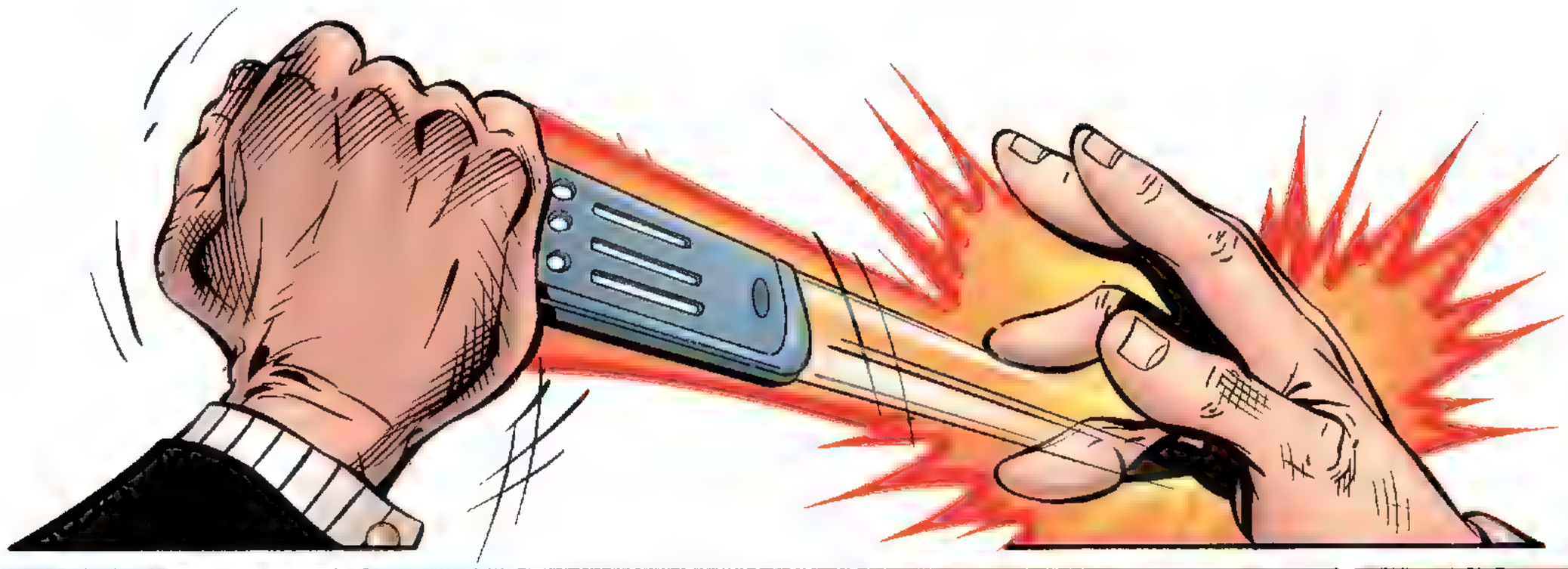

And does your "smoke and fire" theory apply to Wilson Fisk as well?

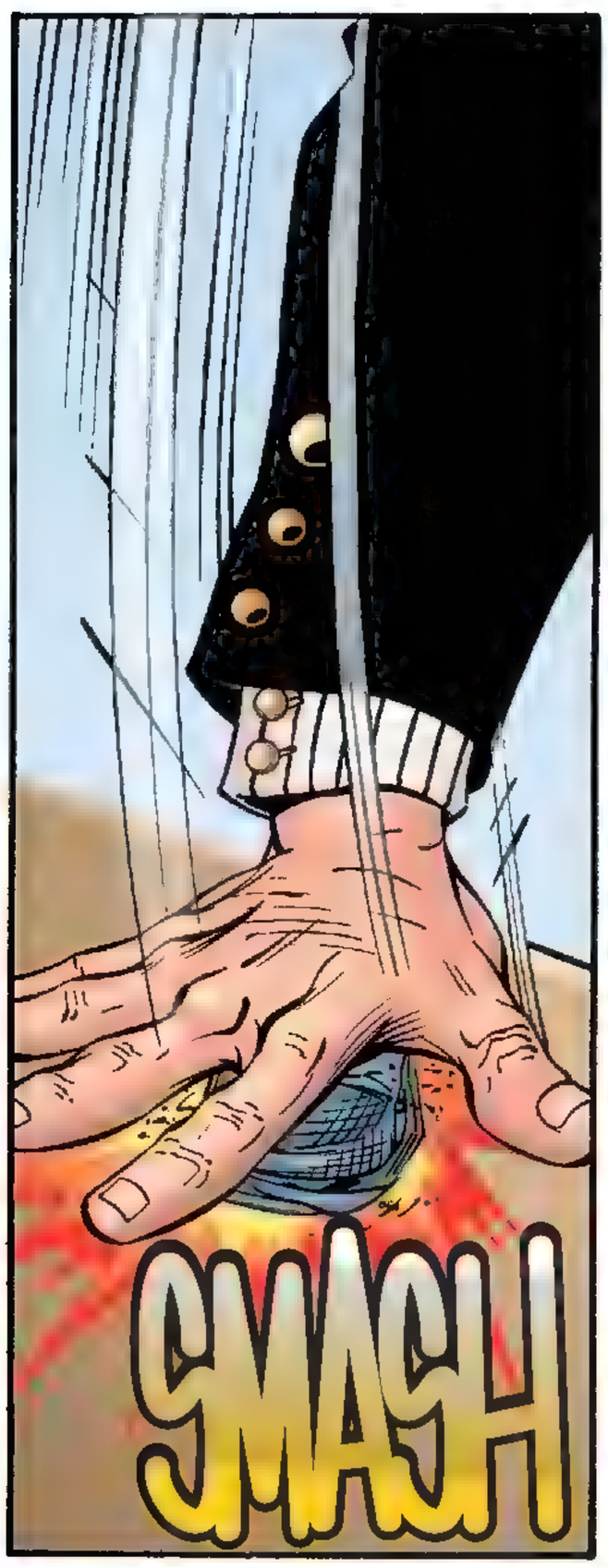

How do you mean?

Man's accused of many things, above all murder.
An alleged tape of the murder is aired to the public, but he walks--
Hey, what is this?
Your law partner, Walter Dini, is his reported consigliari, his legal...
What are you--?
I'm asking your opinion of Wilson Fisk's situation.
You are running for District Attorney, certainly you have a stance on--

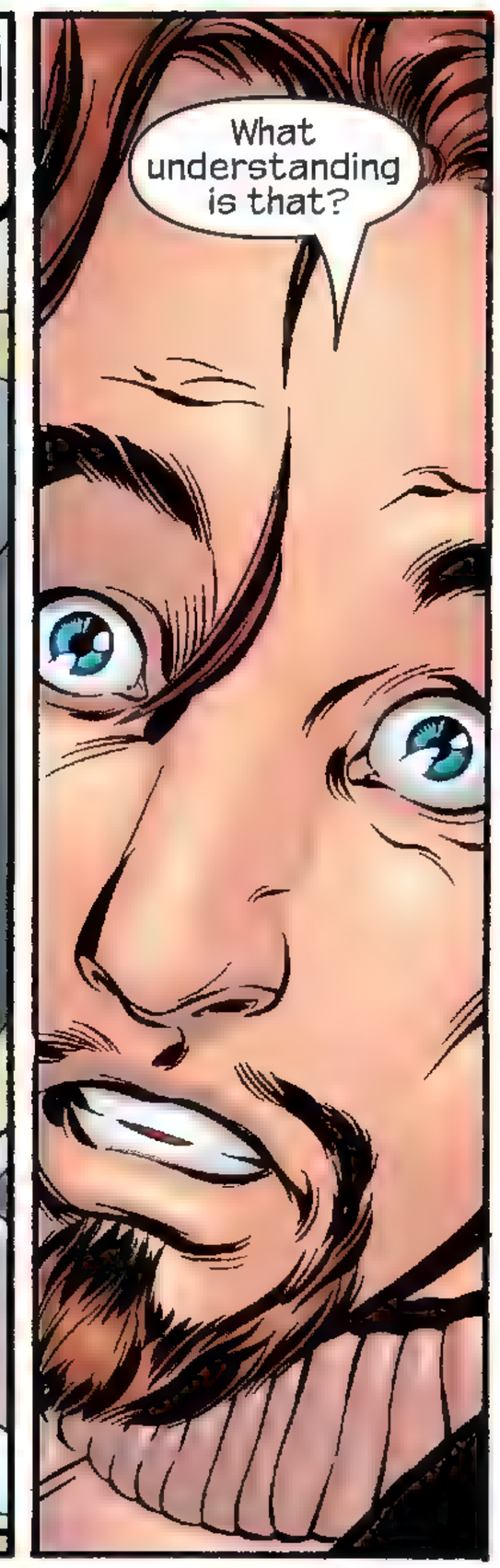

I thought we had an understanding.

I just wanted to know how your affiliation with mob lawyers would affect your--
Mob lawyers? There's no such *thing* as *mob lawyers.*
There's no such thing as--?
There are lawyers that work for the mob, which is an entirely different--
So you're saying there is a mob and that your law partner does work for them?
No, you're putting words in my--!!
You just said-- I can play it back--
I was trying to argue the *term*-- the term you used.
Did you or did you not just say--
See, there's these--
--that your partner worked for the mob.

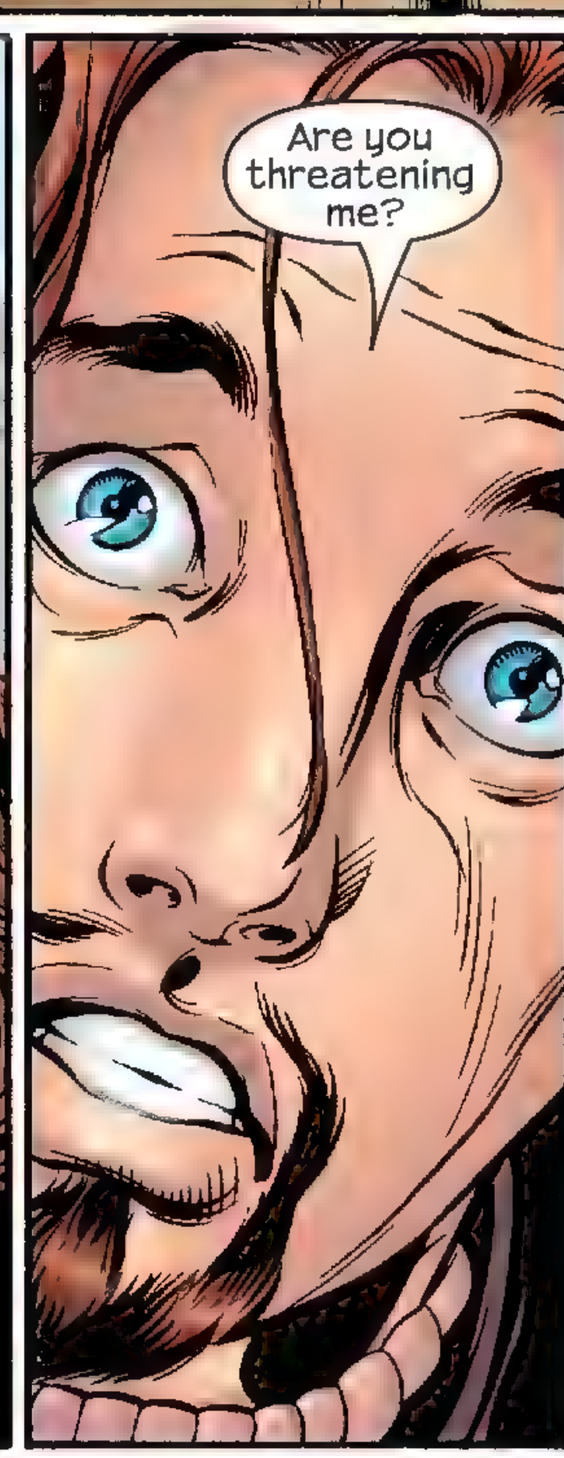


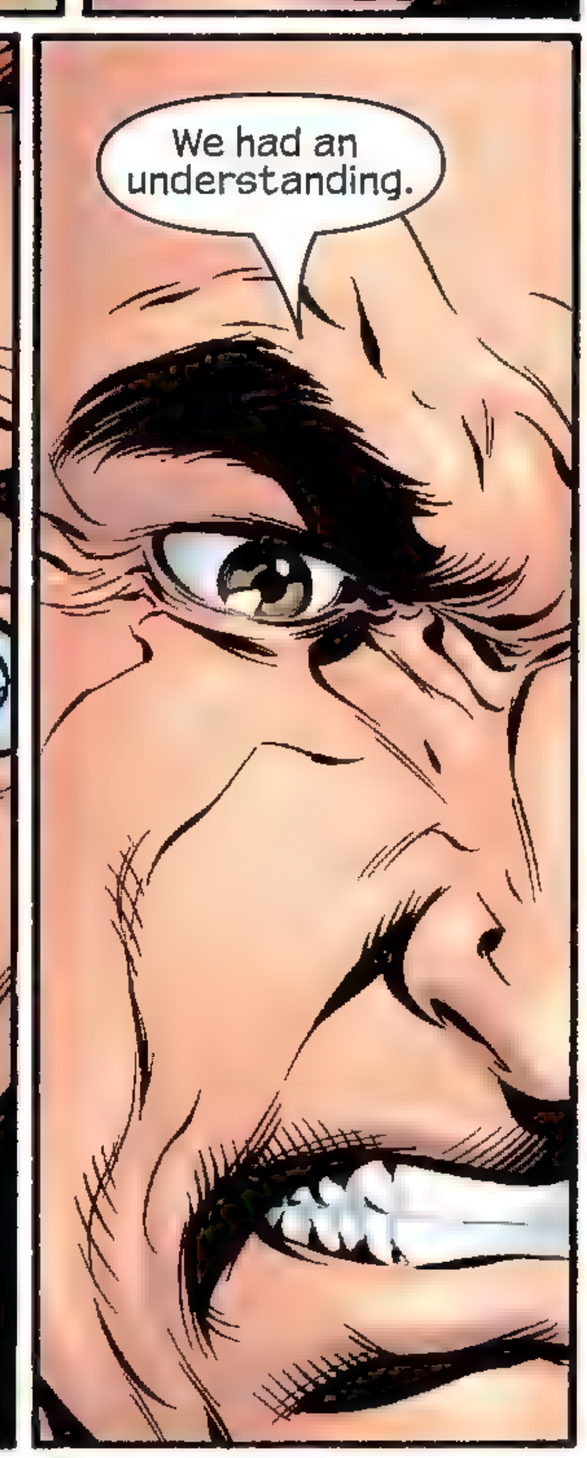

SMASH

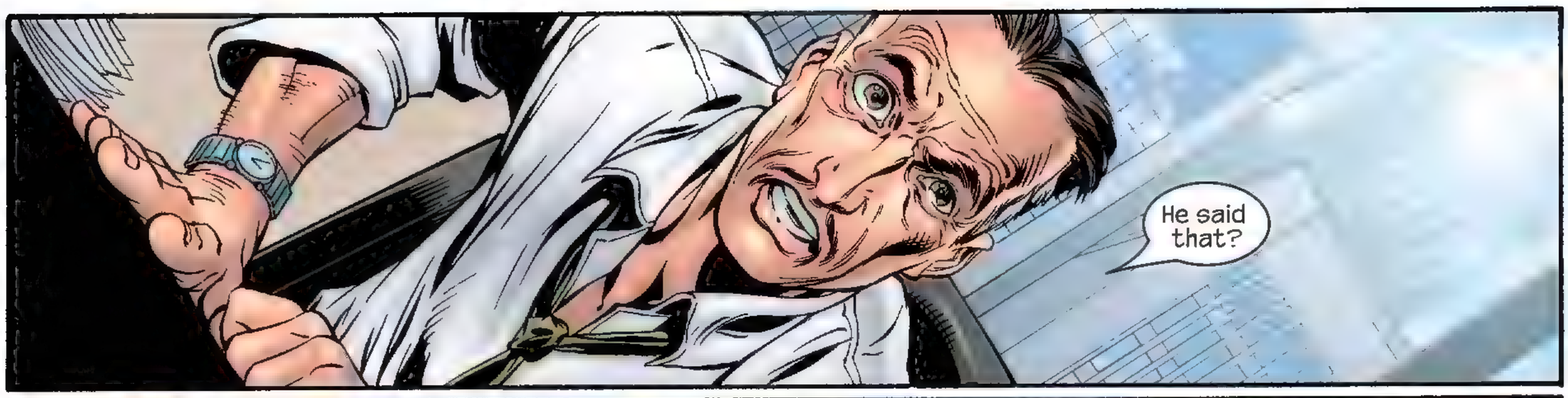
What's the *matter* with you?? I thought we had an understanding?

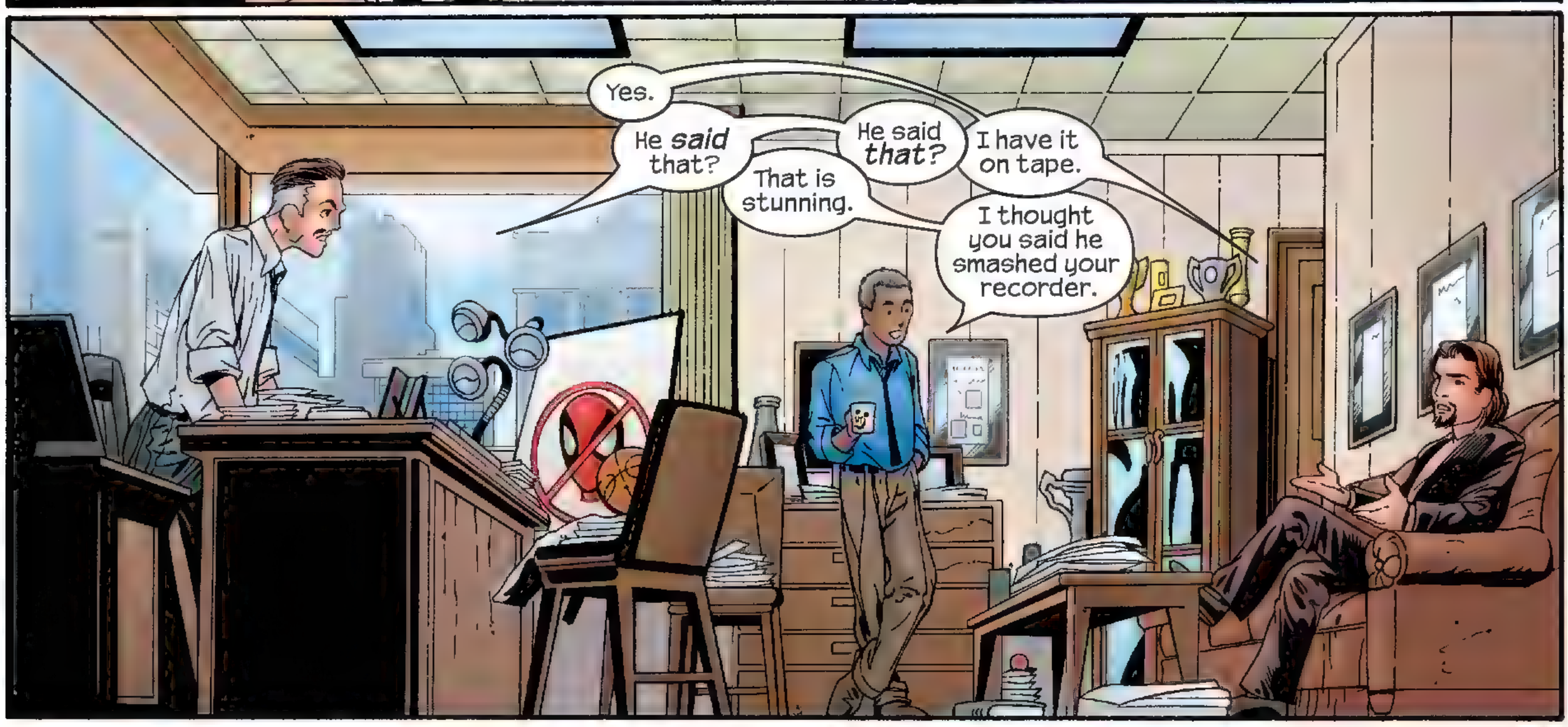

What understanding is that?

What are ya, one of those smart guys? Is that the thing?
You lookin' for trouble?
I simply asked a question.
You lookin' to get hurt?


Are you threatening me?

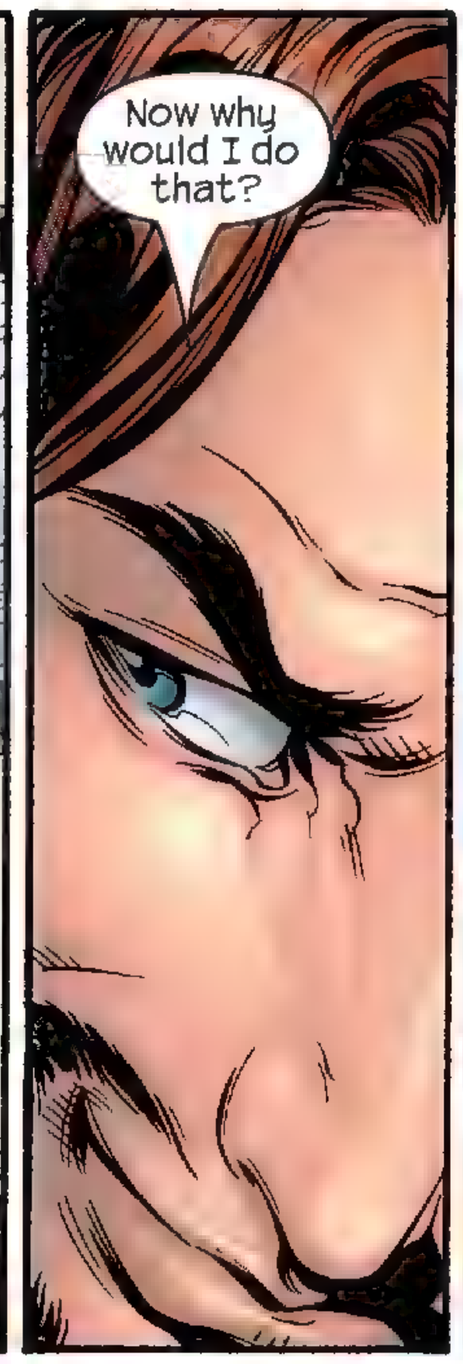

We had an understanding.


He said that?

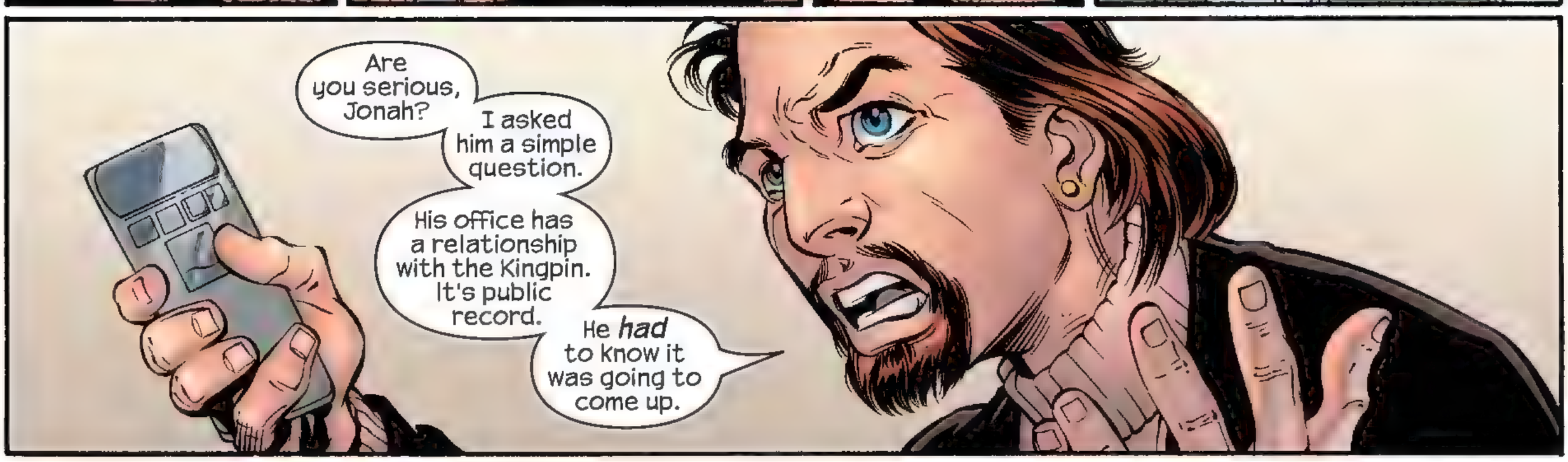

Yes.
He *said* that?
He said *that?*
I have it on tape.
That is stunning.
I thought you said he smashed your recorder.

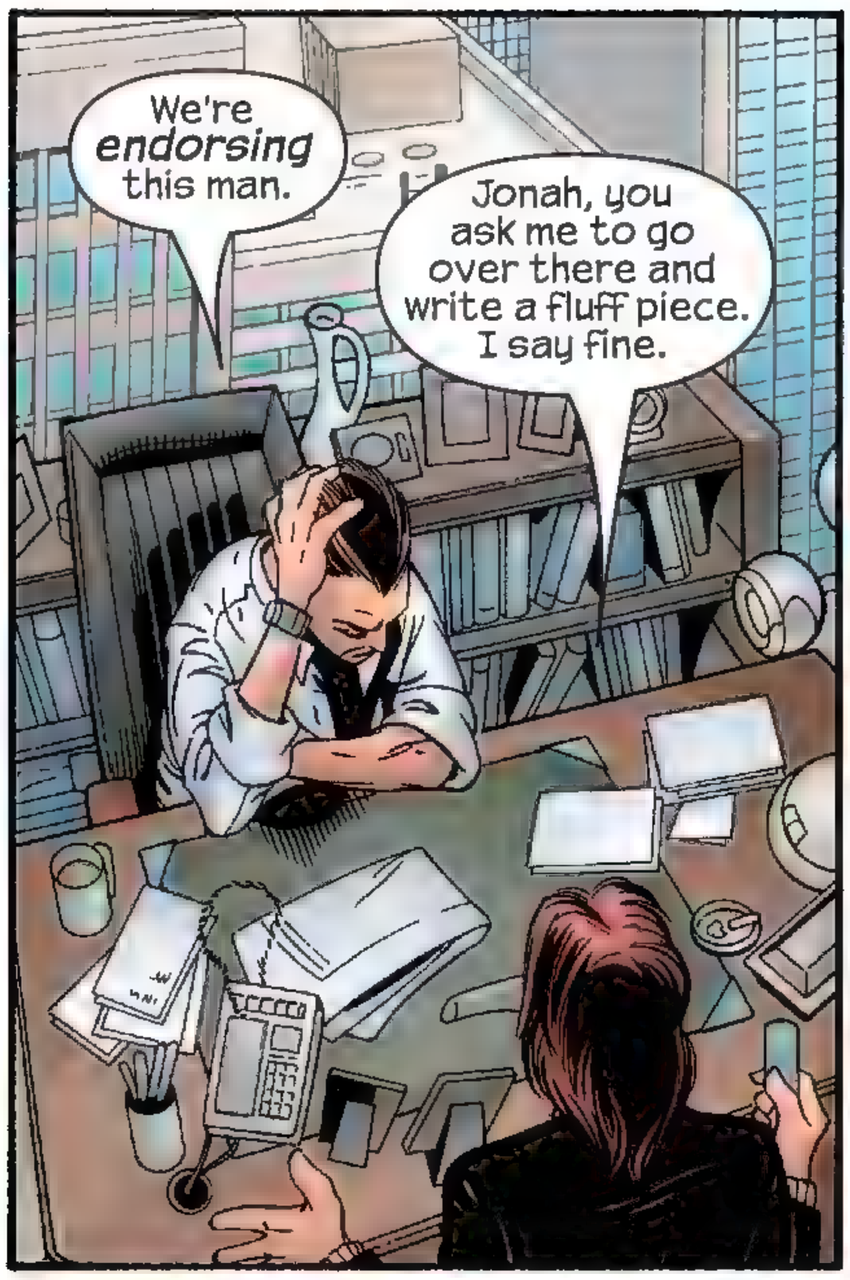
Not the one in my jacket.

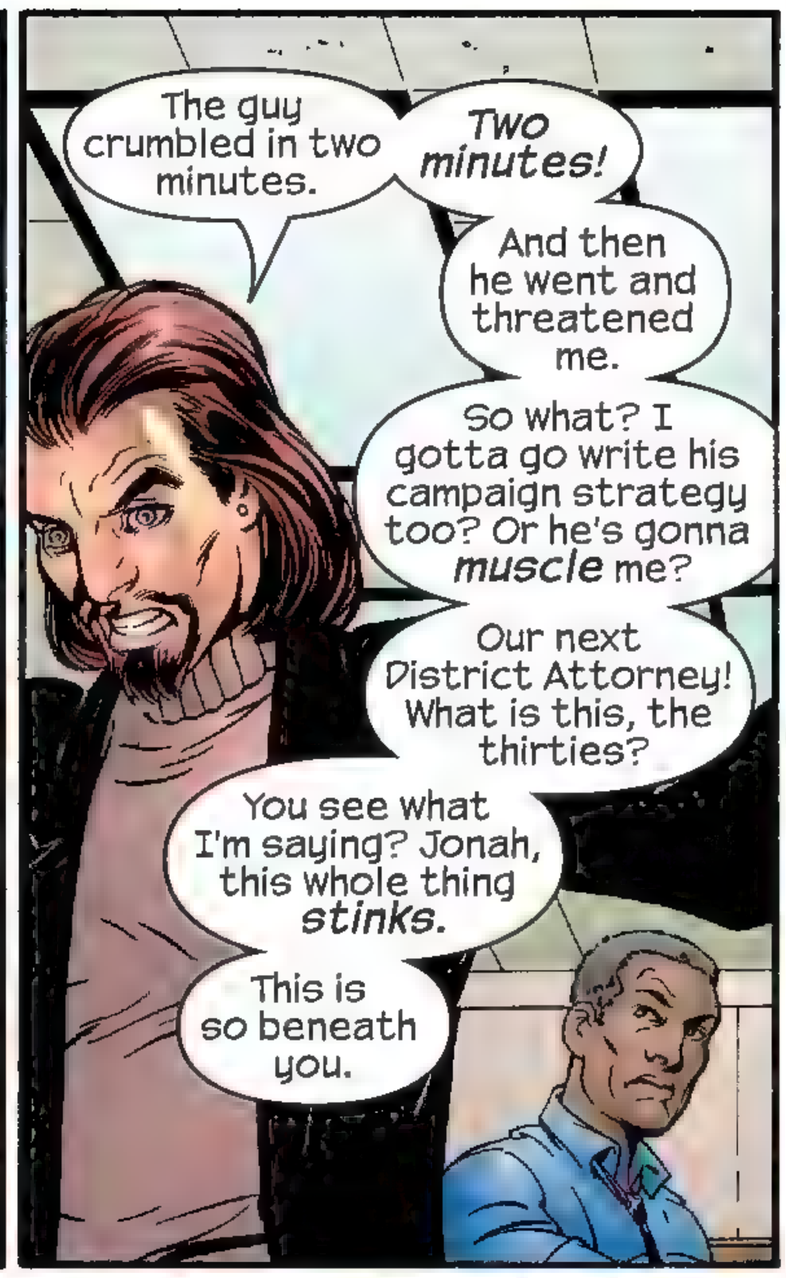
Just like you, sir, taught me. Always have a backup.
You double-tape all your conversations?
All the ones I think I need to.
You taping *this* one?

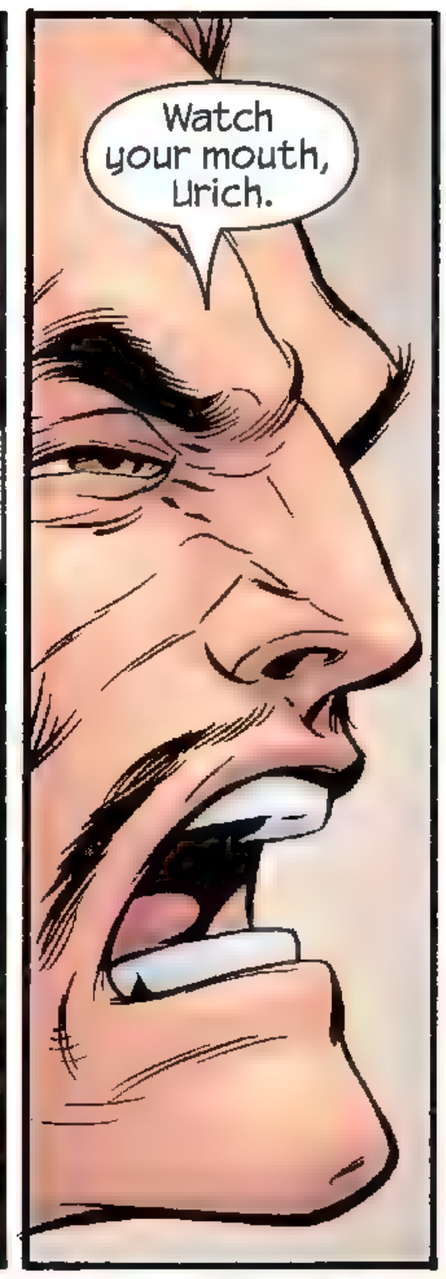

Now why would I do that?

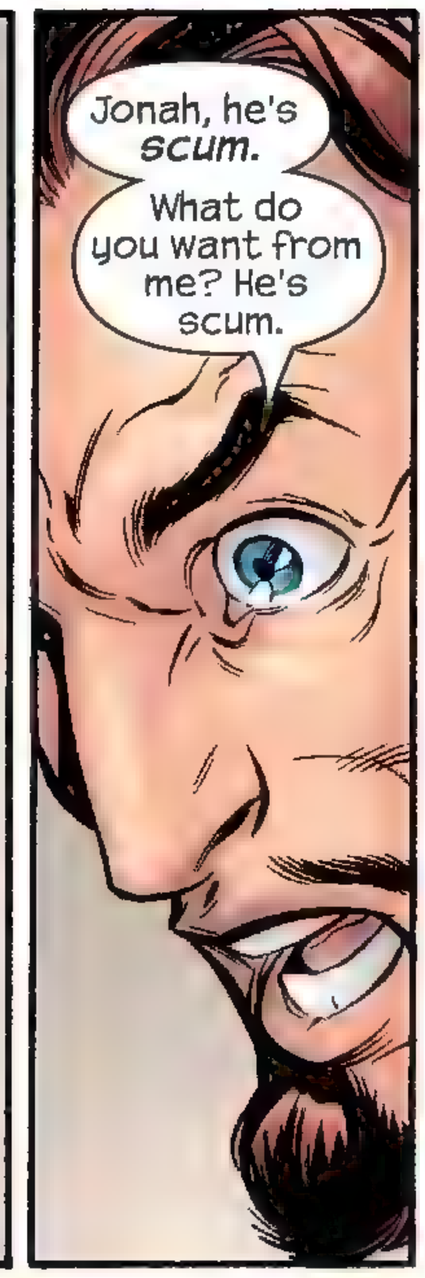
I told you to go over there and write a simple profile--
Jonah.
You instigated--


Are you serious, Jonah?
I asked him a simple question.
His office has a relationship with the Kingpin. It's public record.
He *had* to know it was going to come up.

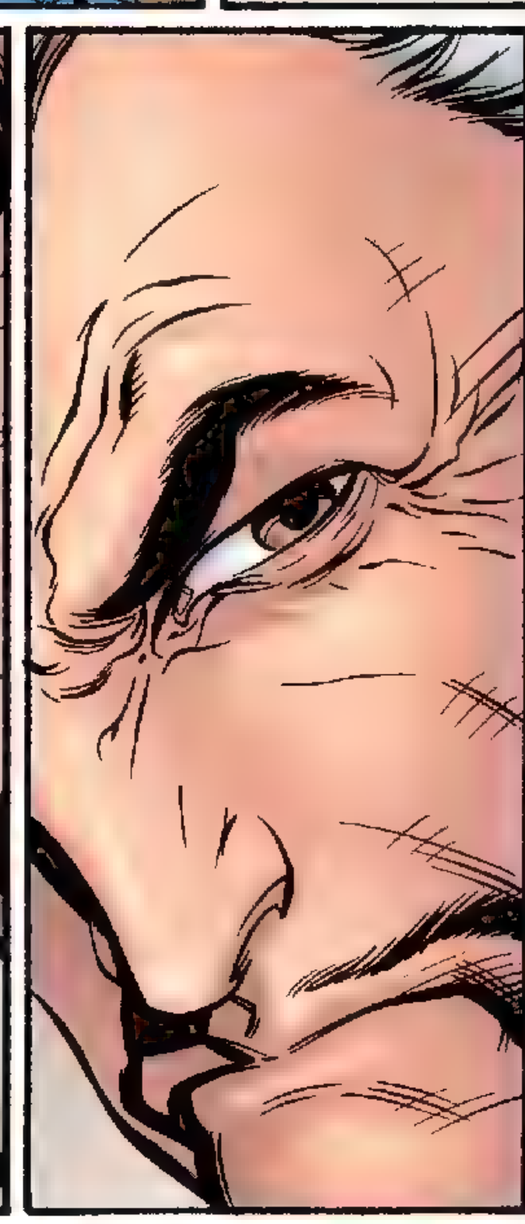

We're *endorsing* this man.
Jonah, you ask me to go over there and write a fluff piece. I say fine.

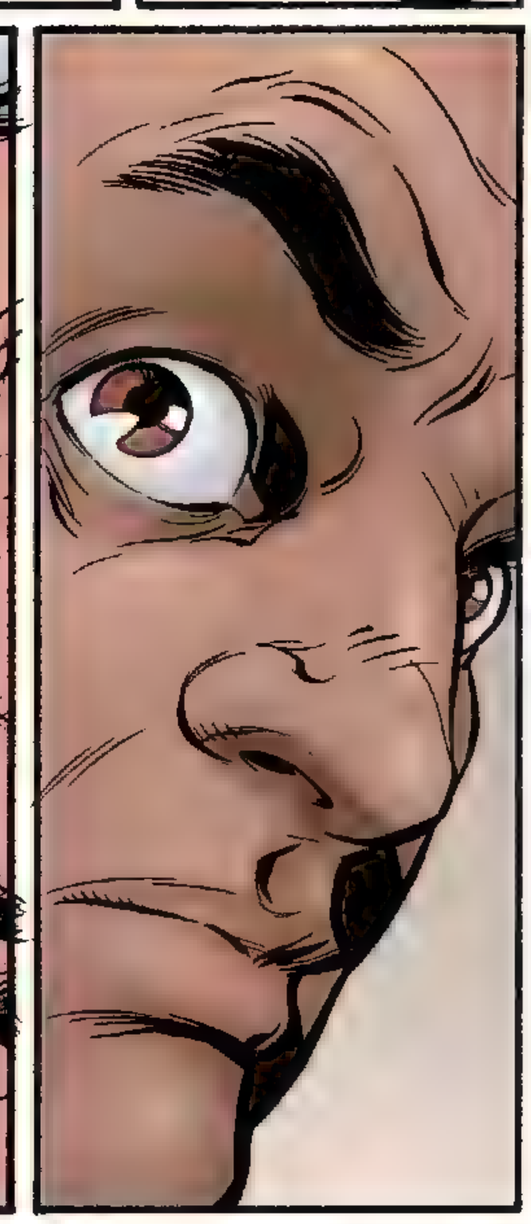

The guy crumbled in two minutes.
Two minutes!
And then he went and threatened me.
So what? I gotta go write his campaign strategy too? Or he's gonna *muscle* me?
Our next District Attorney! What is this, the thirties?
You see what I'm saying? Jonah, this whole thing *stinks.*
This is so beneath you.

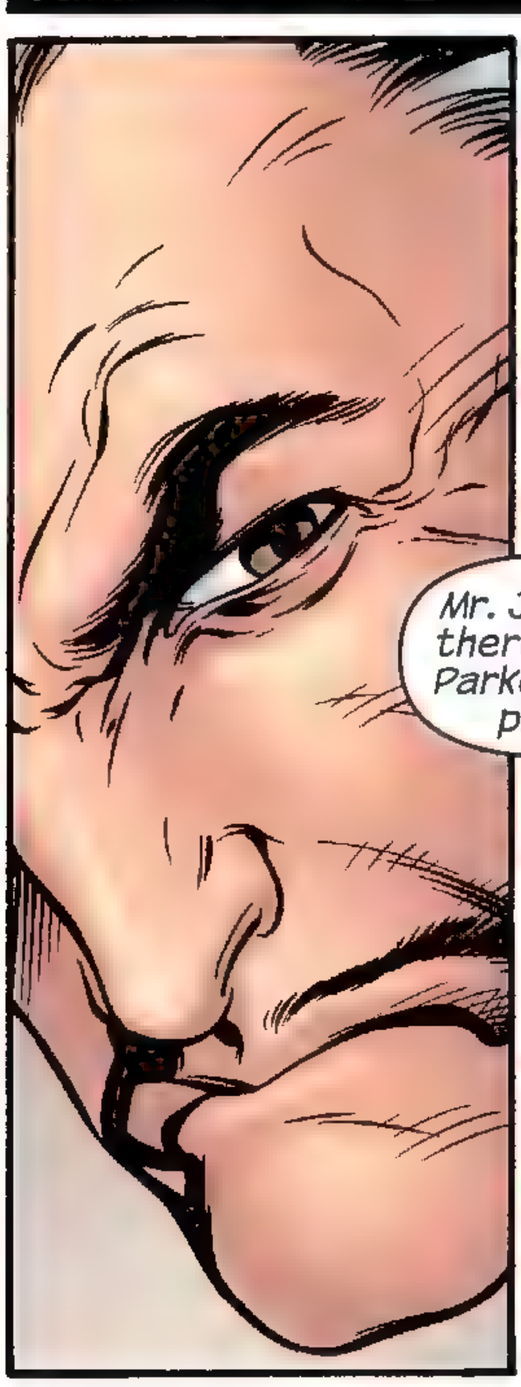

Watch your mouth, Urich.

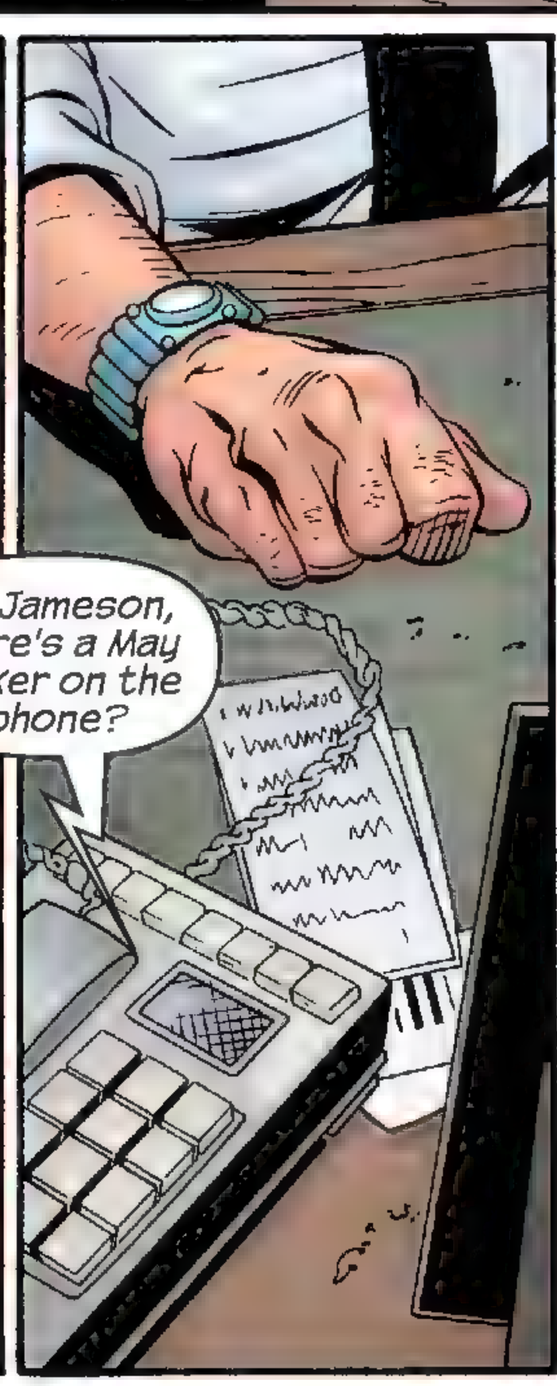

Jonah, he's *scum.*
What do you want from me? He's scum.

Jonah, seriously, all this just to hang a guy in a costume?
I just-- I really don't understand.
What is your problem with Spider-Man?

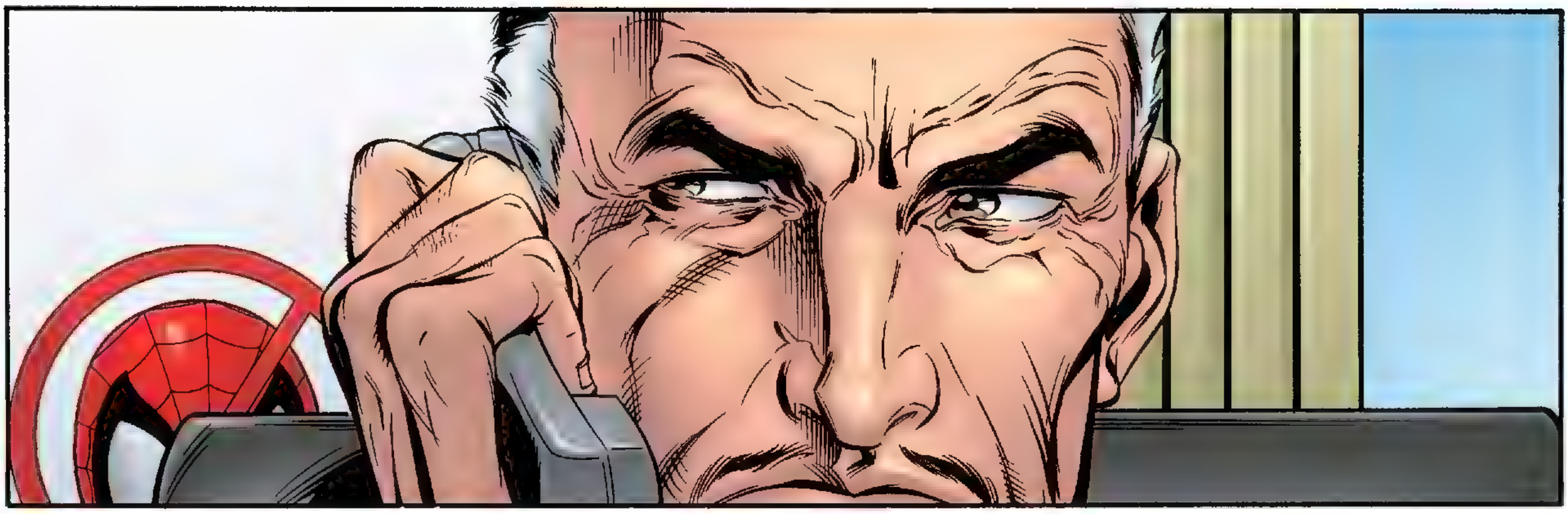







Mr. Jameson, there's a May Parker on the phone?

This is Jameson.
SAM BULLIT



VOTE SAM BULLIT

To be continued...

PARKING FOR
DAILY BUGLE
EDITORIAL STAFF ONLY.
Hey, there he is...
J. Jonah Jameson.
BUM

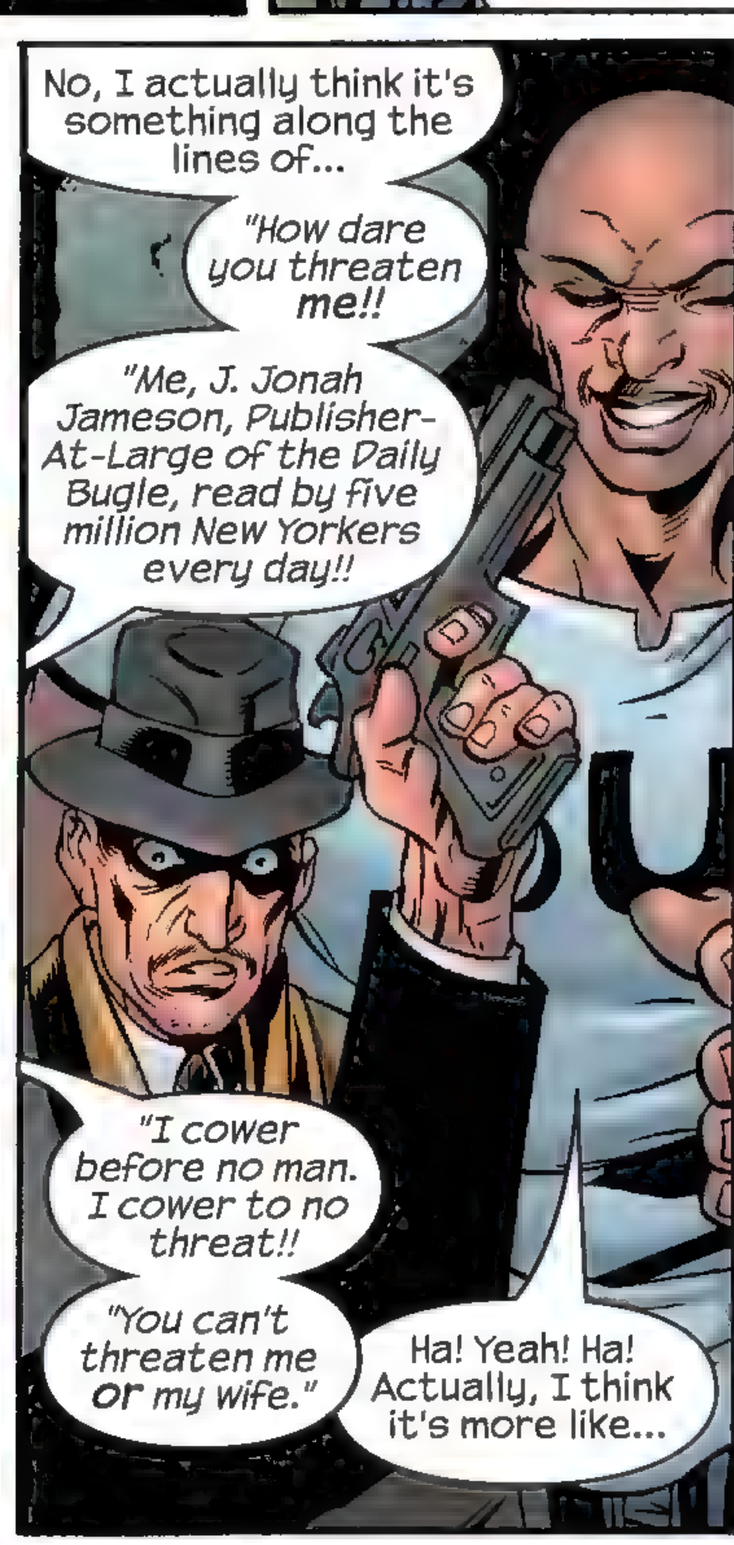
I think he's speechless.
You know, I've never seen that before.
What?
Someone actually struck speechless.
You hear about it, I mean, sure, but I've never actually ever seen it.

Well, there it is.
What do you think he's thinking?
Wouldn't know.
'Cause he's speechless.
BUM

Exactly.
I think it might be something along the lines of: "Pleeeeeaaaase!!!"
"Please don't kill me!"
"Please, I-I-I made a huge mistake going back on my word that the Daily Bugle would endorse the Sam Bullit candidacy.
"I made a promise and then I broke it!!

"And that scathing editorial in this morning's paper connecting Bullit to so-called organized crime figures in the city, even though I didn't name Wilson Fisk, by name, was a huge mistake.
BUM

"I mean if I knew for sure just how powerful Sam Bullit's friends were, or how important he was to the Kingpin, I would never, ever, ever have done that."


No, I actually think it's something along the lines of...
"How dare you threaten me!!
"Me, J. Jonah Jameson, Publisher-At-Large of the Daily Bugle, read by five million New Yorkers every day!!
"I cower before no man. I cower to no threat!!
"You can't threaten me or my wife."
Ha! Yeah! Ha! Actually, I think it's more like...

"I made a huge $%#@ing error in judgement and I am going to do everything in my power to rectify the situation."

"And that would, at bare **minimum**, include a printed retraction and a reinstatement of my support of the candidate.'"

But I also think he's thinking: "What I really need is some kind of physical **reminder**..."

"Some kind of scar, maybe?"

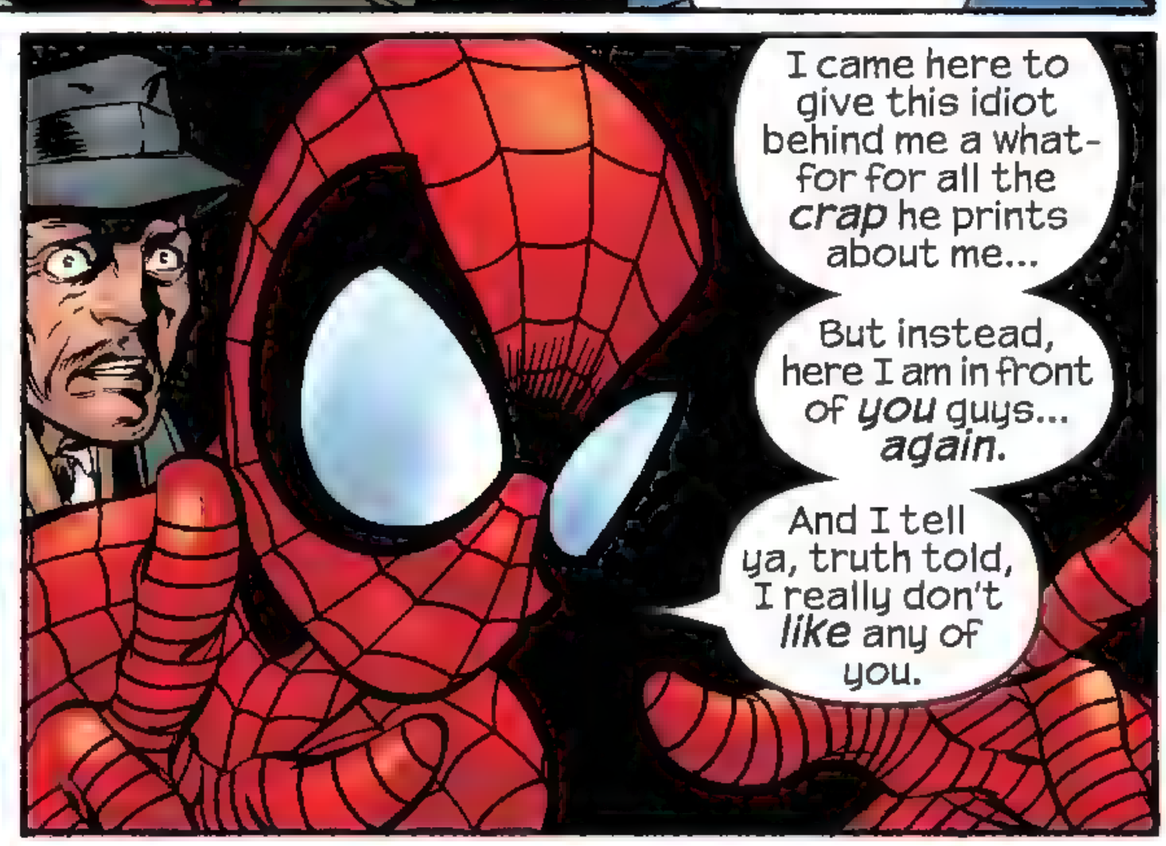
"To remind me how serious the $%#@ I am in **is** and how I will **never** do it again."

Oh, yeah, and we really hate your crappy newspaper.

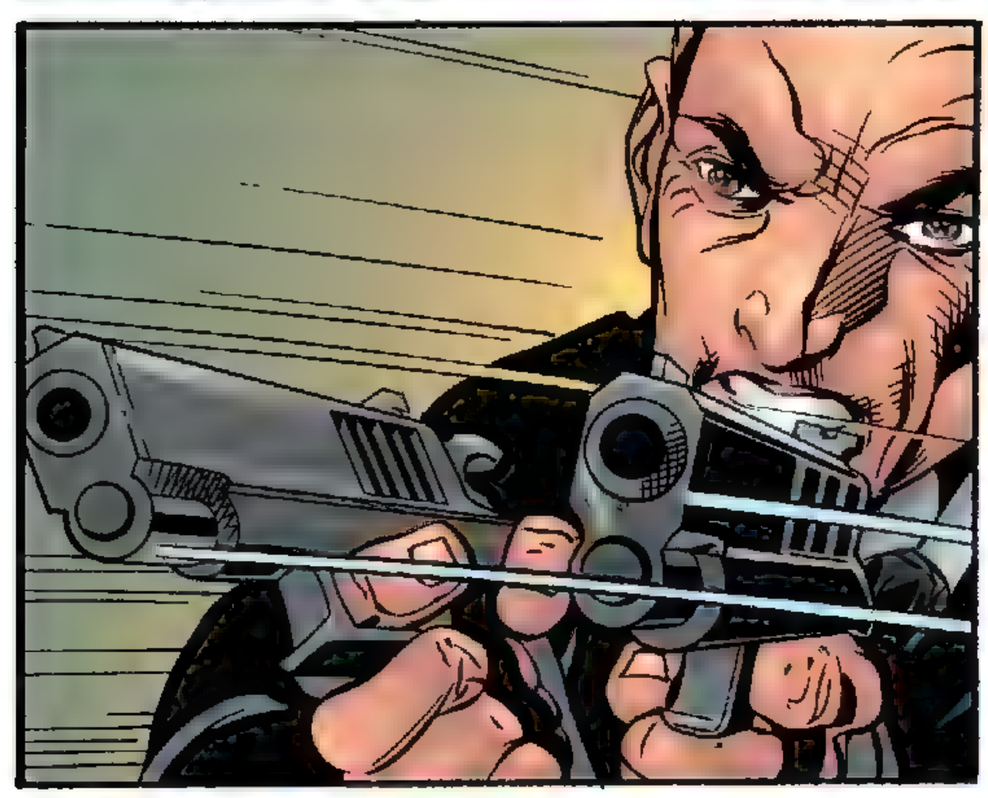
Oh, man... this sucks.

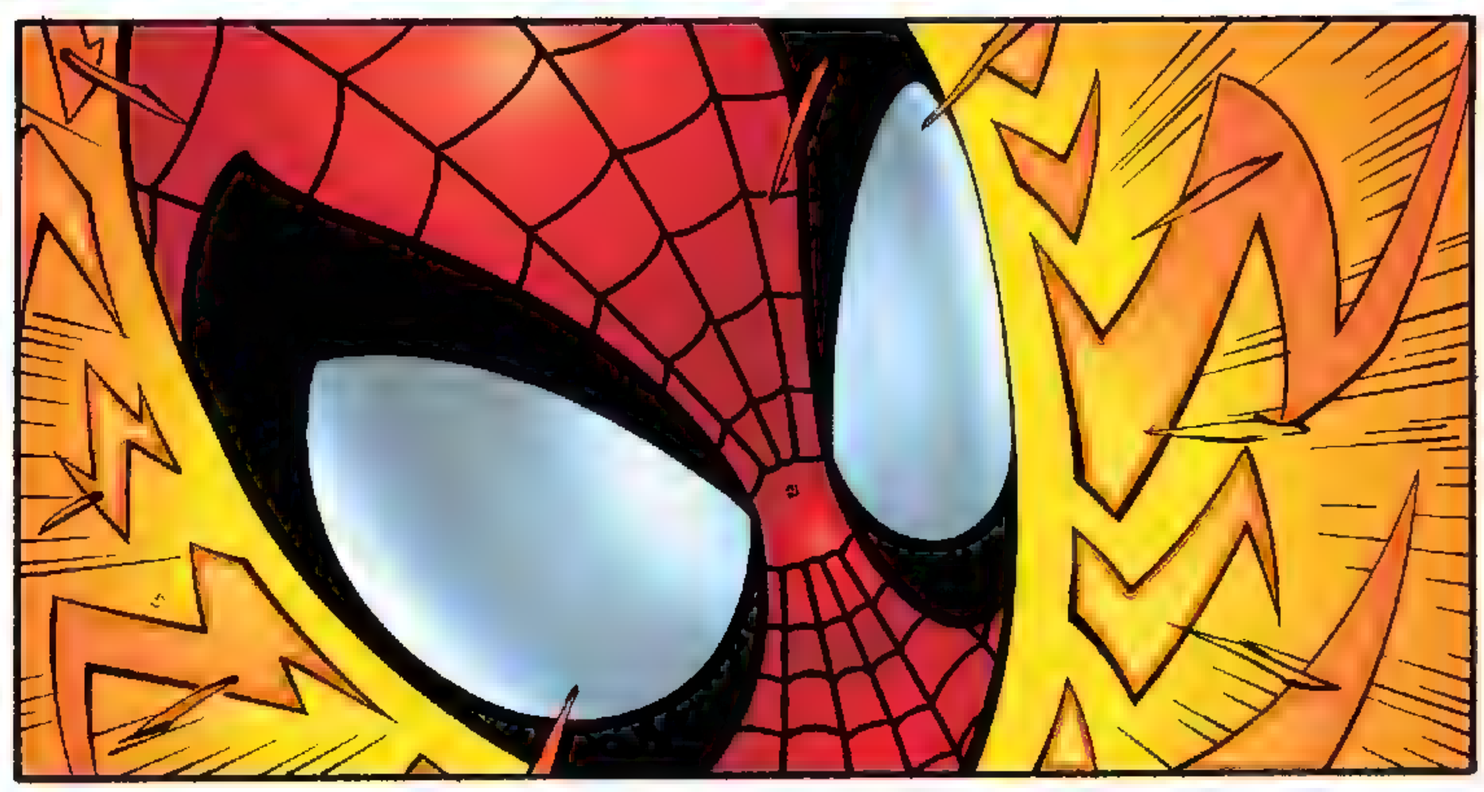
...if *you* guys thought of it too.
I mean, *really.*

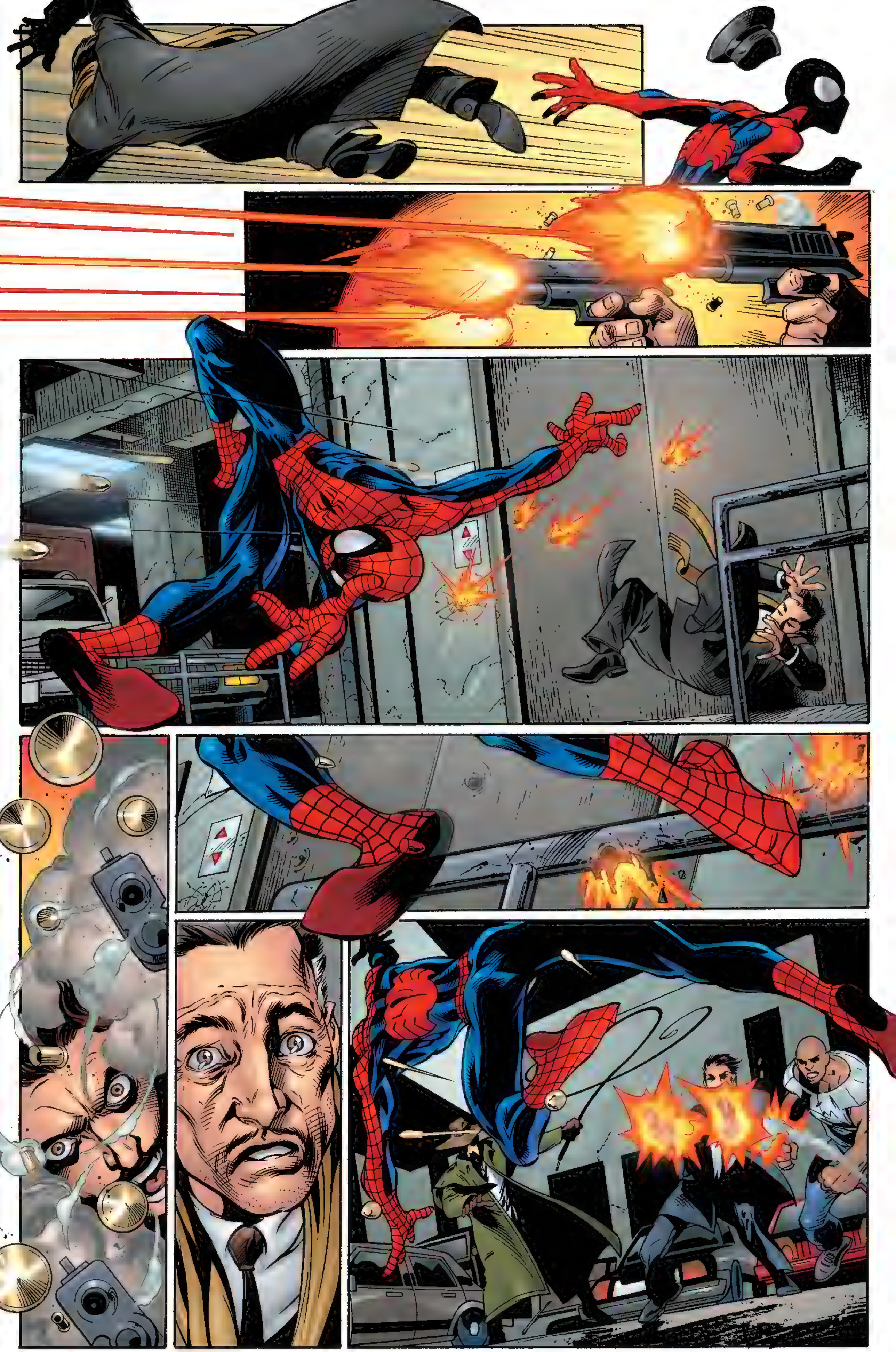
I-I can't *believe* this.
Why are *you* here?
Let me!
No, no, why are *you* here??

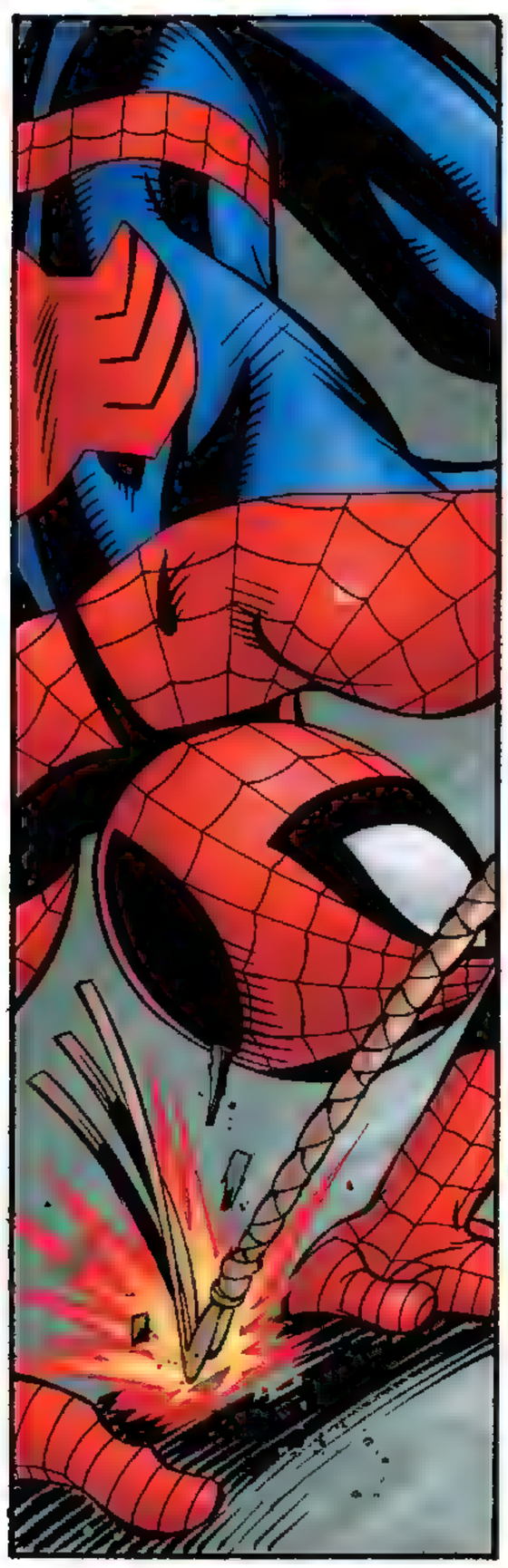

I came here to give this idiot behind me a what-for for all the *crap* he prints about me...
But instead, here I am in front of *you* guys... *again.*
And I tell ya, truth told, I really don't *like* any of you.

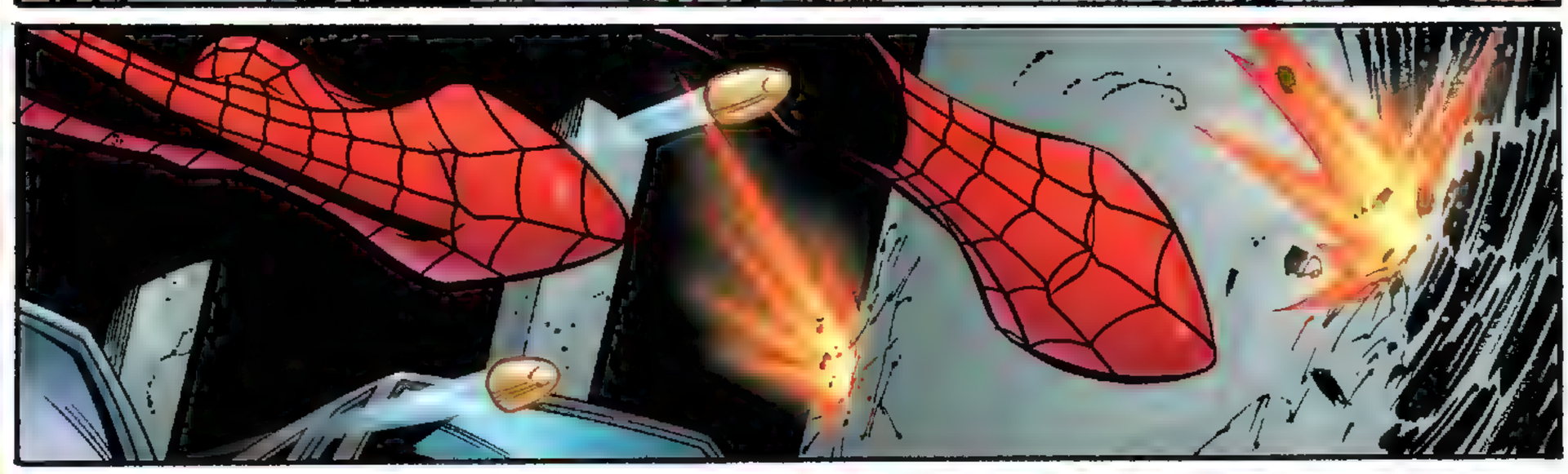
And now I actually have to kick *you* guys' dingles to save *his?*
Well, that puts me in one of those positions where I--

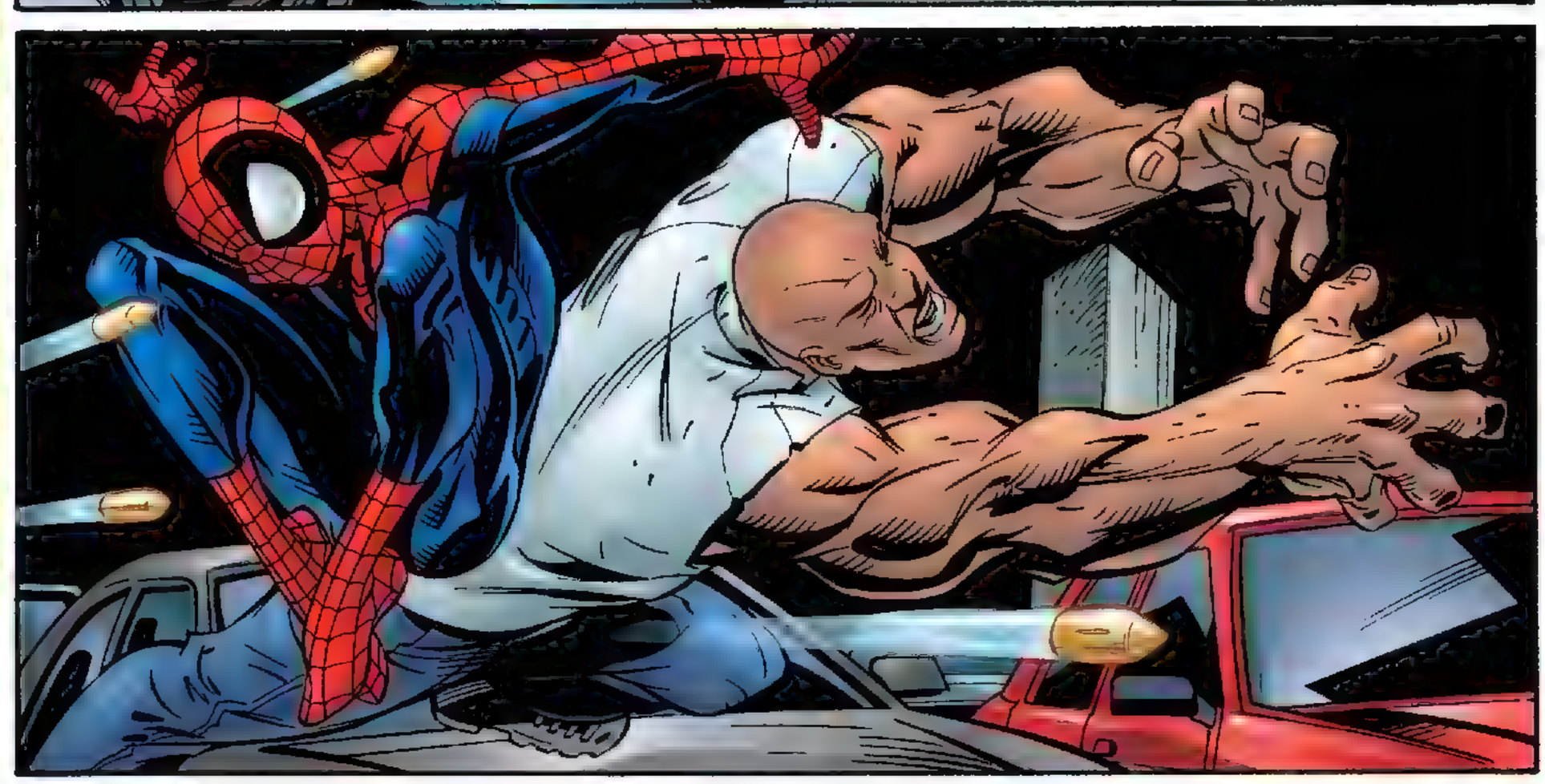








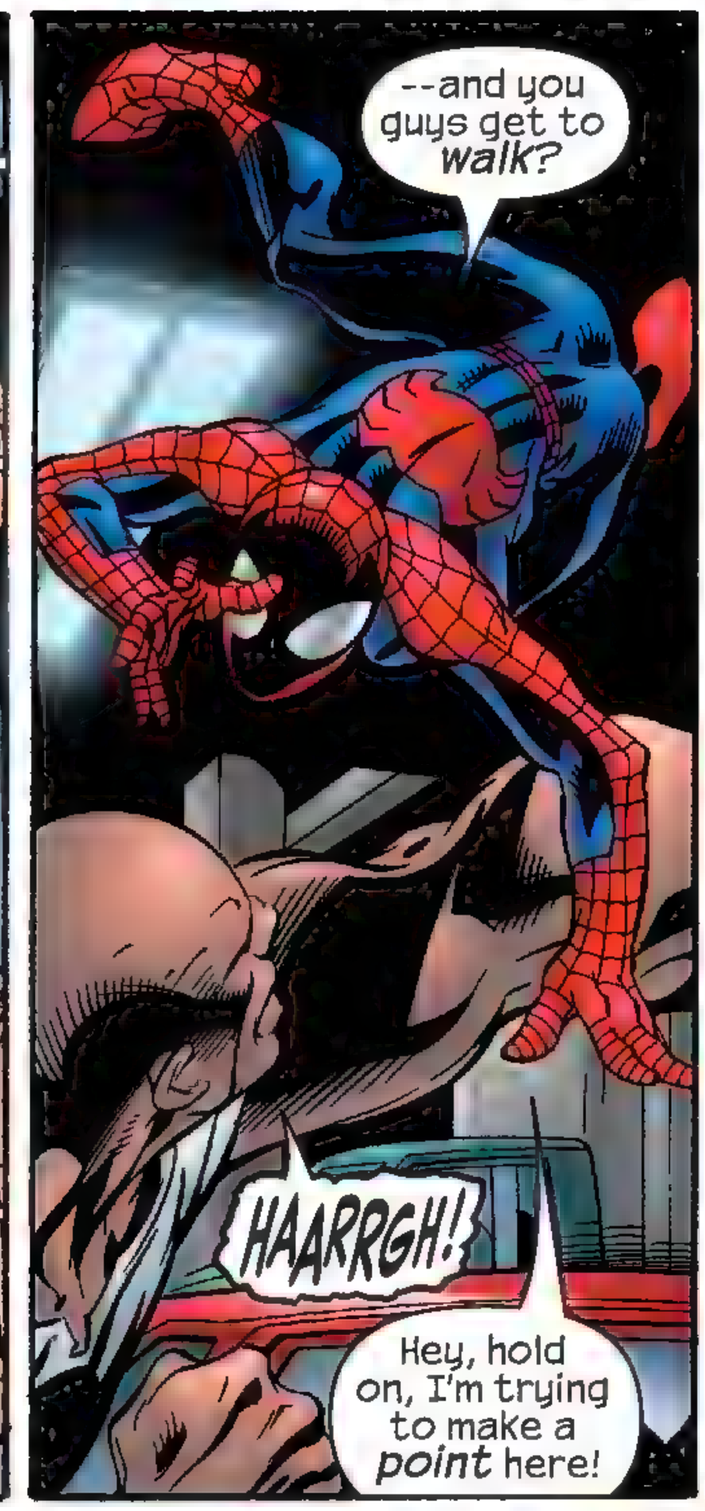




BAM BAM
AAGGHH!!
AAGGH you IDIOT!! IDIOT!!
I--
Dude--
--never would--
--behind you!
That would be...

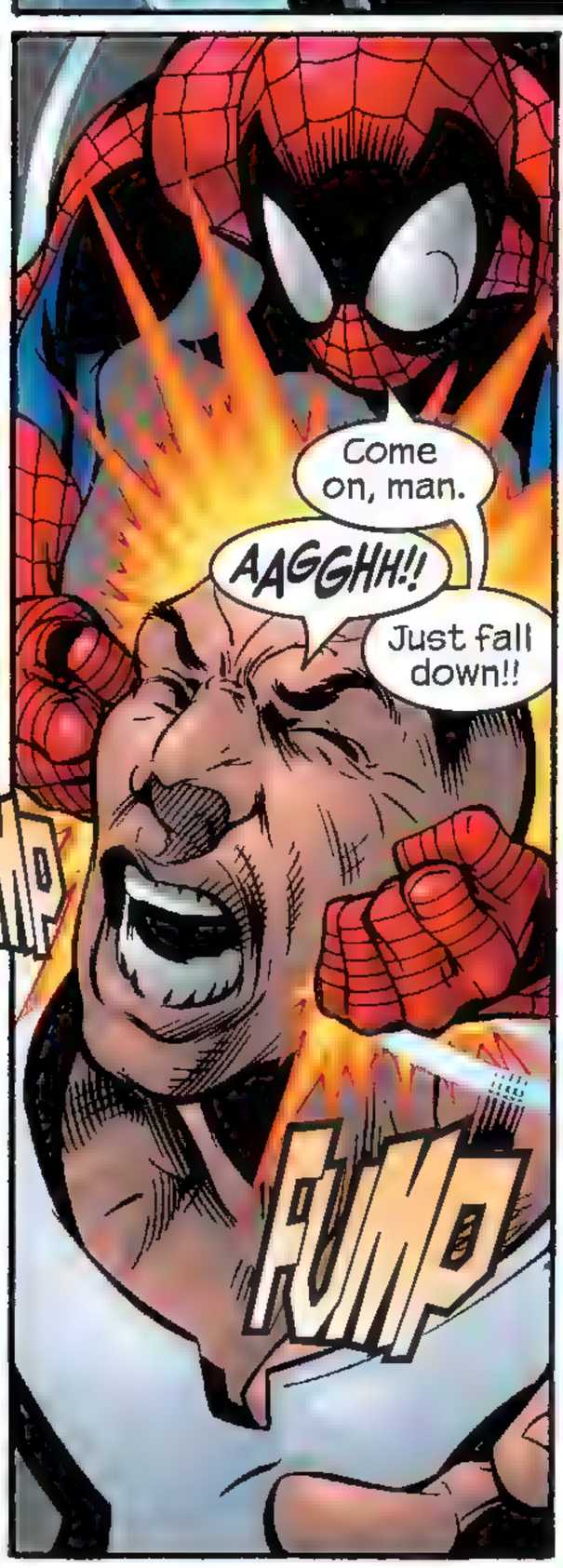
...here!
WHACK!
Okay, I gotta know.
How the hell is it you guys never go to jail?
THWIP
THWIP
Is it that you're too stupid to fall down?
SPACK
No matter what you do...
You guys never go to jail!
Aarrghh! $$%%%!!
SPACK
AAGRREGHH!
How is that? How can that be??
Is the Kingpin that connected-- whoop!

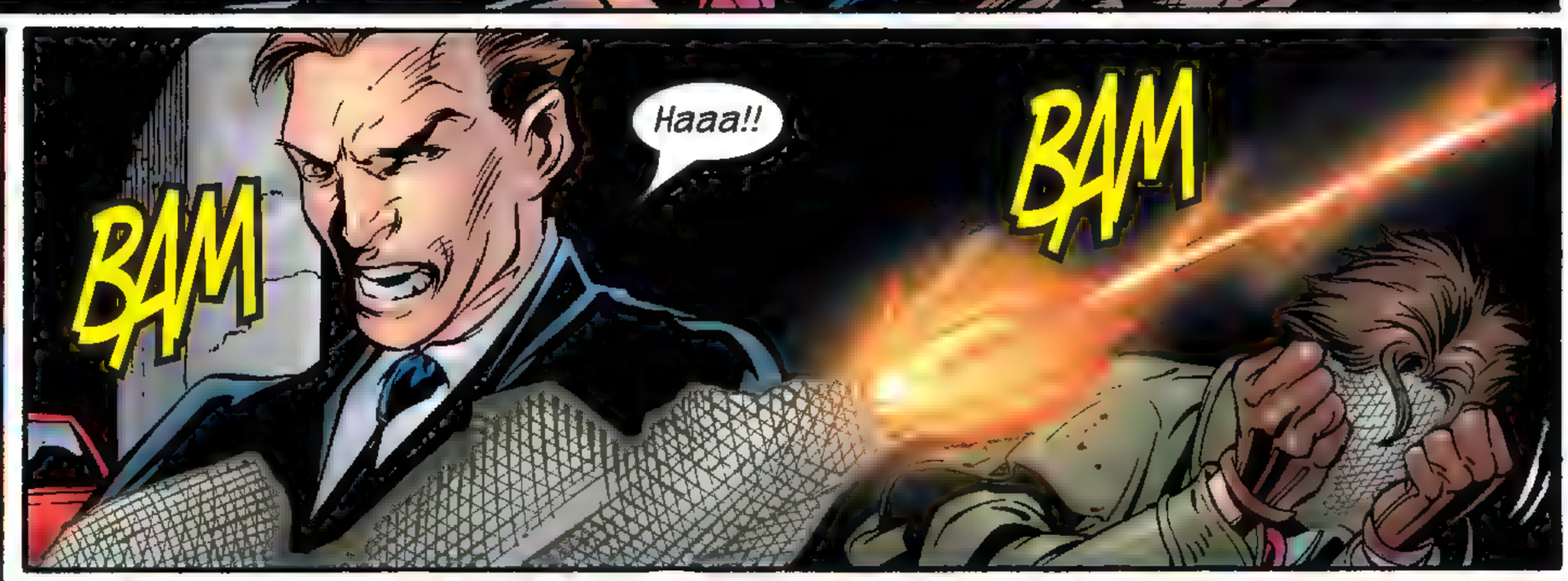
That you guys can get arrested for whatever the hell--
SMACK
AAGGH!!
And Kingpin just slaps some money around--
SPACK

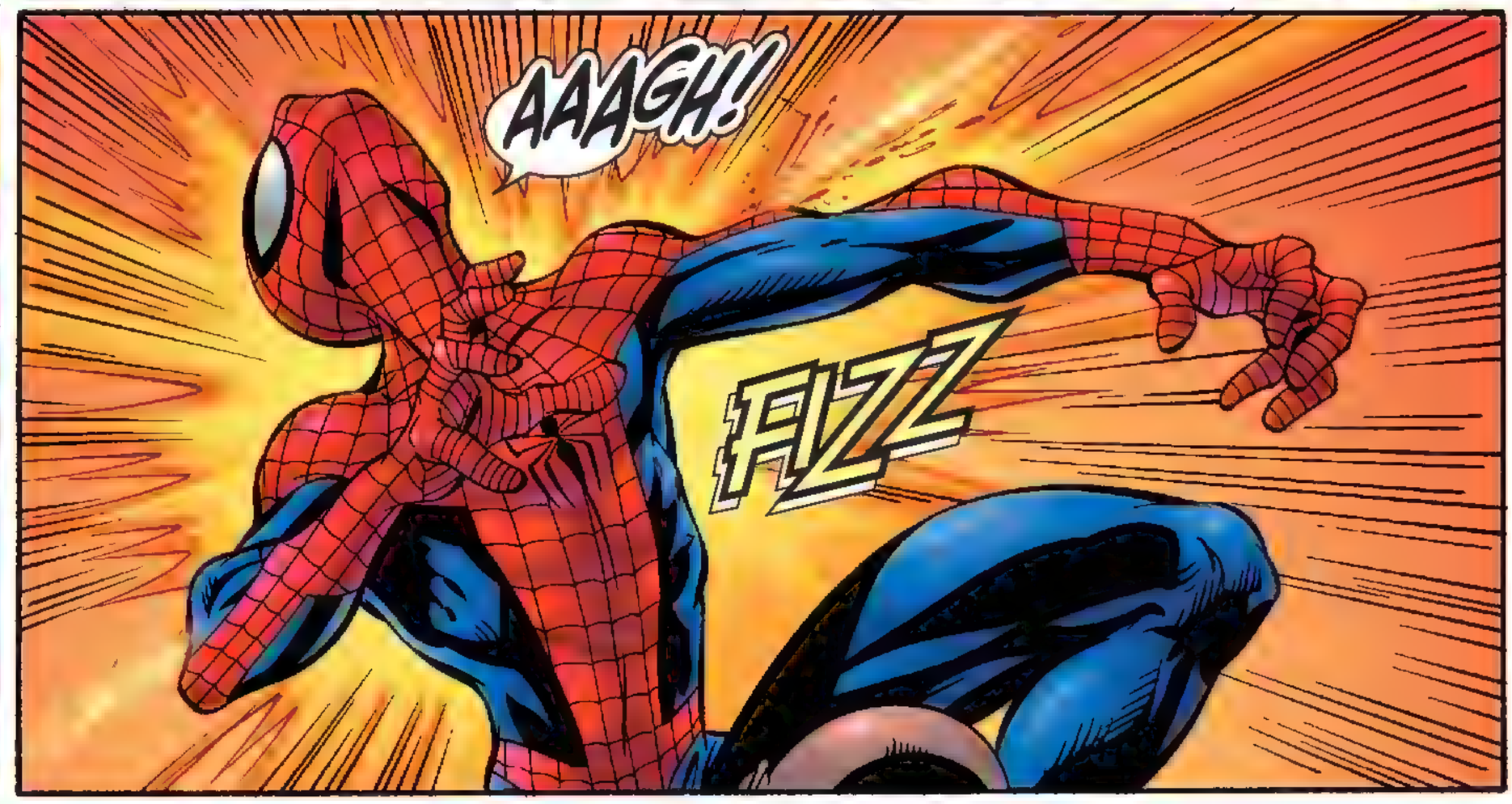

--and you guys get to walk?
HAARRGH!
Hey, hold on, I'm trying to make a point here!

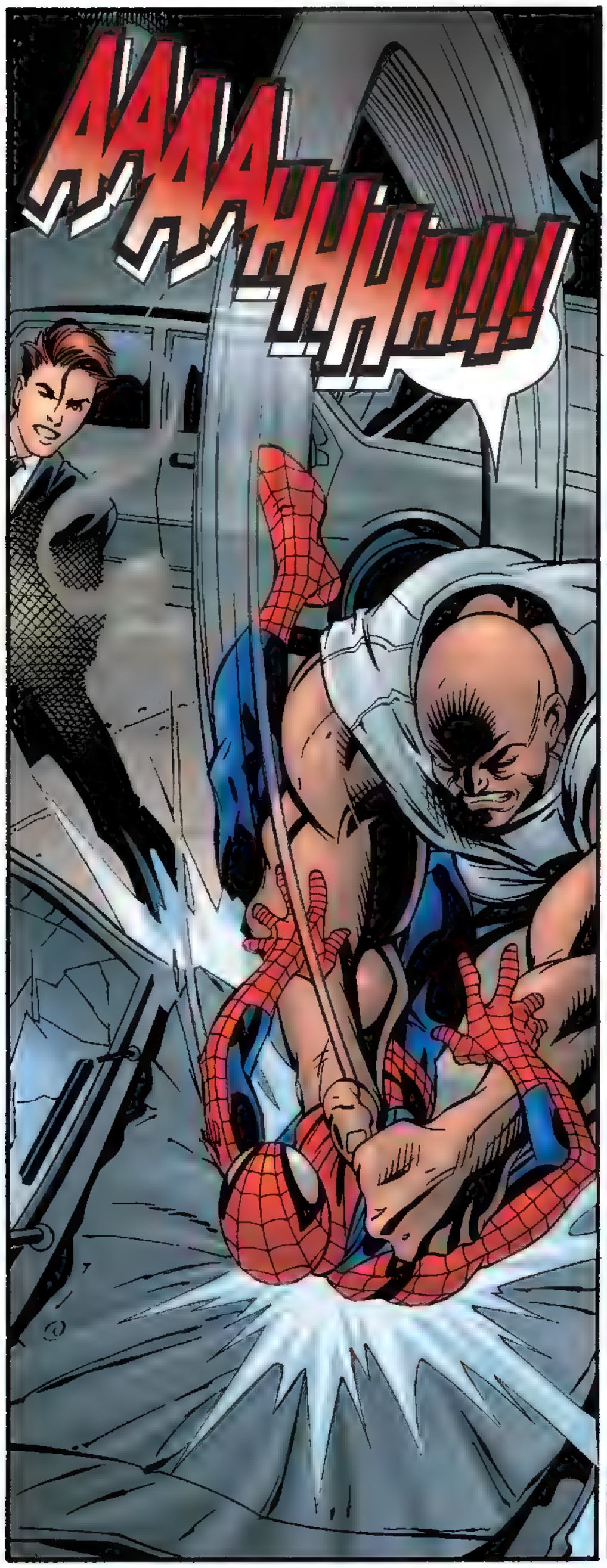
I just can't believe this is the world I live in!
GAAHH!!
Kid, you really have no idea how much we hate your little guts!

Oh no, oh no!
You don't like me!?
But I was going to invite you to my birthday party.


Come on, man.
AAGGHH!!
Just fall down!!
UMP
FUMP

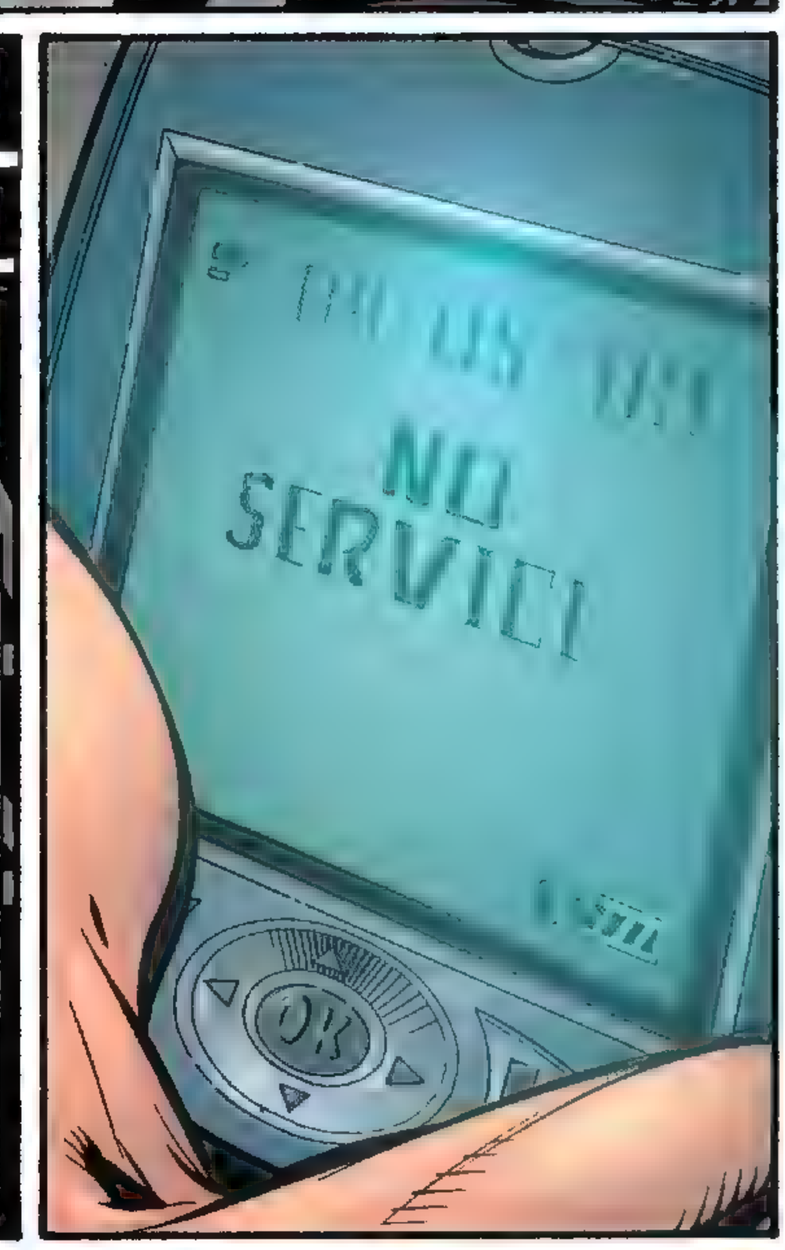

Haaa!!
BAM
BAM

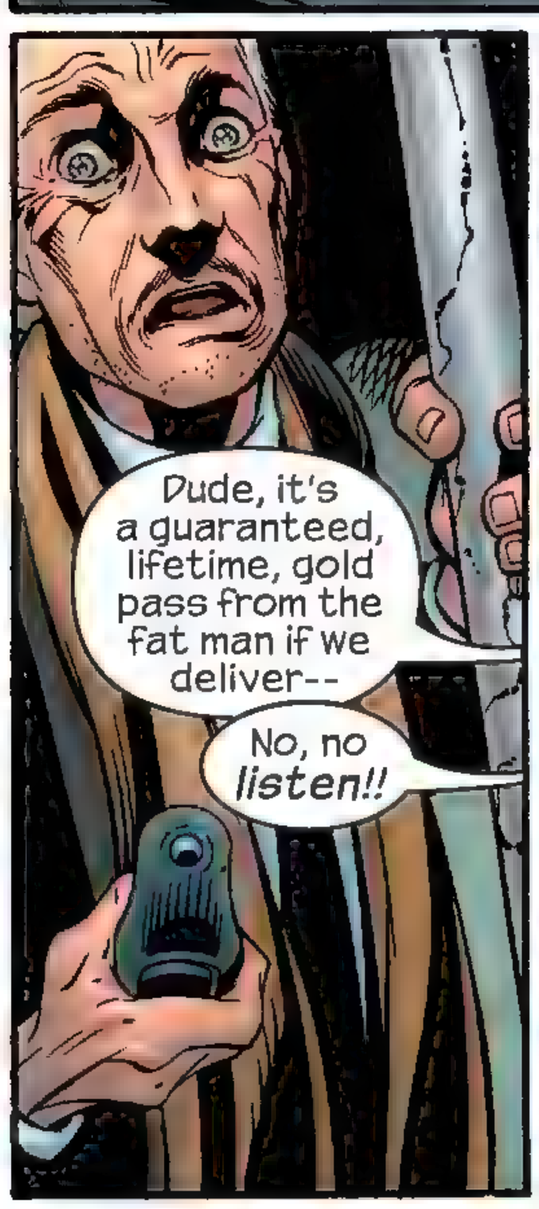

AAAGH!
FIZZ

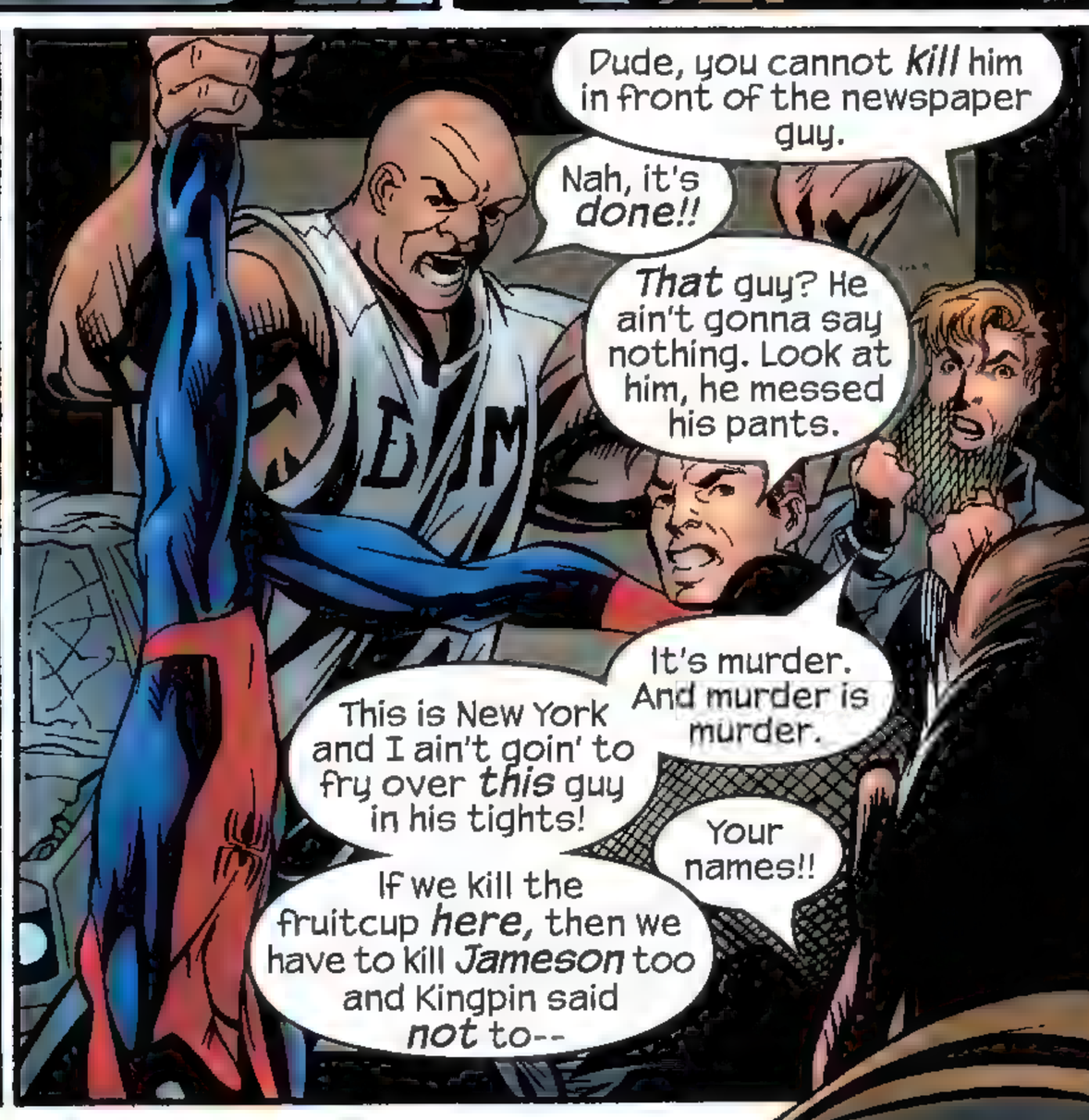

AAAAHHH!!!

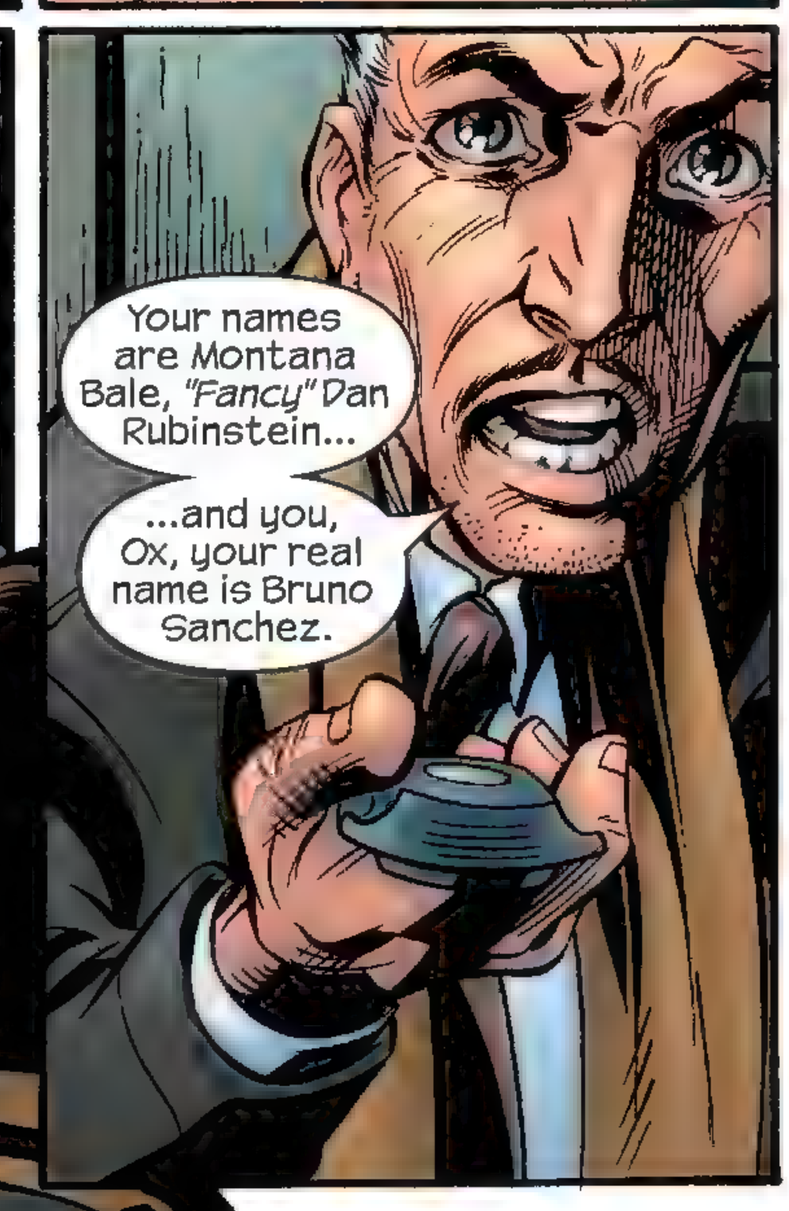
I hate this web @#$%! #$%#@ it!!
Man, I swear! Me and you are going to have words!!
I said I was sorry.
Mmmrrffgghh!!
You shot me!
Yeah, okay, let's just--
Shot me!!
Let's just deal with the problem at hand!!
Mmmrrffgghh!!

Mmmrrffgghhaaggh!!
What we have to do is bring this idiot back to the Kingpin with his neck *snapped*.


NO SERVICE
OK


Dude, it's a guaranteed, lifetime, gold pass from the fat man if we deliver--
No, no *listen!!*


Dude, you cannot *kill* him in front of the newspaper guy.
Nah, it's *done!!*
That guy? He ain't gonna say nothing. Look at him, he messed his pants.
It's murder. And murder is murder.
This is New York and I ain't goin' to fry over *this* guy in his tights!
Your names!!
If we kill the fruitcup *here,* then we have to kill *Jameson* too and Kingpin said *not* to--


Your names are Montana Bale, *"Fancy"* Dan Rubinstein...
...and you, Ox, your real name is Bruno Sanchez.

How long have you worked for Wilson Fisk, AKA the Kingpin?

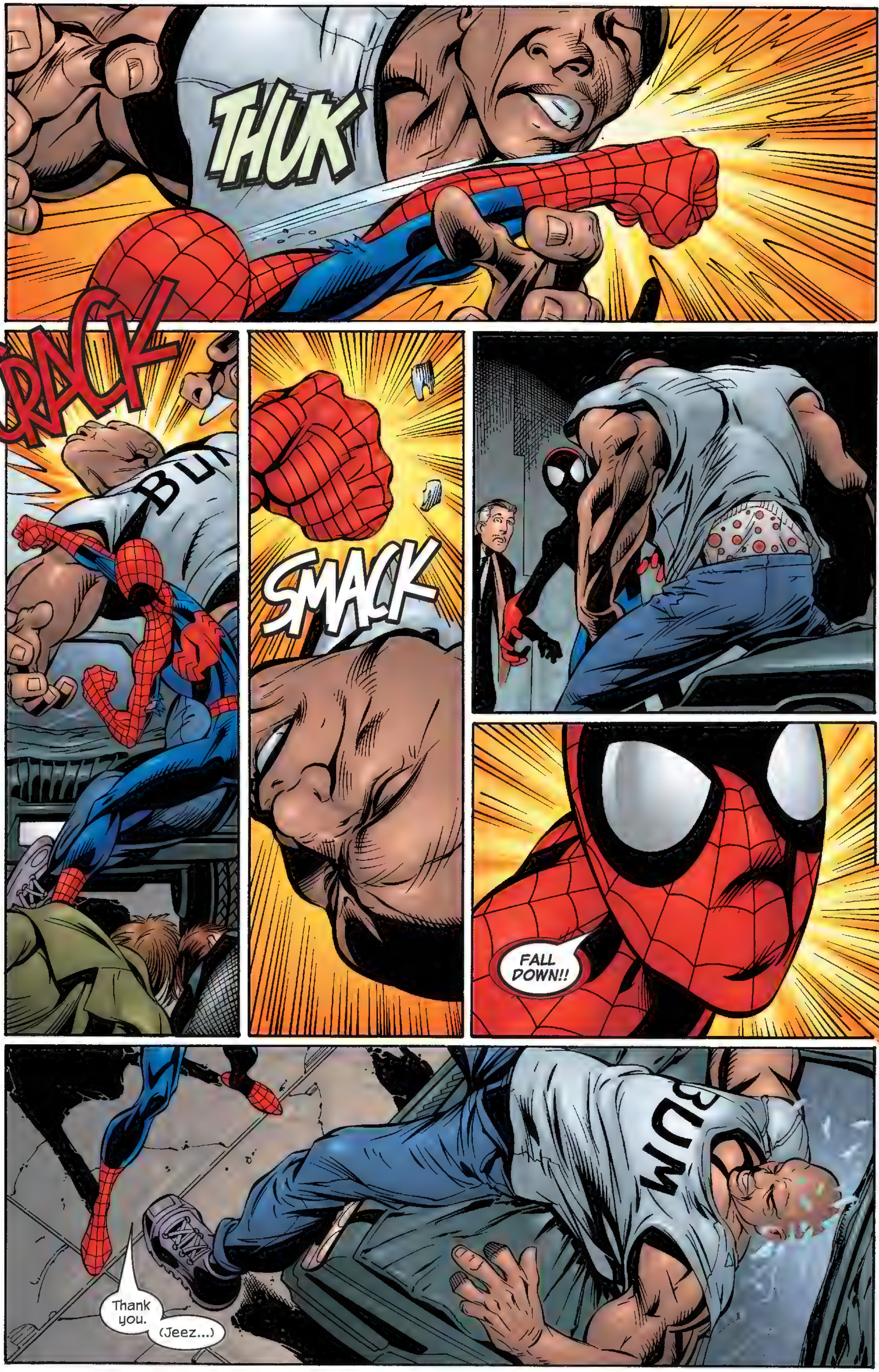
The hell are you doing?

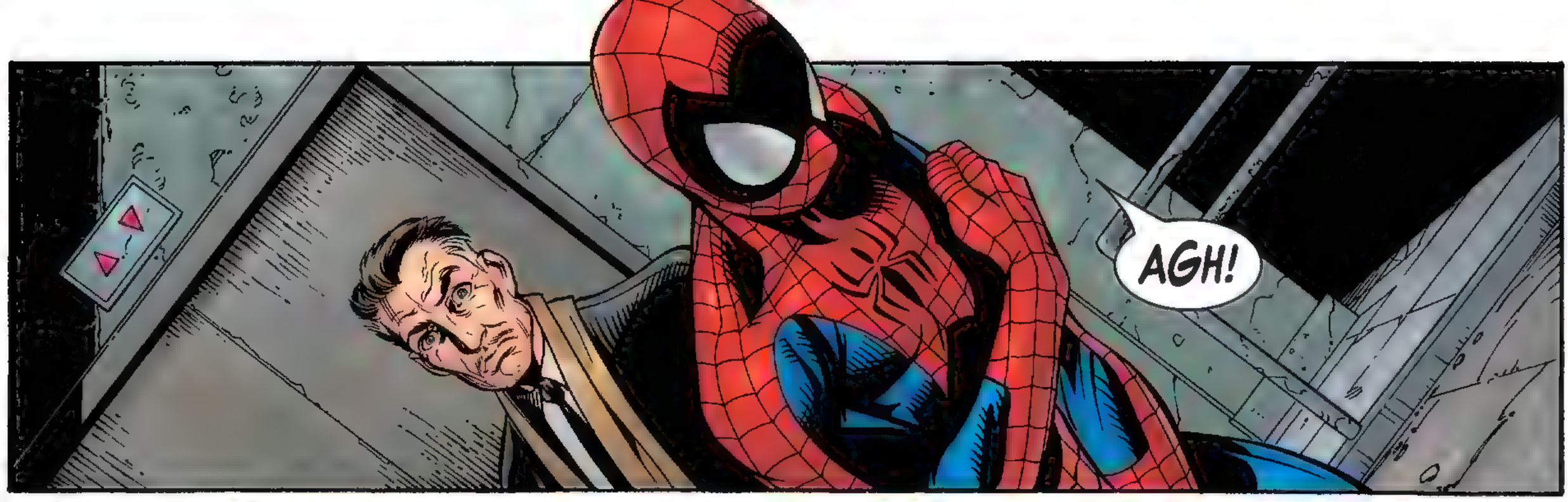
You said earlier that the Kingpin sent you here to rough me up so I would change my endorsement of his candidate Sam Bullit.

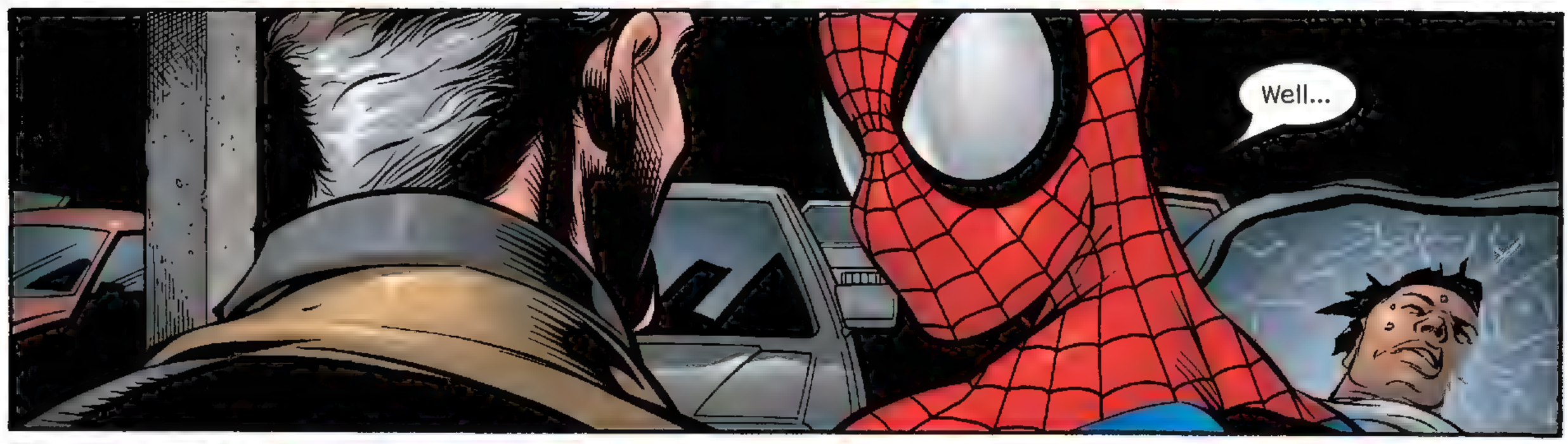
My question to *you* is how *long* have you worked as muscle for the Kingpin?
VOICE MEMO
MENU
TALK
CLR
END

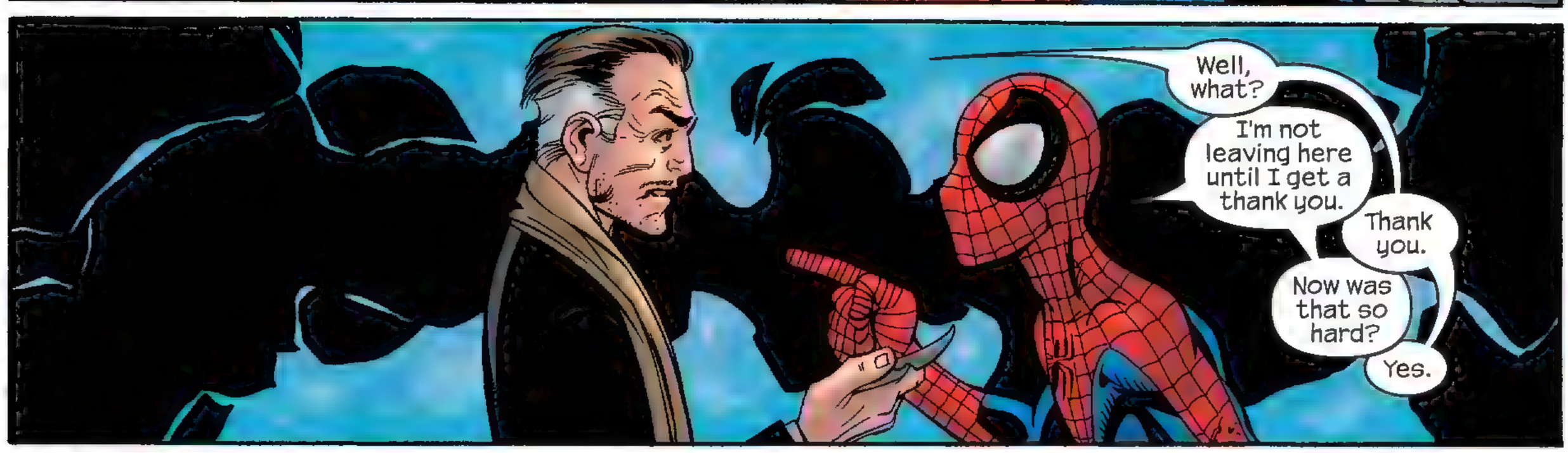
Are you *serious* with this?
What is Kingpin's interest in Sam Bullit's candidacy?
You are out of your gourd, man!
Now you listen and listen good, you're going to retract all your disobedient--

EEEEE!!
RRRIIPPPP

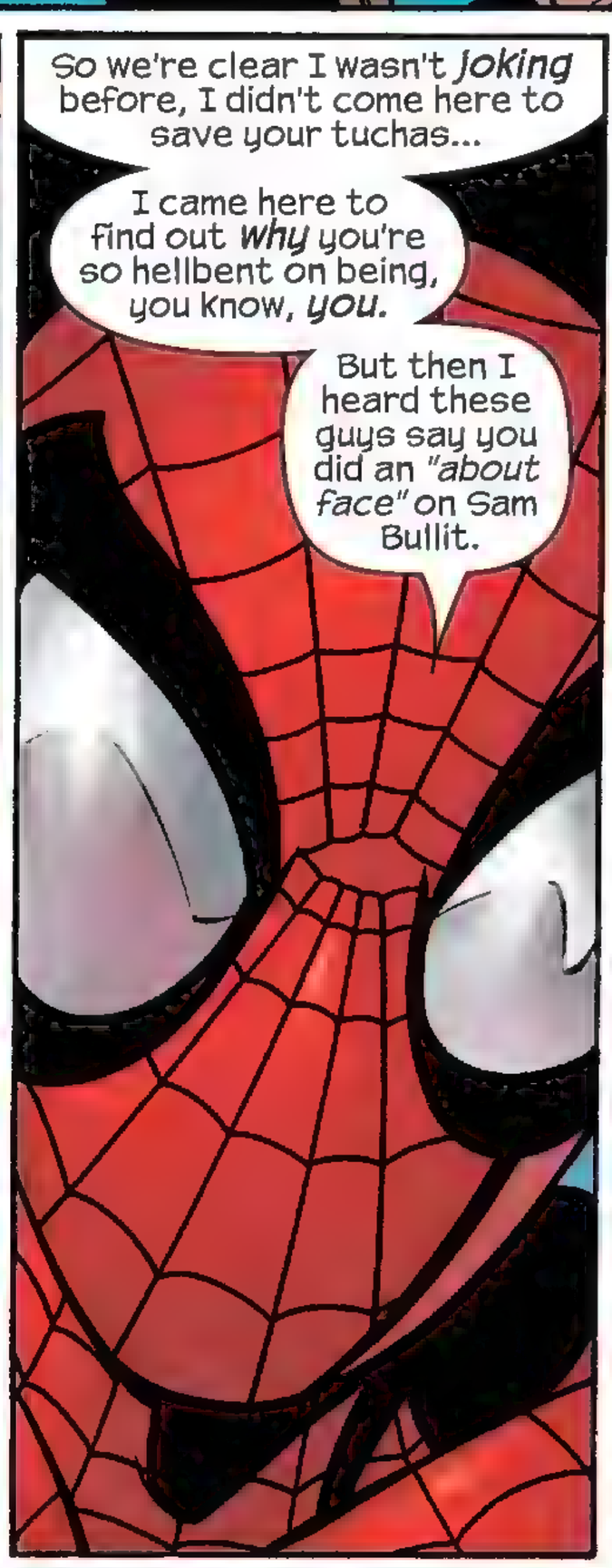

THUK
CRACK
SMACK
FALL DOWN!!
Thank you.
(Jeez...)


AGH!


Well...


Well, what?
I'm not leaving here until I get a thank you.
Thank you.
Now was that so hard?
Yes.

What is *this?* You're recording this?
I'm a reporter. This is a news story.
You're something.
Why do you wear that mask?

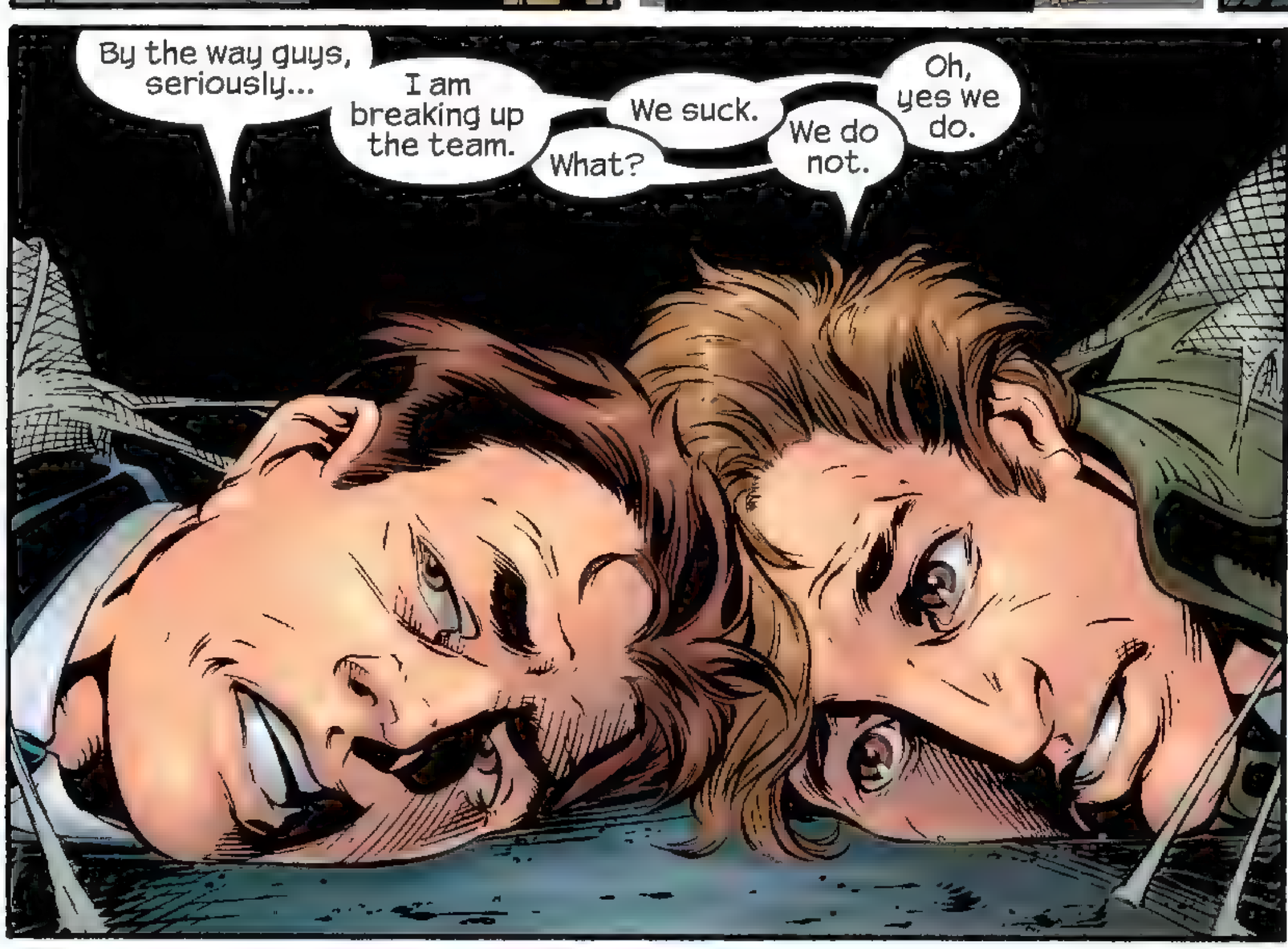

So we're clear I wasn't *joking* before, I didn't come here to save your tuchas...
I came here to find out *why* you're so hellbent on being, you know, *you.*
But then I heard these guys say you did an *"about face"* on Sam Bullit.

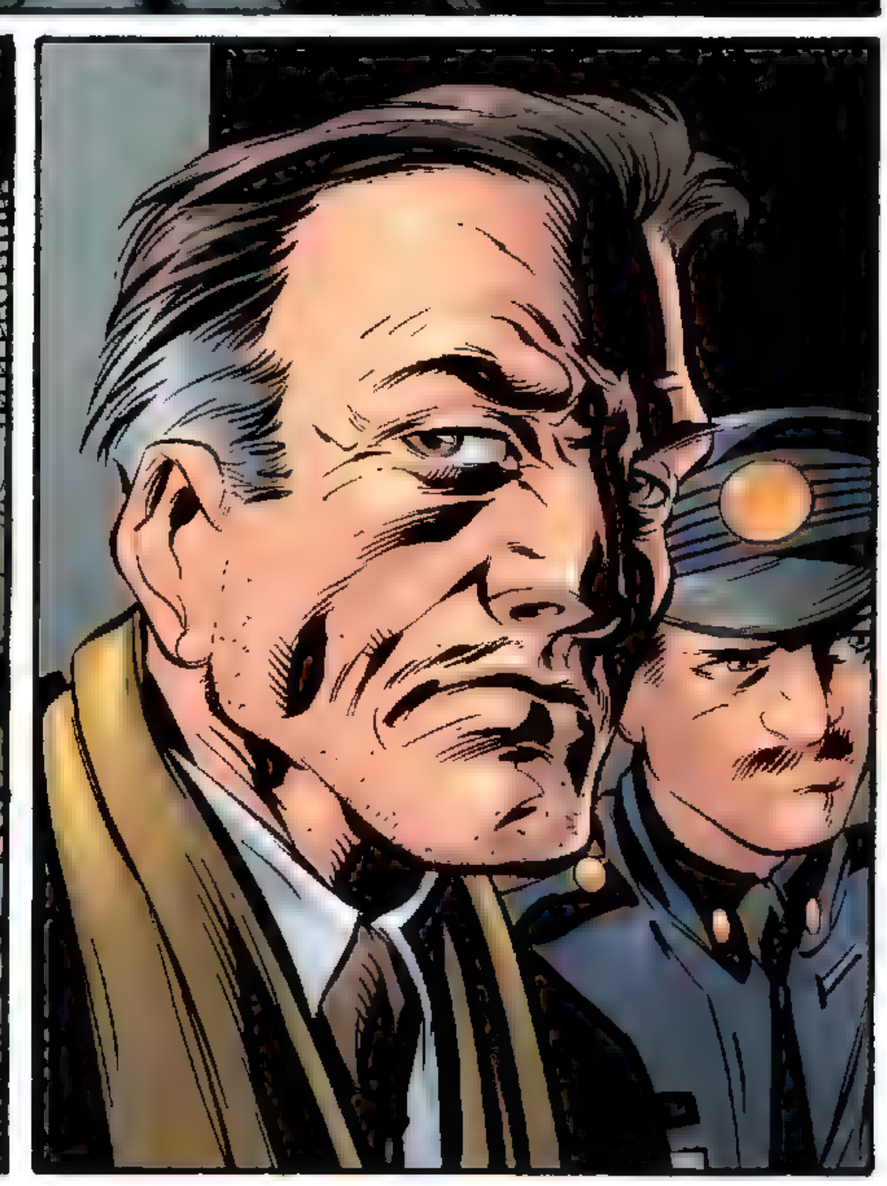
Yes, I did.
Why?
Buy a paper.
I asked you why?
I said, buy a paper.
You're a real piece of work.

Why do you wear that mask?
There is a theory that you're a disfigured mutation. Any reaction to that?
The only disfigured mutation I see is that haircut.

BLANC
Oh, my God!! Mr. Jameson, sir!!
We heard the shots!

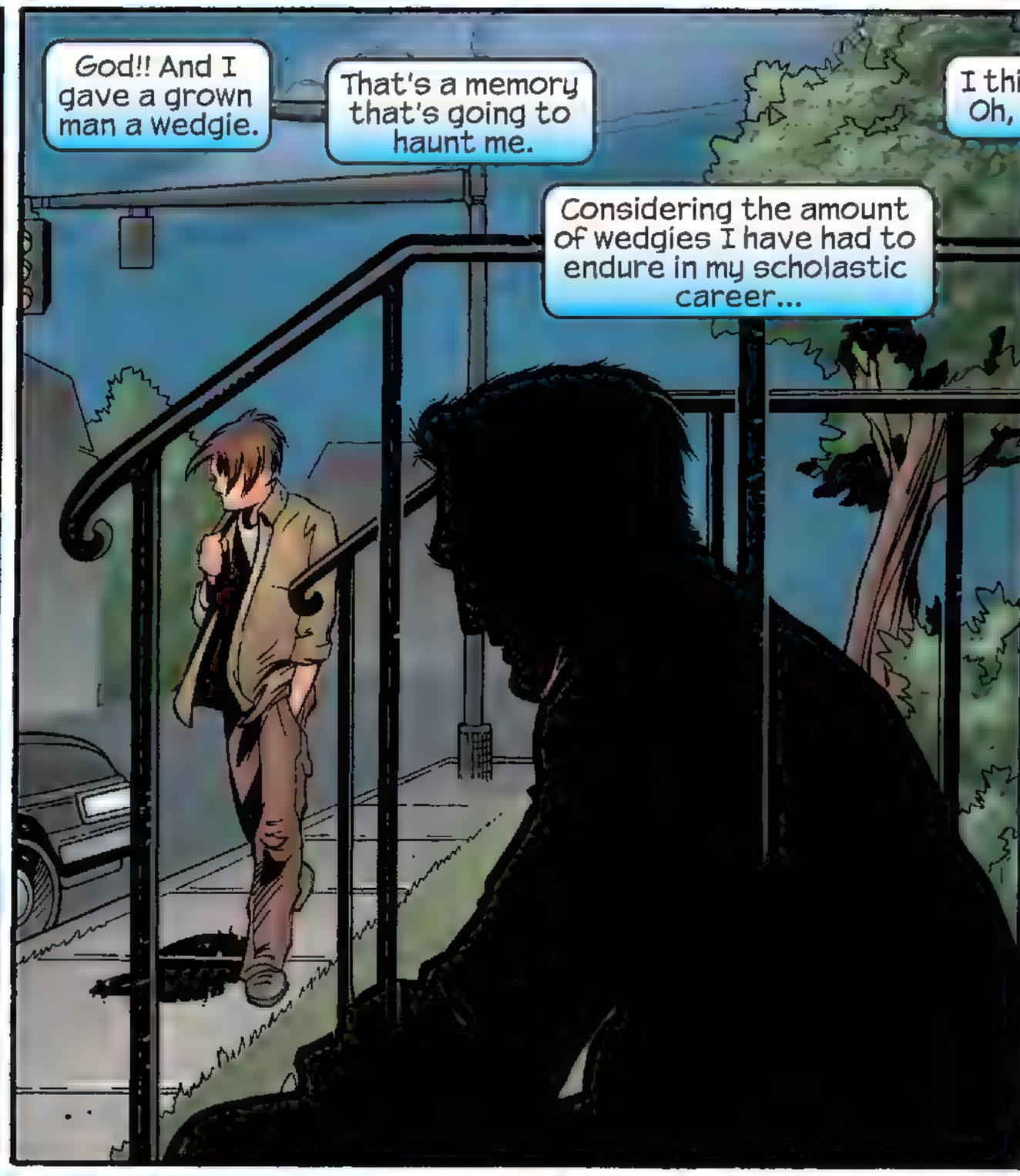
We didn't know where they--

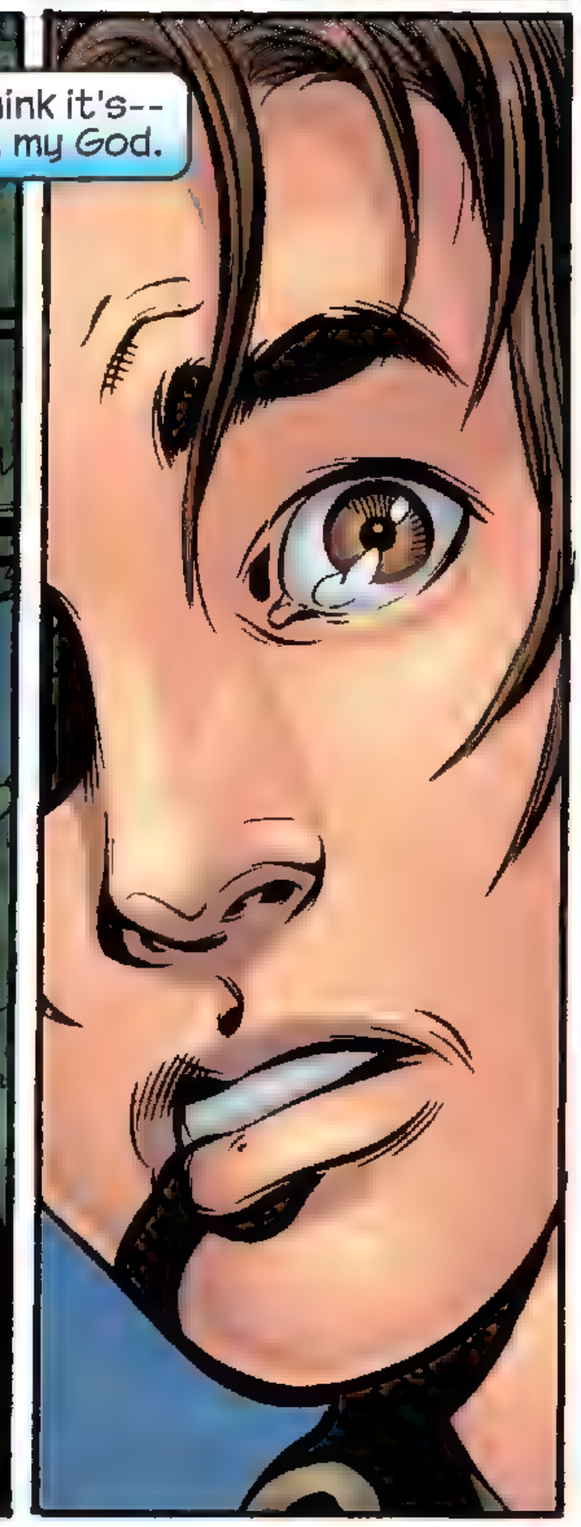

By the way guys, seriously...
I am breaking up the team.
What?
We suck.
We do not.
Oh, yes we do.

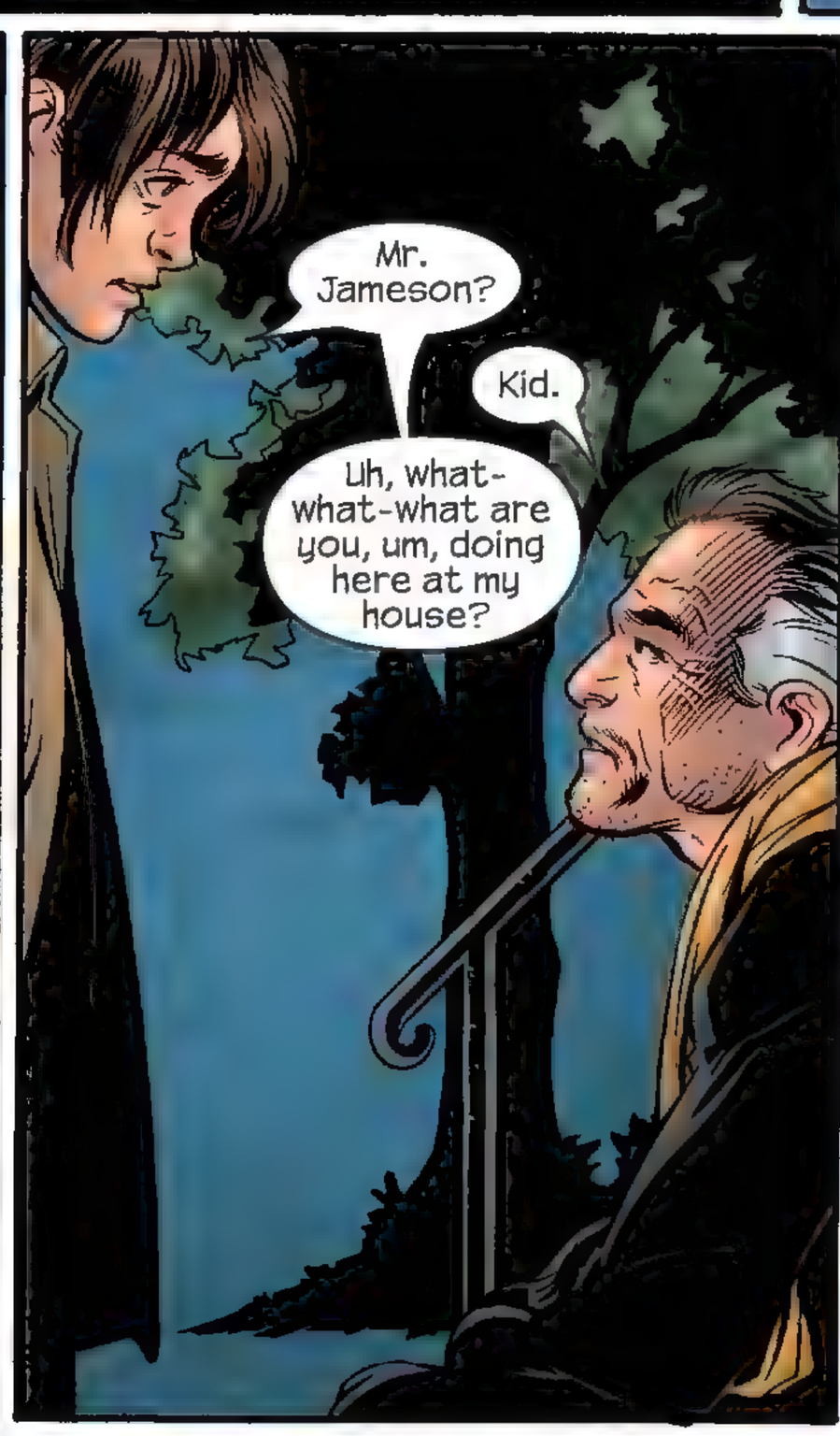


I can't believe it!
Can't *believe* it! *AGHGH!*
I got shot at again!! *Again!*

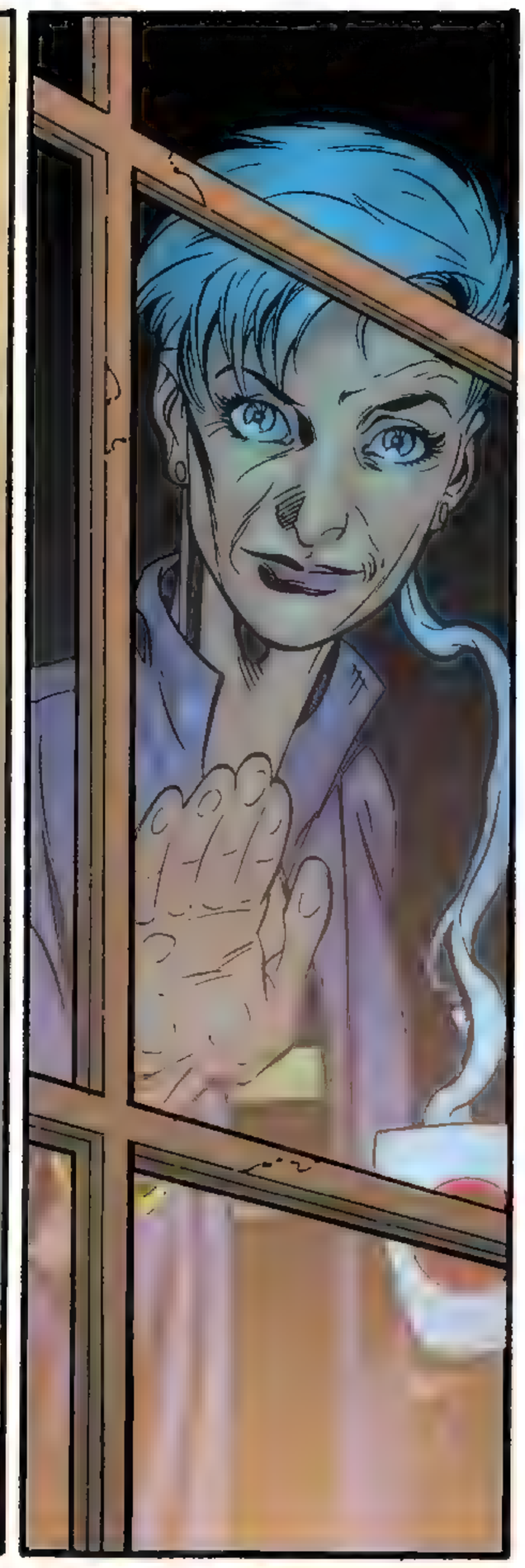
Not only did I get *shot* at, but it was over that Jameson jerk!!
Guy fires me, crucifies my Spider-Man-ness in his paper, and then I spend the day fighting to save *his* life.


God!! And I gave a grown man a wedgie.
That's a memory that's going to haunt me.
Considering the amount of wedgies I have had to endure in my scholastic career...

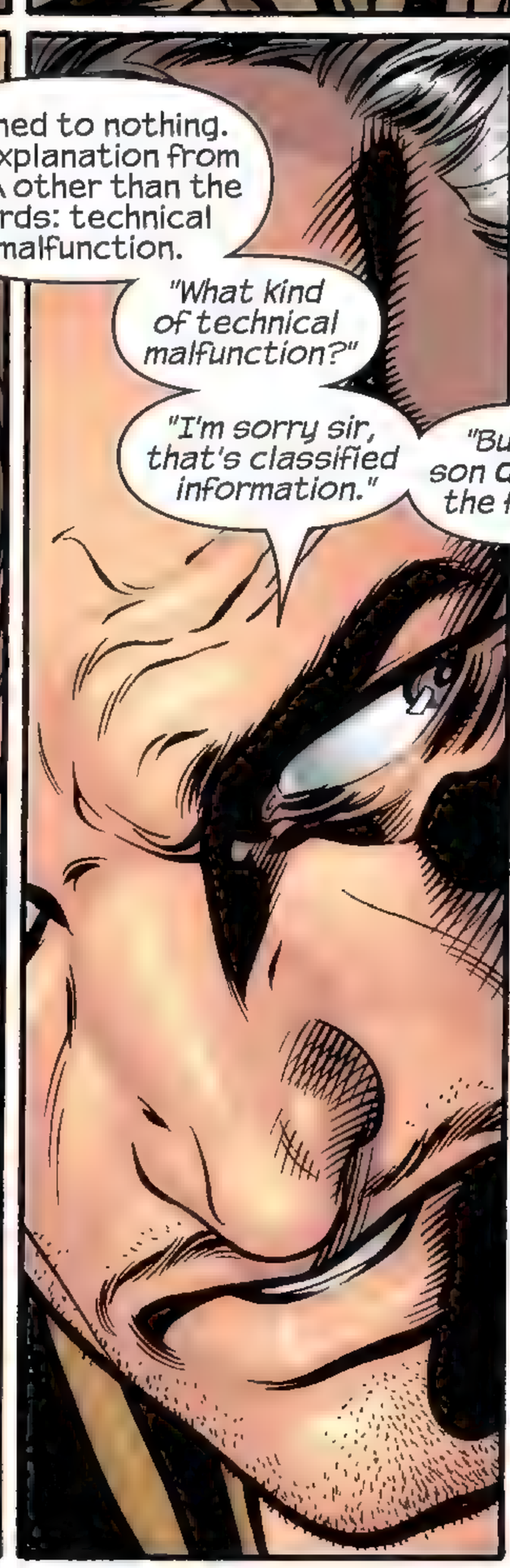

I think it's-- Oh, my God.


Mr. Jameson?
Kid.
Uh, what-what-what are you, um, doing here at my house?

I had an *unusually* bad day at work today, but that's-- no--
That's not why I dragged myself all the way out here to the *nightmare* world that is Queens...
Well, it's *part* of the reason, but it's not the *whole* reason.

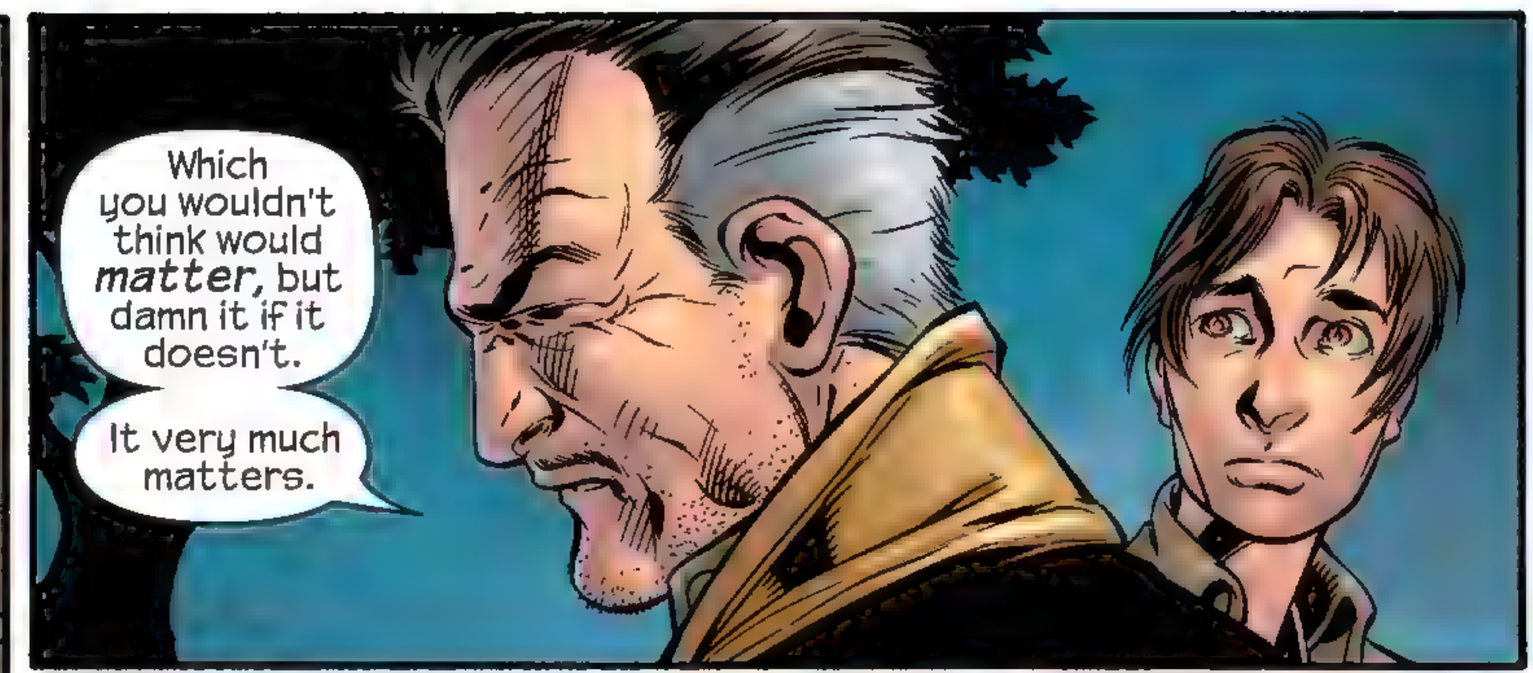


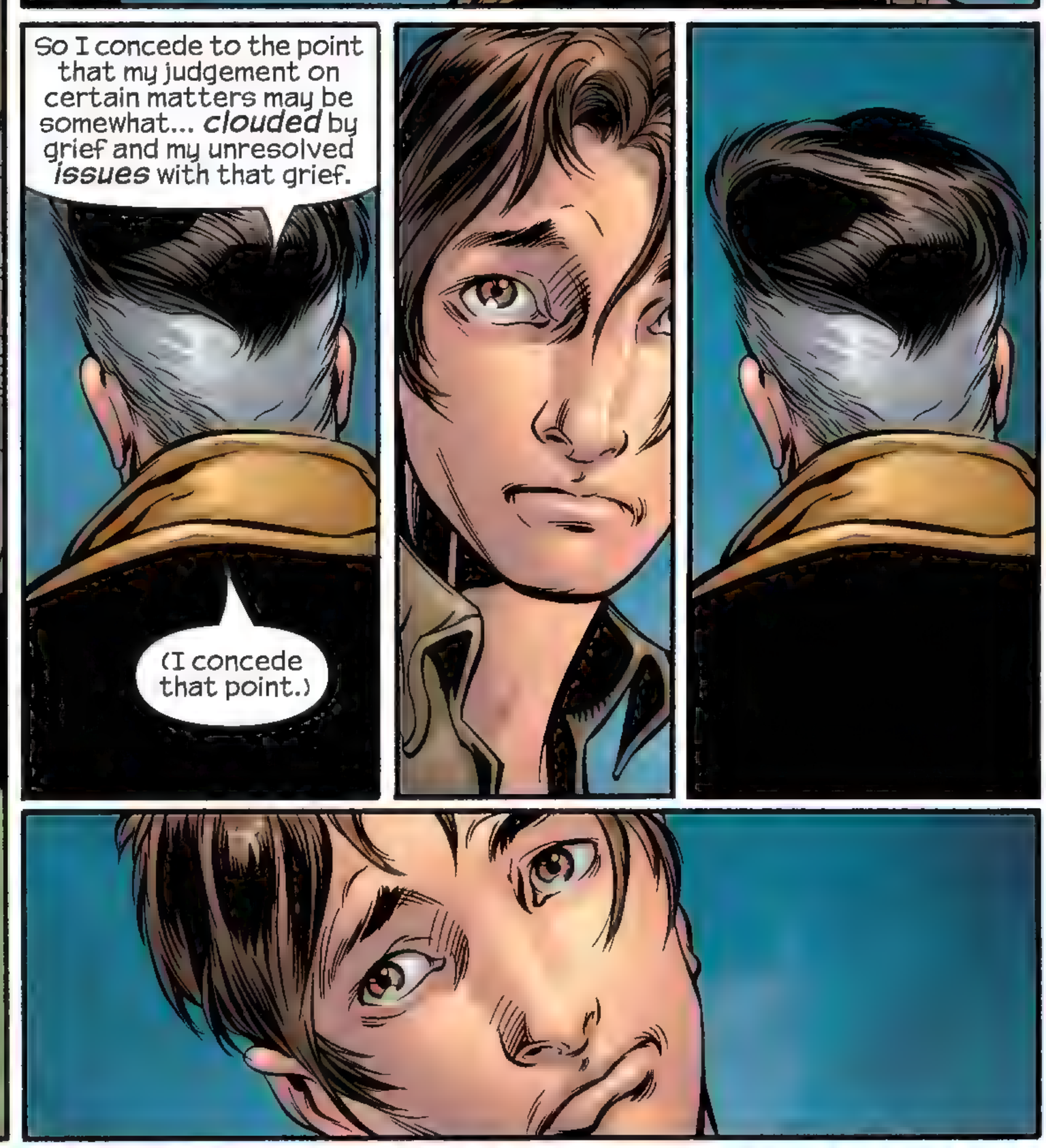
My son was on the space shuttle Orion.

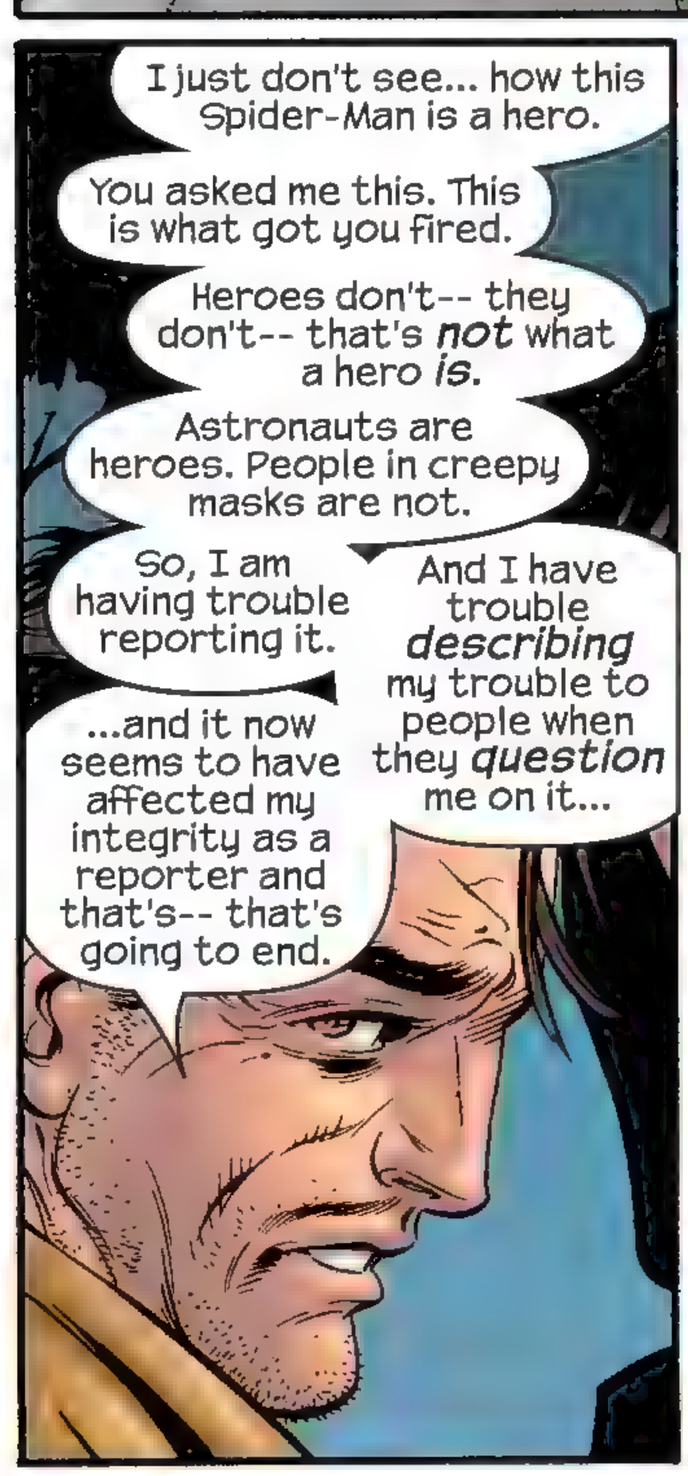
As you probably know, the Orion burned up in orbit.
This was what? About a year ago.

Burned to nothing. No explanation from NASA other than the words: technical malfunction.
"What kind of technical malfunction?"
"I'm sorry sir, that's classified information."

"But my son **died** on the flight."
"I'm sorry sir, that's classified information."

My boy was an astronaut.
A hero.
A *hero!!*
And he's gone and that's--
I didn't get a body to bury.


Which you wouldn't think would *matter*, but damn it if it doesn't.
It very much matters.

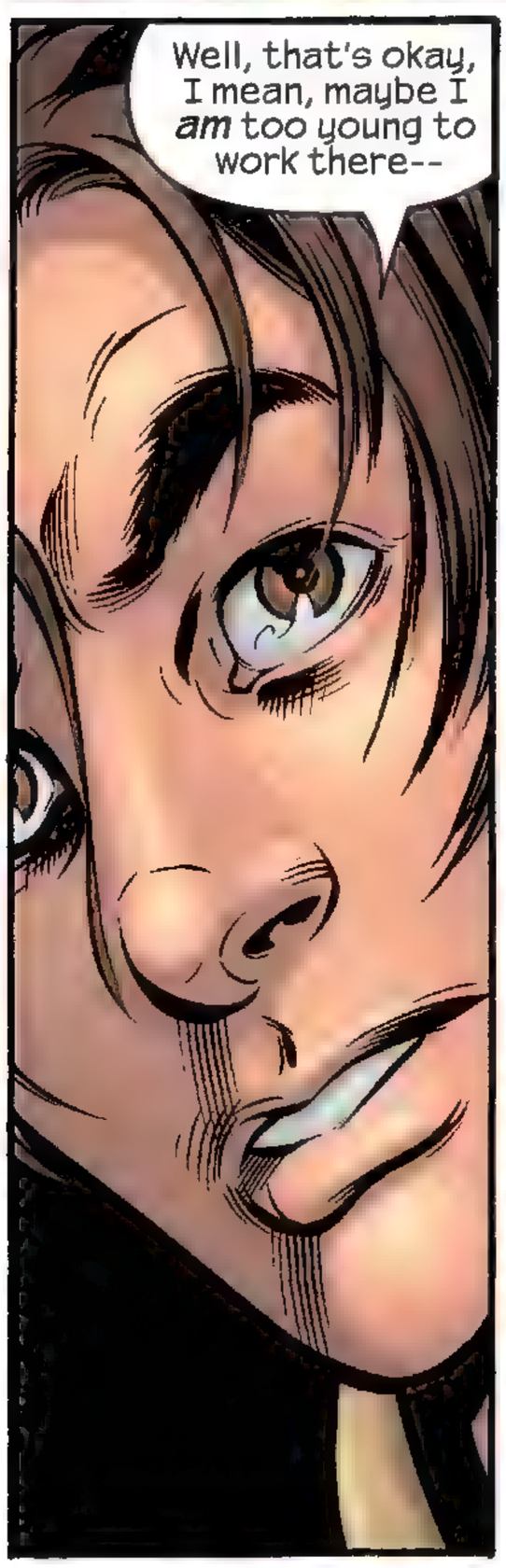

So I concede to the point that my judgement on certain matters may be somewhat... *clouded* by grief and my unresolved *issues* with that grief.
(I concede that point.)


I just don't see... how this Spider-Man is a hero.
You asked me this. This is what got you fired.
Heroes don't-- they don't-- that's *not* what a hero *is*.
Astronauts are heroes. People in creepy masks are not.
So, I am having trouble reporting it.
And I have trouble *describing* my trouble to people when they *question* me on it...
...and it now seems to have affected my integrity as a reporter and that's-- that's going to end.

Today was a big-- a big eye opener.
There.
That's the thing.
So... there.
I think we both understand that what we are talking about here is between us and not to be discussed.
Sure--
Or brought up again.
Okay.

I-- uh-- saw your editorial.
Good.
Aren't you, uh, worried that the Kingpin's going to try to, I don't know what he does-- but aren't you worried he might... *try* something?
Not after tomorrow he won't.
Why? What's tomorrow?
A headline that he can't walk away from.
Really.

I'm going to have to live by the theory that if anything *happens* to me *he's* the first person they'd come after.
That's the hand I've been dealt. That's what I am going to have to stand behind.
So...
...you can have your job back.
I can?
You were right. I was wrong.
You can have your job back.



You know what my favorite part of the paper is?
Well, today it's the *headline*, but I like the *gossip* column.
It always tells you where all the famous fat people like to eat.
And here you are, like everyday, eating for two.
WEATHER
DAILY BUGLE
KINGPIN CRONIES BLOW LID!
Young man, you have a lot of growing up to do.
Right back at ya, Rerun.
What can I do for you?
Well, you really got my head spinning.
Look at you, sitting here, not a care in the world.

The entire world knows you're a murderer and a liar and a thief.
(Even though *murderer* should be plenty.)
And you can just walk about the city and everyone makes nice nice.
Everyone kisses your tuchas.
(Which, I grant you, is an act that could take the better part of a week.)

I guess I'm trying to understand how the world allows you to be.
Because I really don't understand it. I really don't.
And you're trying to do all of this in your pajamas.
Very noble.

Listen, I don't expect to figure it out *today*, but I know one day I will. I *have* to.
I just-- I wanted to look you in the face.
I wanted to *look* at you.

Well, young man, I'll tell you what you see...
You see the face of the man that one day will find out who you *really* are.
And where you go to school.
Because someone out there *knows*.

And I will find out who *they* are and who *you* are...
And when I do...
I will personally come over to your house...

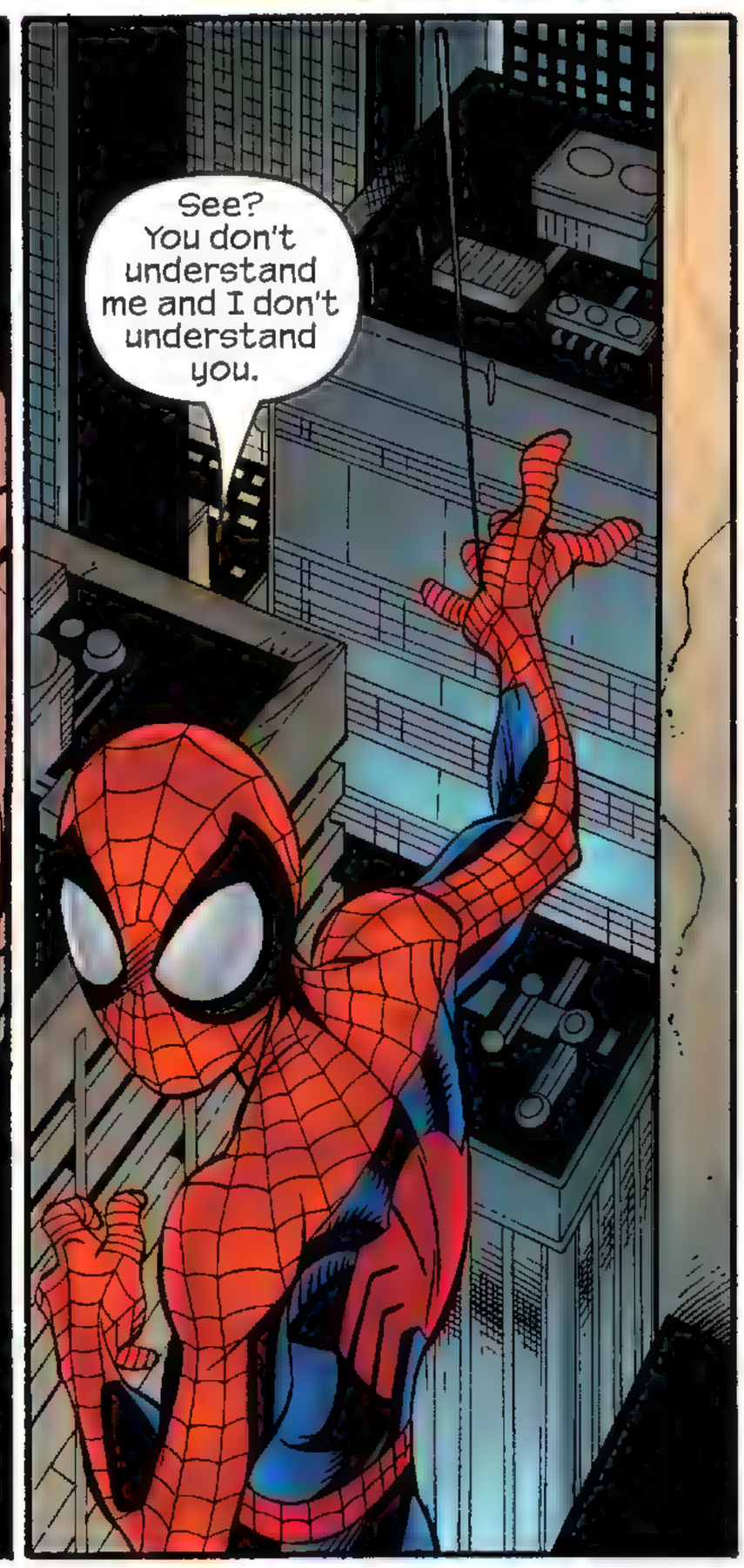
...and I will teach you *exactly* what I am.

Are you *hitting* on me?

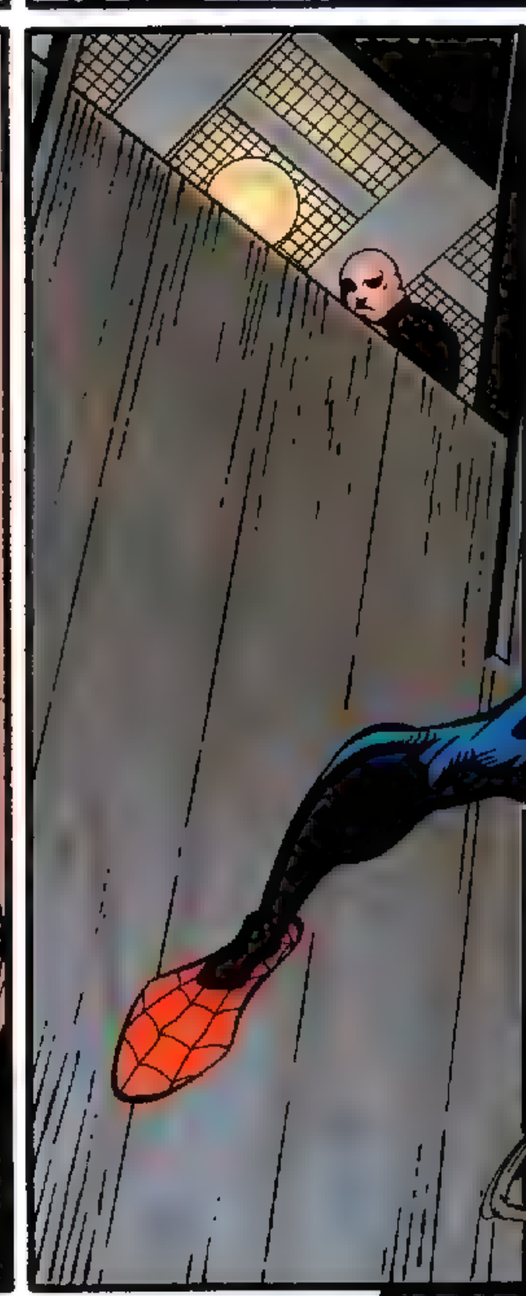
Well, we should glare at each other menacingly more often.
But I do have to leave...
It seems that watching you eat makes me want to heave up my own feet.
Young man, did you web my feet to the floor?

Maybe.

What possible satisfaction could you get from that?

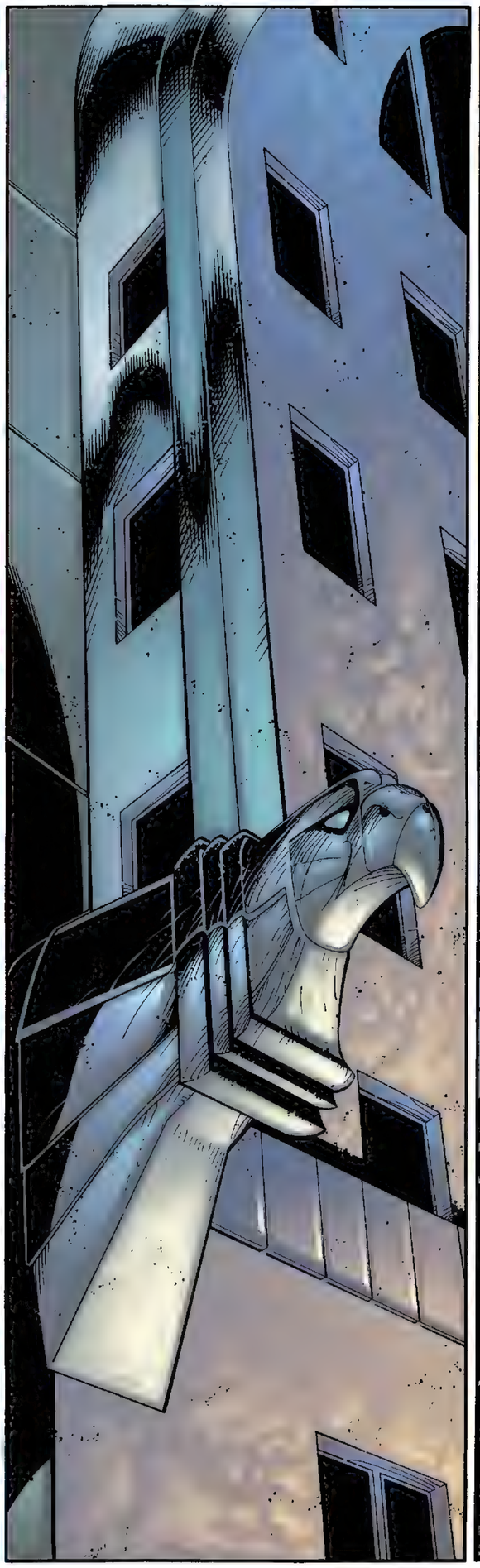
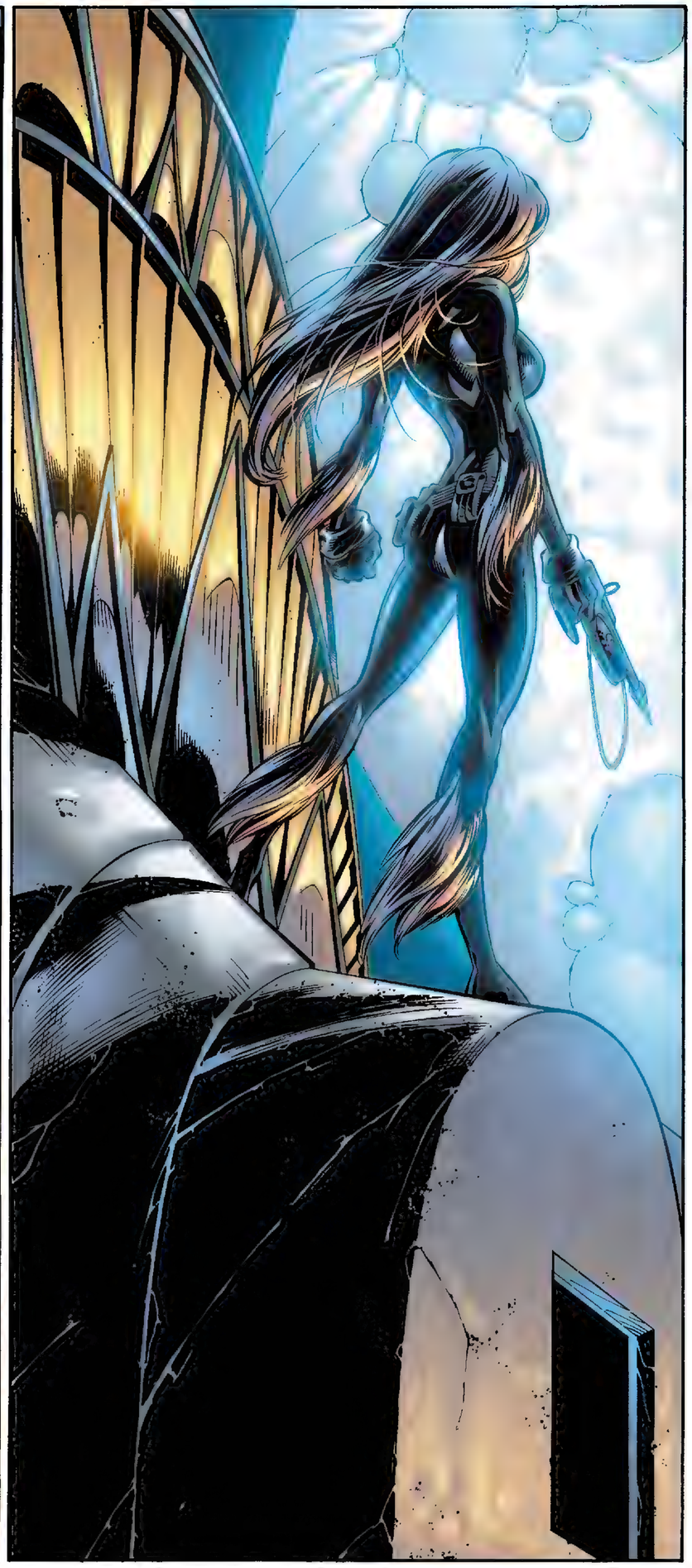

See? You don't understand me and I don't understand you.

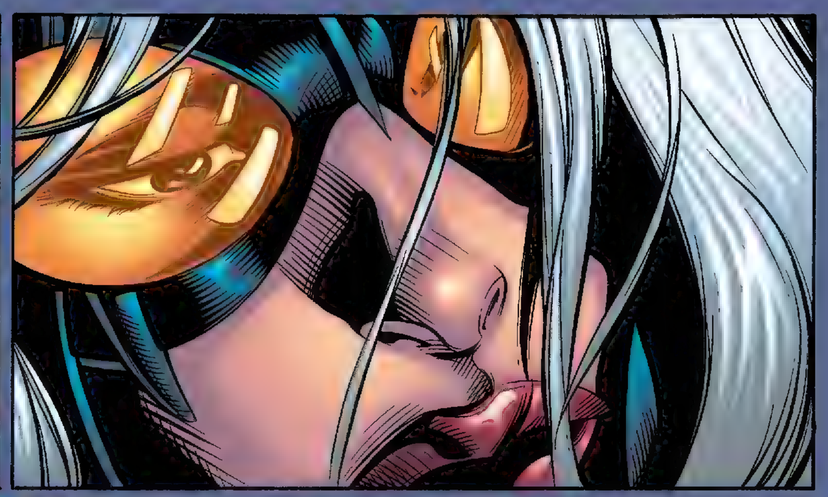
I'm going to find out who you are.

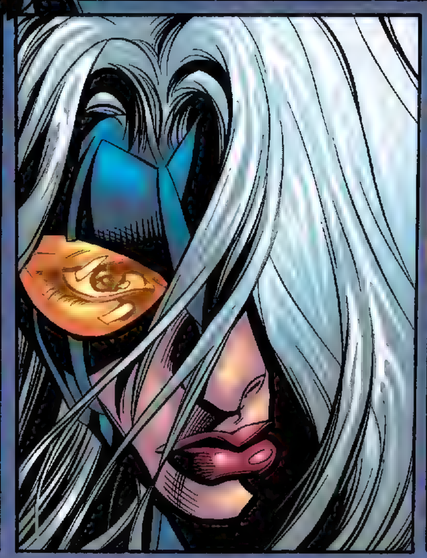


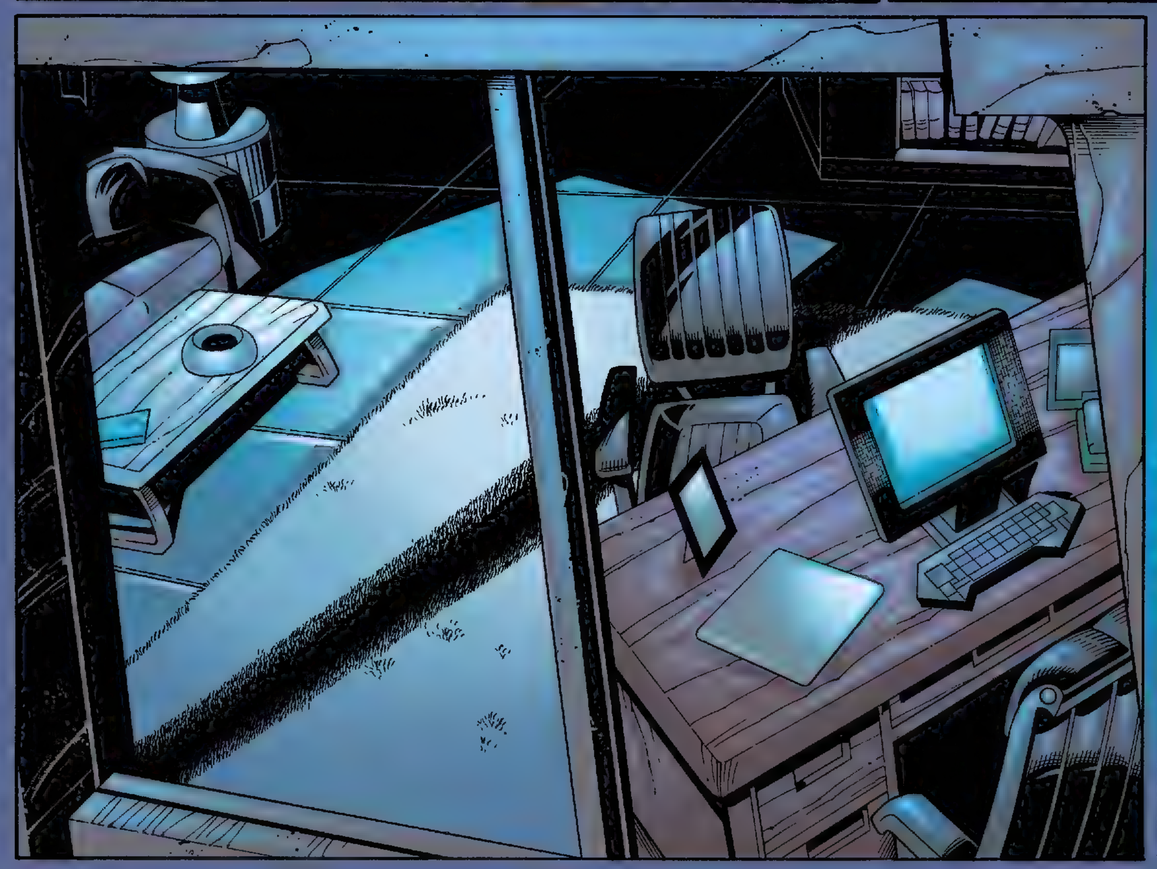
Next issue: THE BLACK CAT

50







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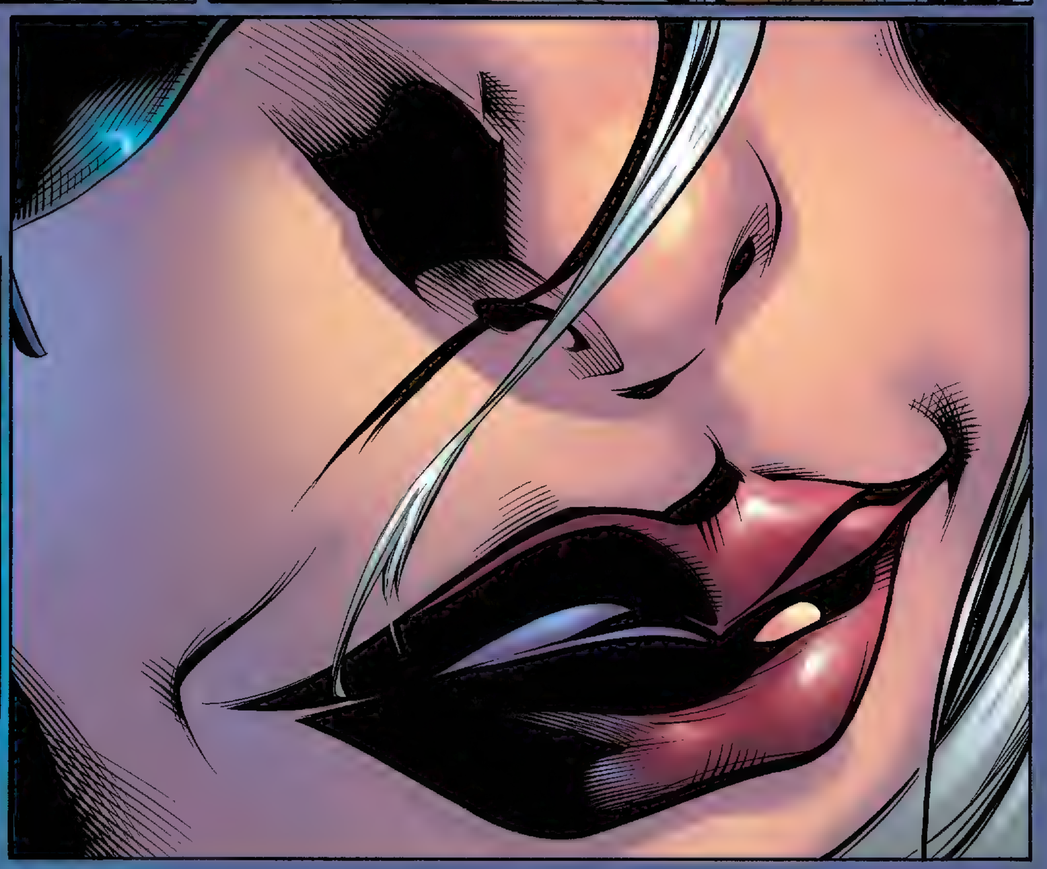
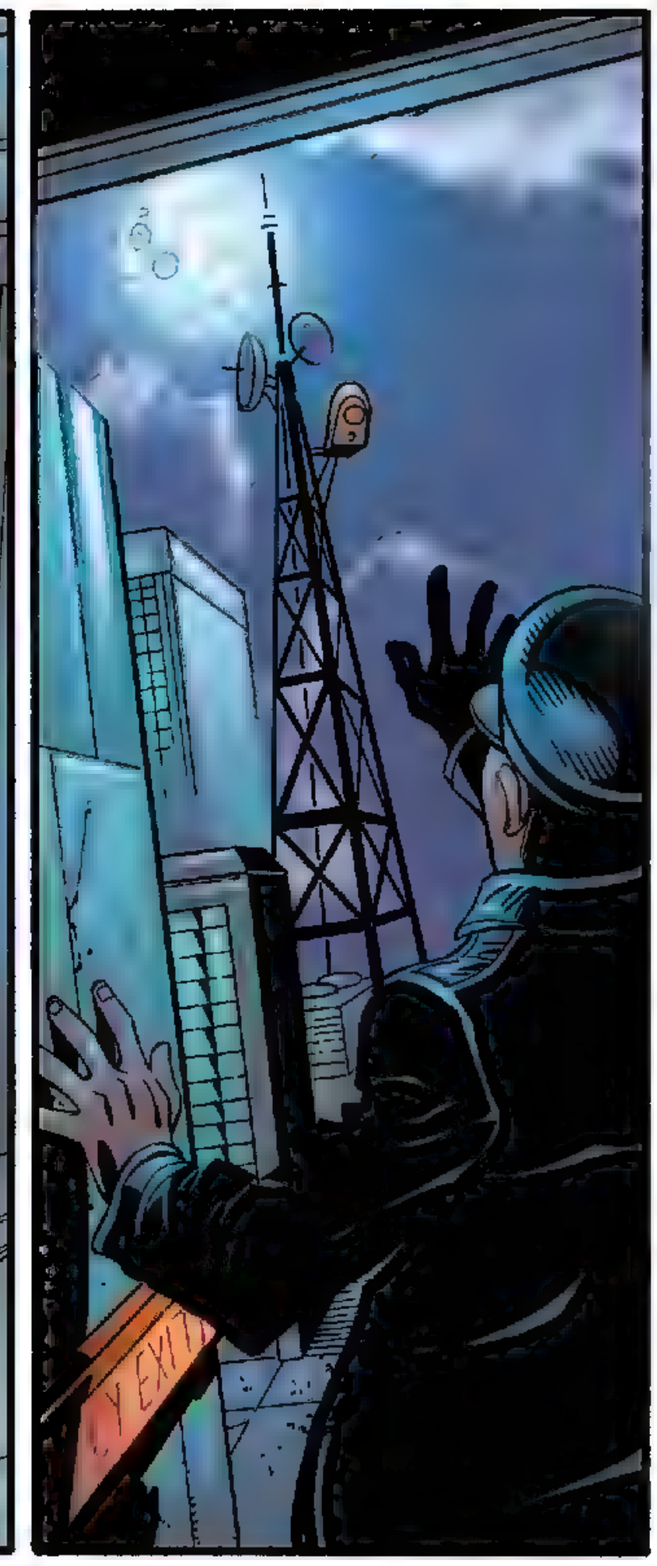


PSSHHAA
FIZZFIZZFIZZFIZZ

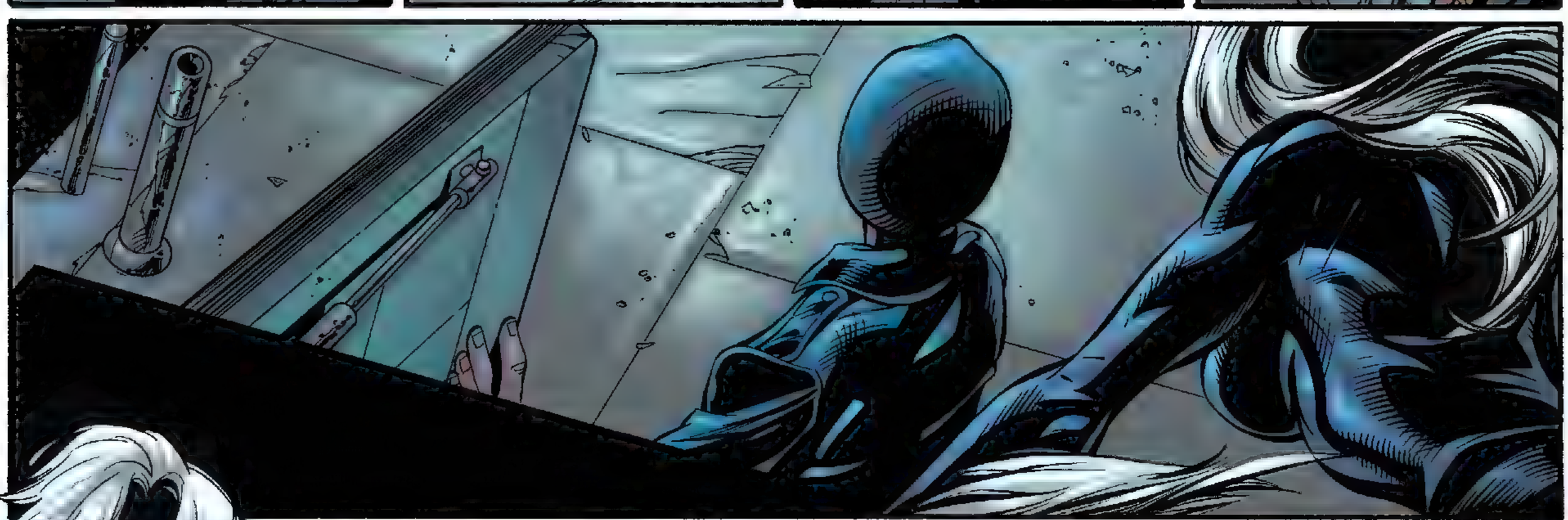
Tsk, what?
The rooftop alarm.
Should we call it in?
It's the wind.
I'm calling it in.
It's the wind. Look. It wasn't even opened, it just--
This happened before?
It happens all the time. It's windy as #$%^ up there.
Book says call it in.
Oh, so those cops can roll around here and condescend to us.
They do that?
The cops? Yeah, they do.
Think they're all better than us.
They are.
What?
They are better than us... they're cops.
Go up there and make sure it's secure.
Up where?
The roof.
The roof?
Go check it out.
Go check it out all the way on the *roof*?
It's an elevator ride. You're not climbing the side of the building.
Why me?
You need the experience.
Are you serious?
Meeting's over.
You suck.
Shh. Reading.

Condescend to me? You're the one condescending to everyone, man...

Make me come all the way up here to look at a door...
CLICK CLACK

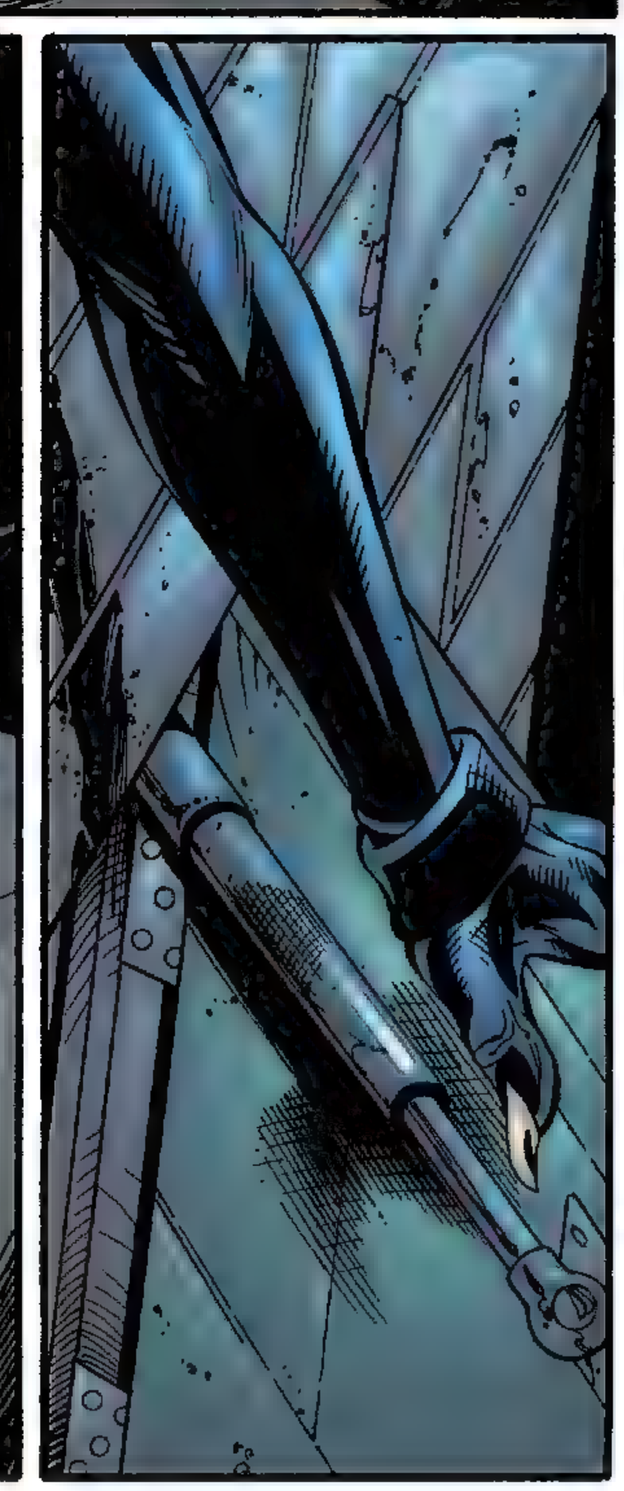


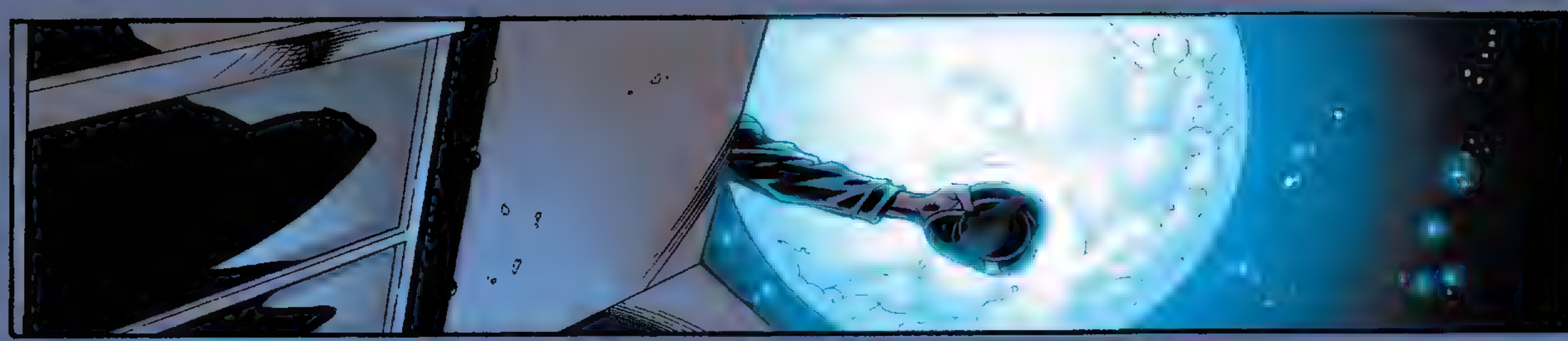
Goofball.



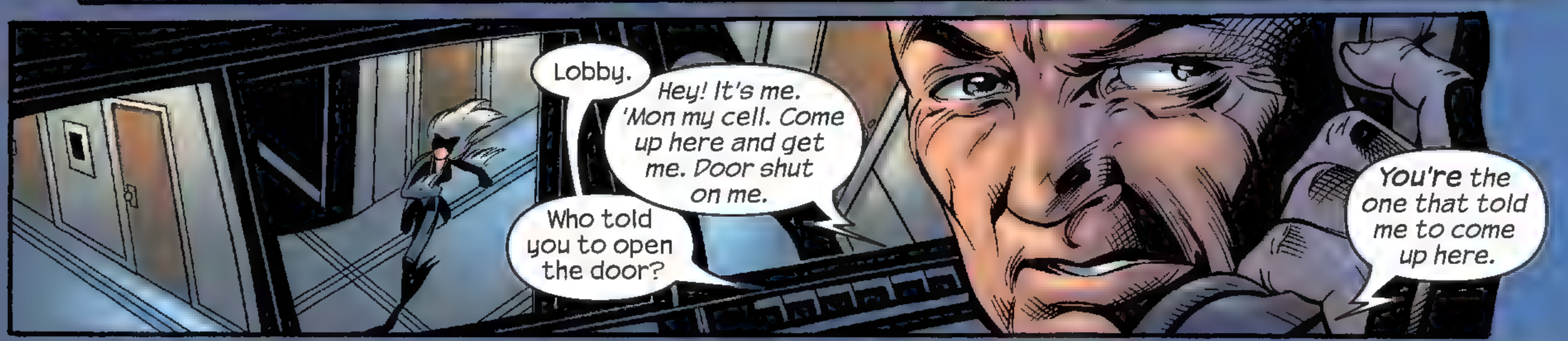
My hat!!

Come on! Come on!!

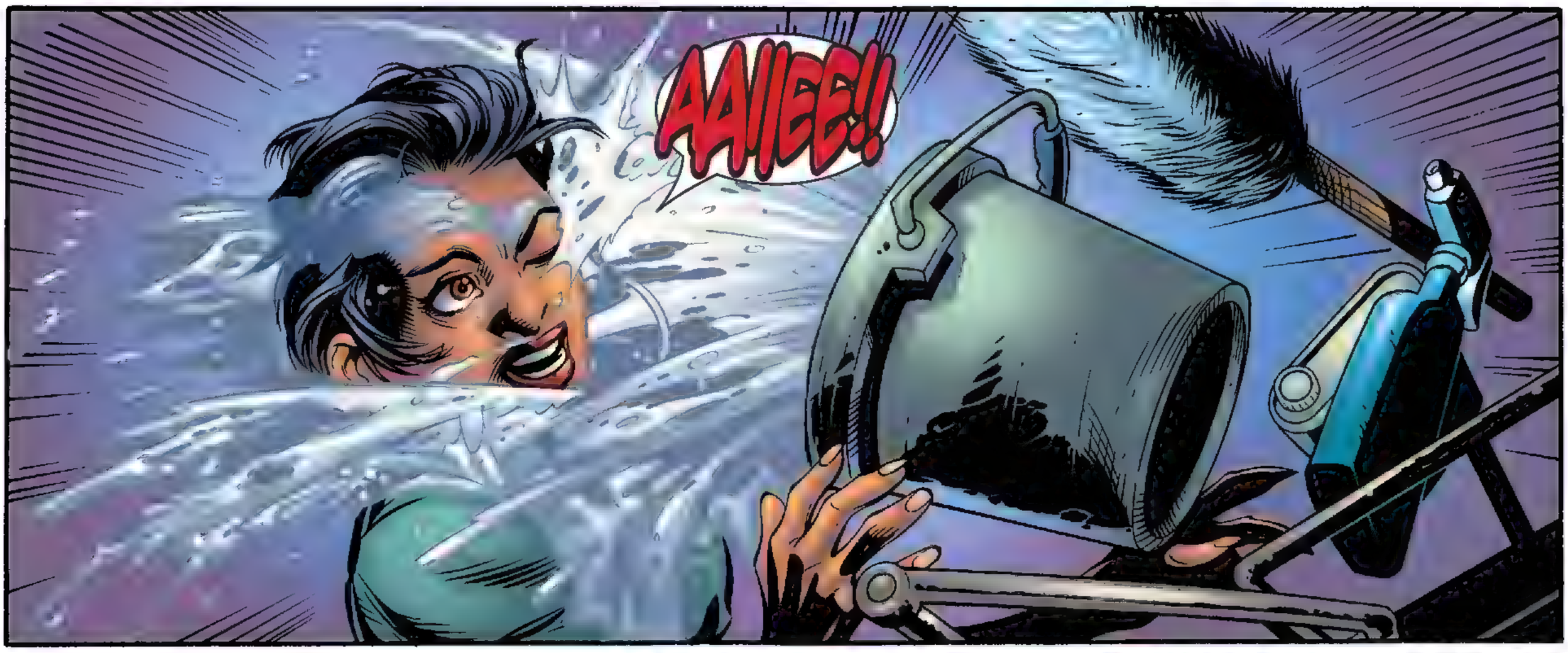


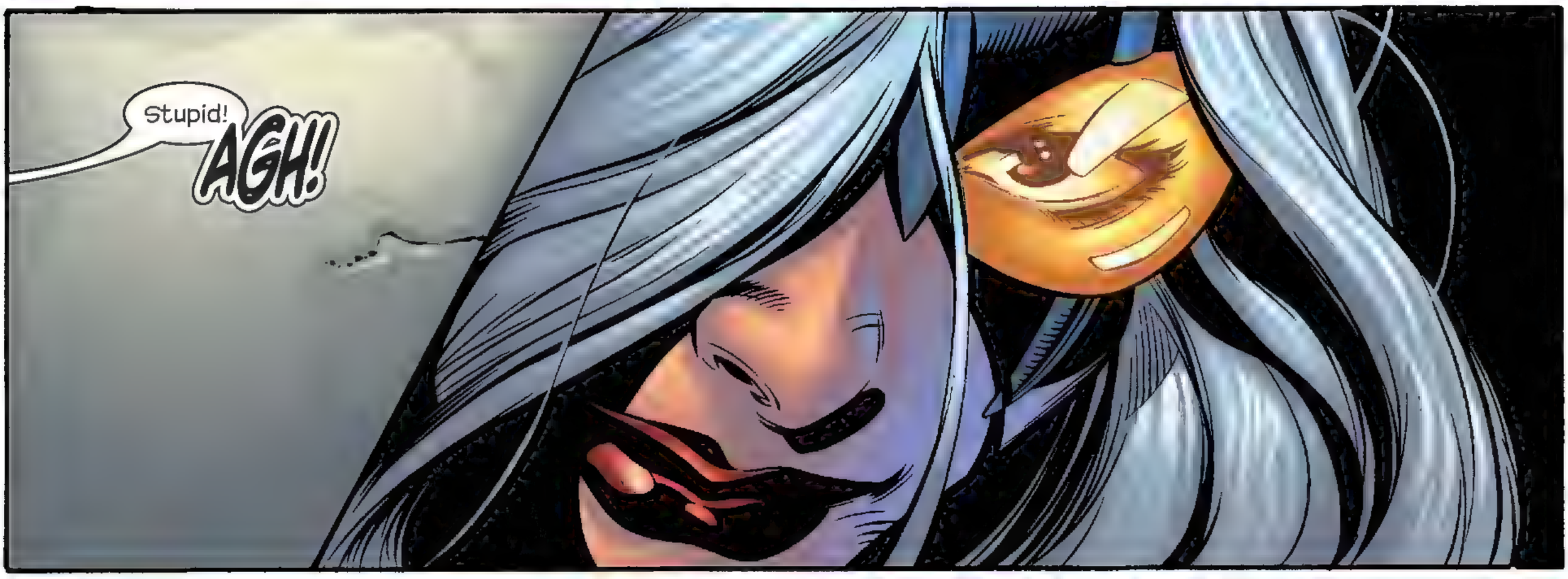


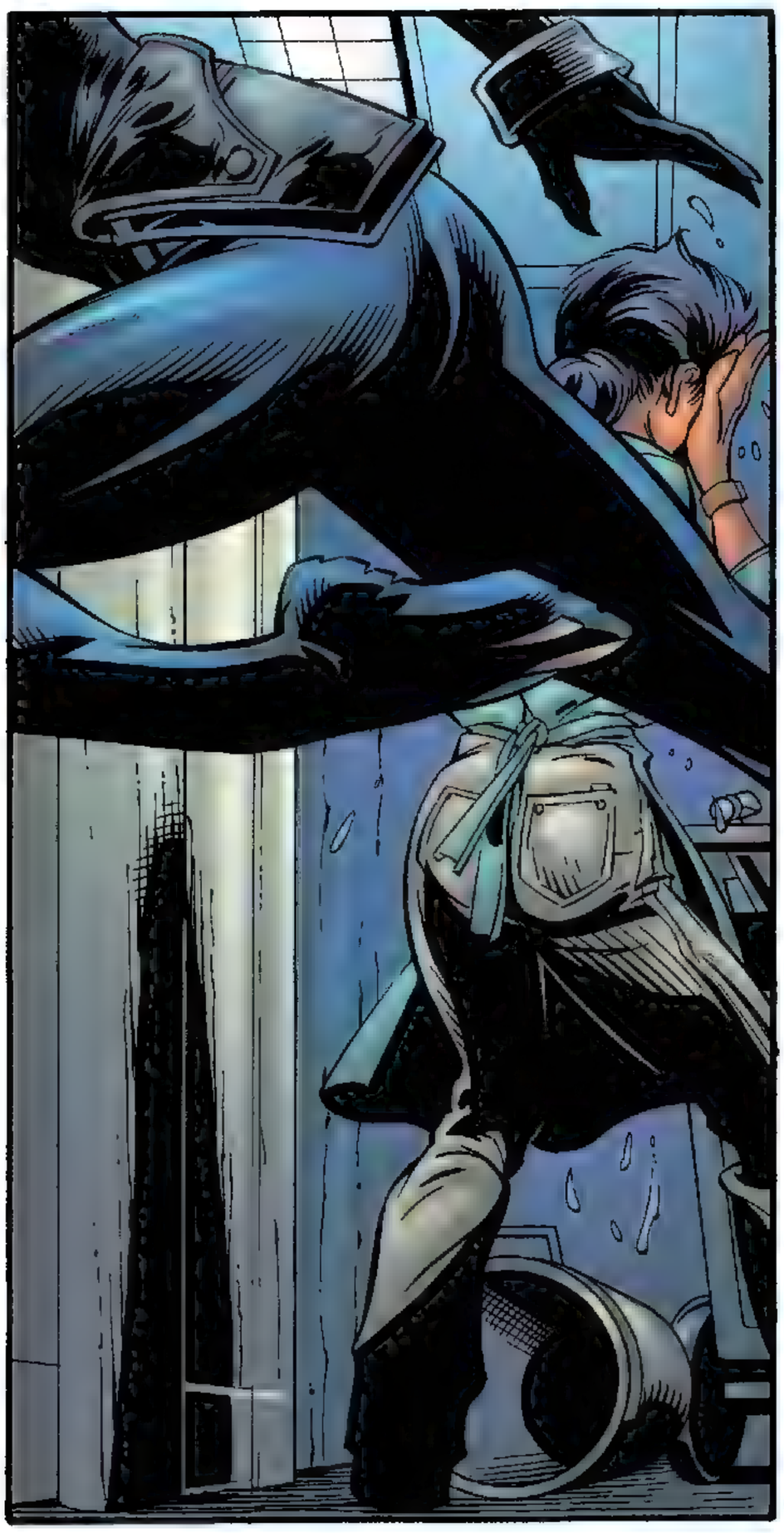
Well, that's just great.
CLICK CLACK


Lobby.
Hey! It's me. 'Mon my cell. Come up here and get me. Door shut on me.
Who told you to open the door?
You're the one that told me to come up here.

SQUEEK SQUEEK SQUEEK SQUE
SQUEEK SQUEEK SQUEEK SQUEEK SQUEEK SQUEEK SQUEEK S
SQUEEK SQUEEK

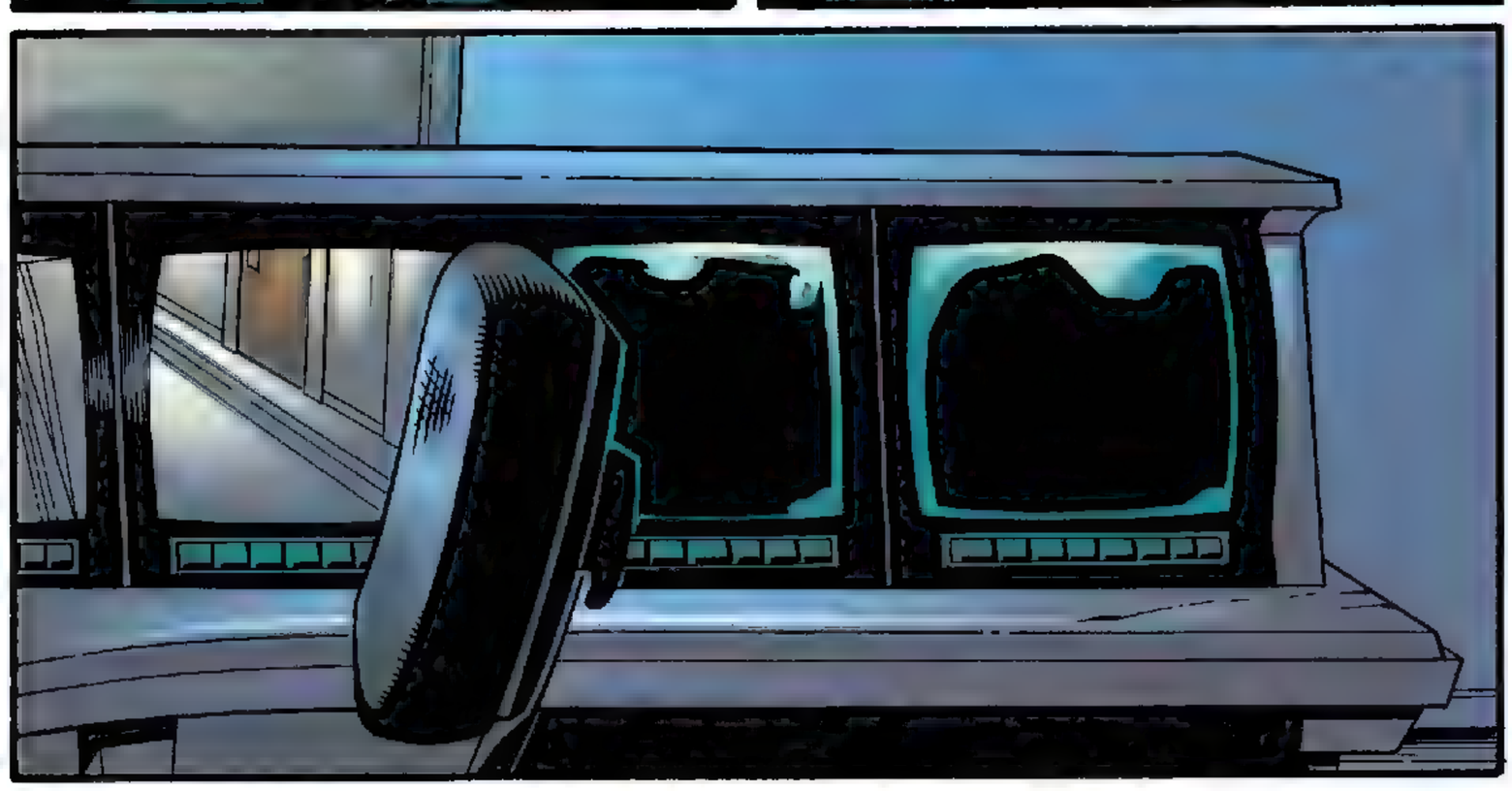

AAIIEE!!

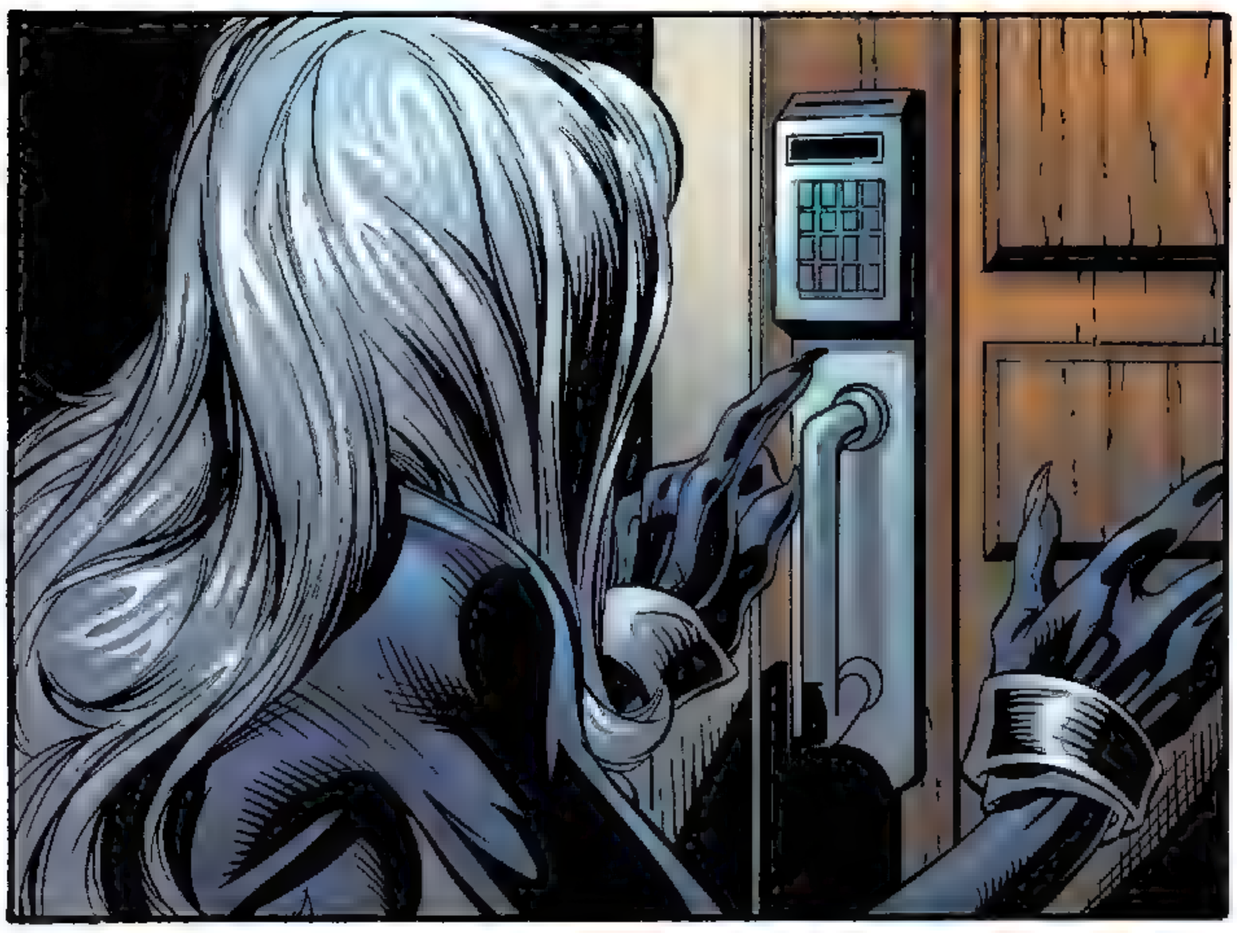

Stupid!
AGH!

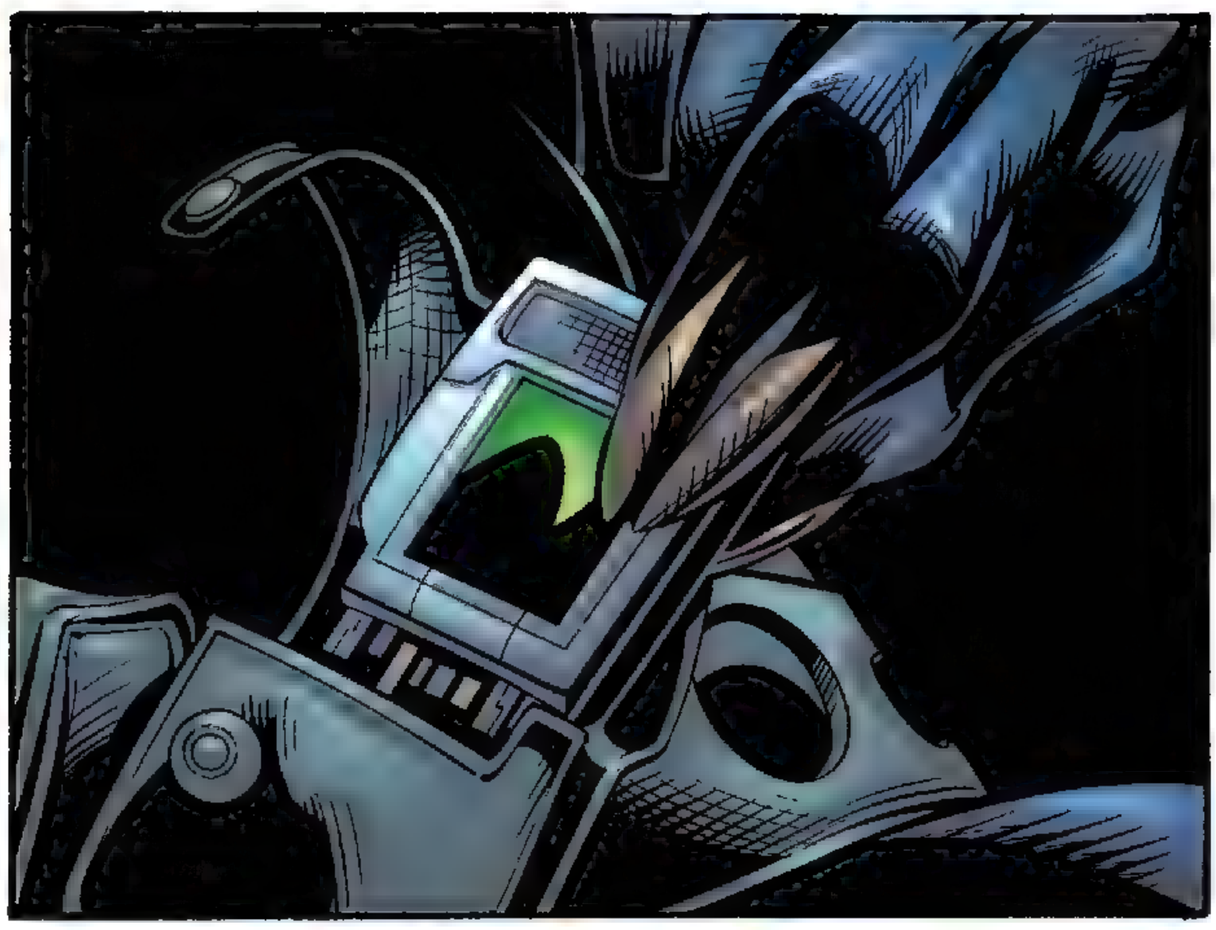


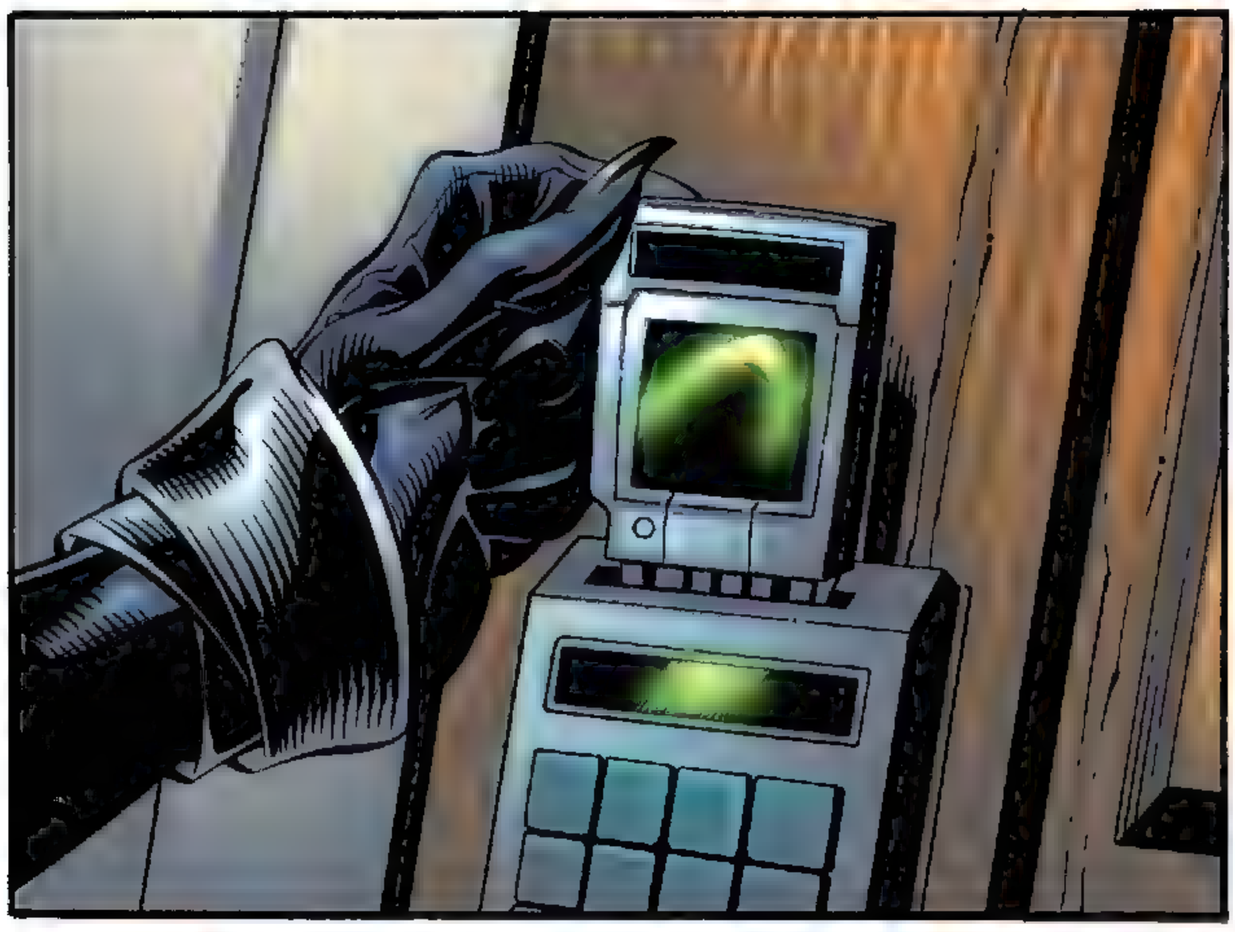
PSSSSS

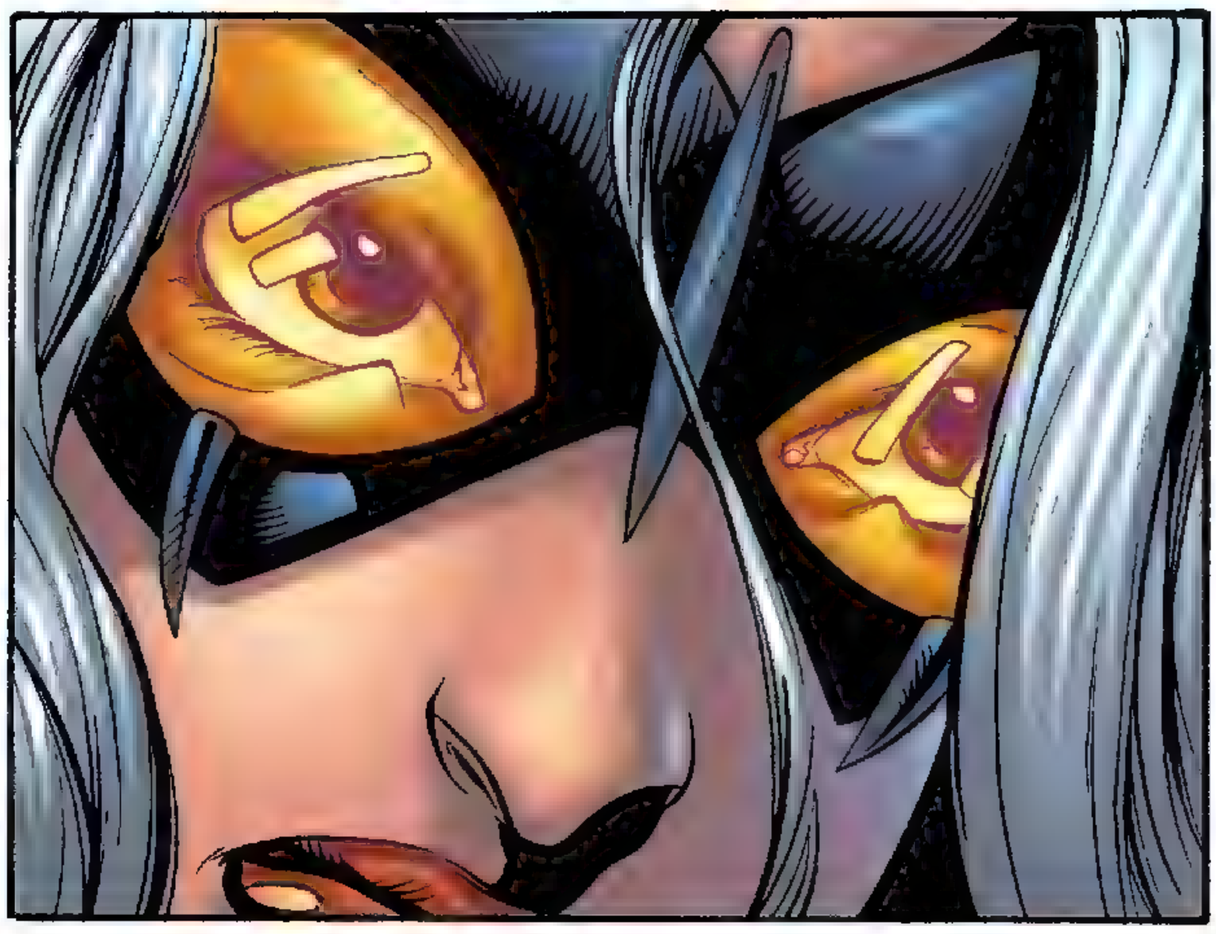
PSSSSS

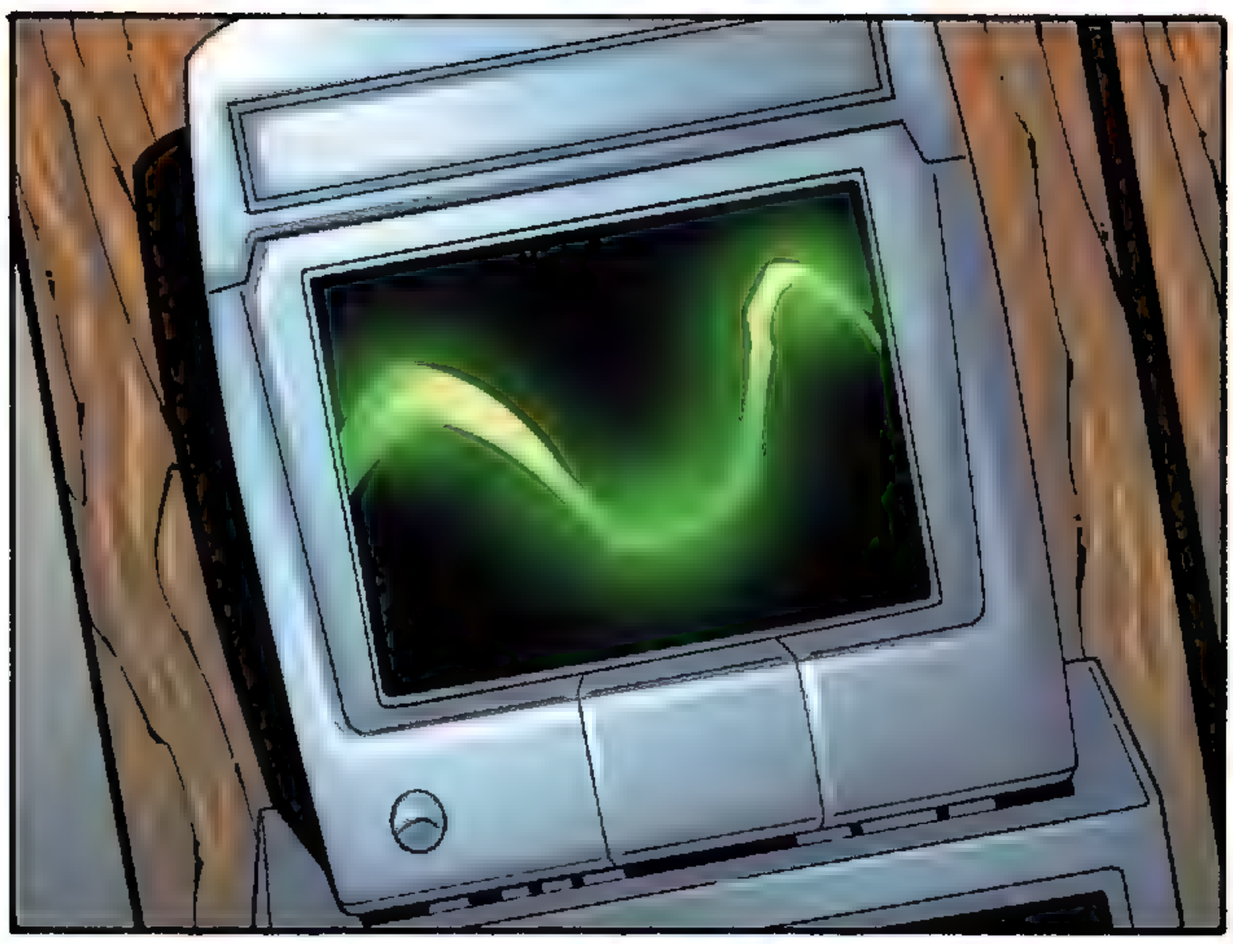


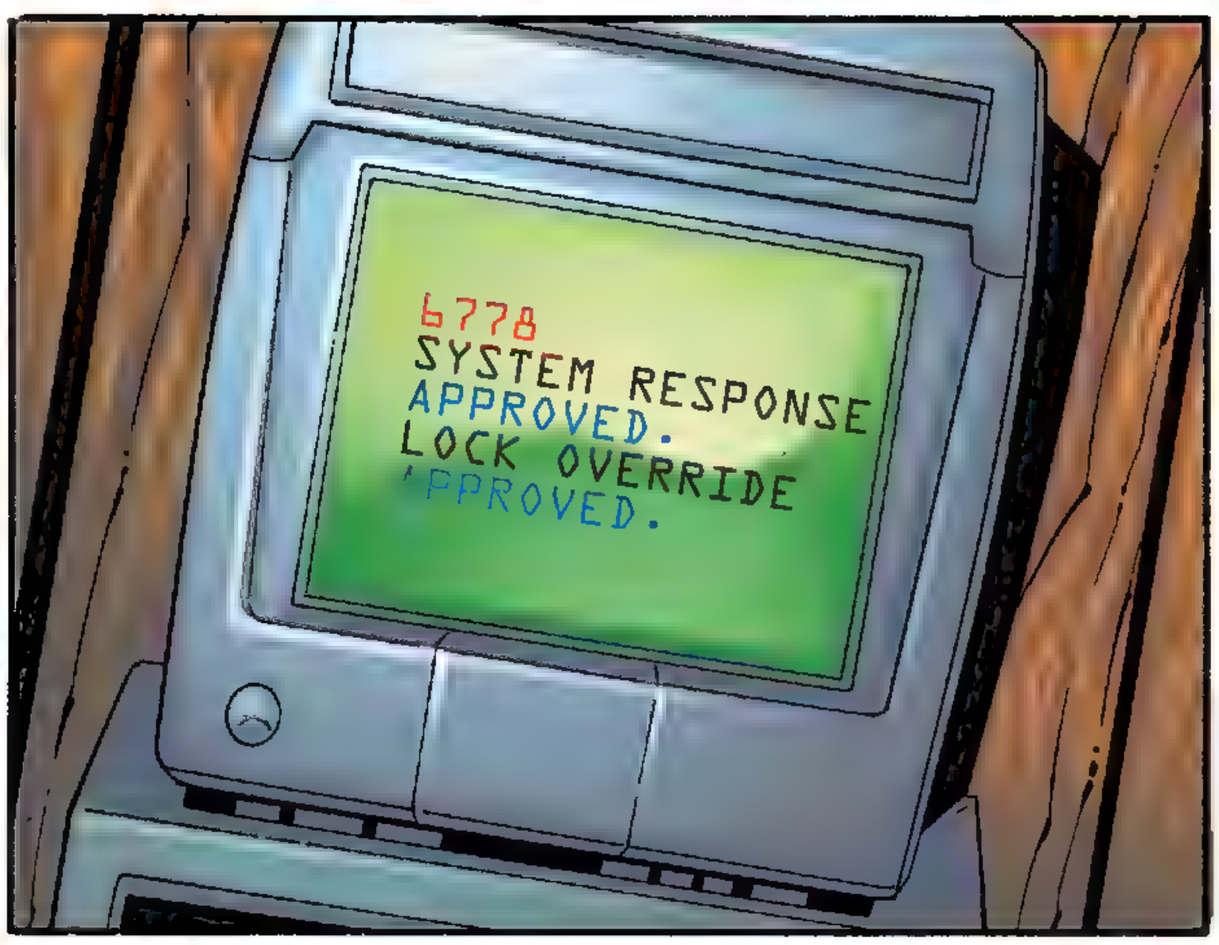


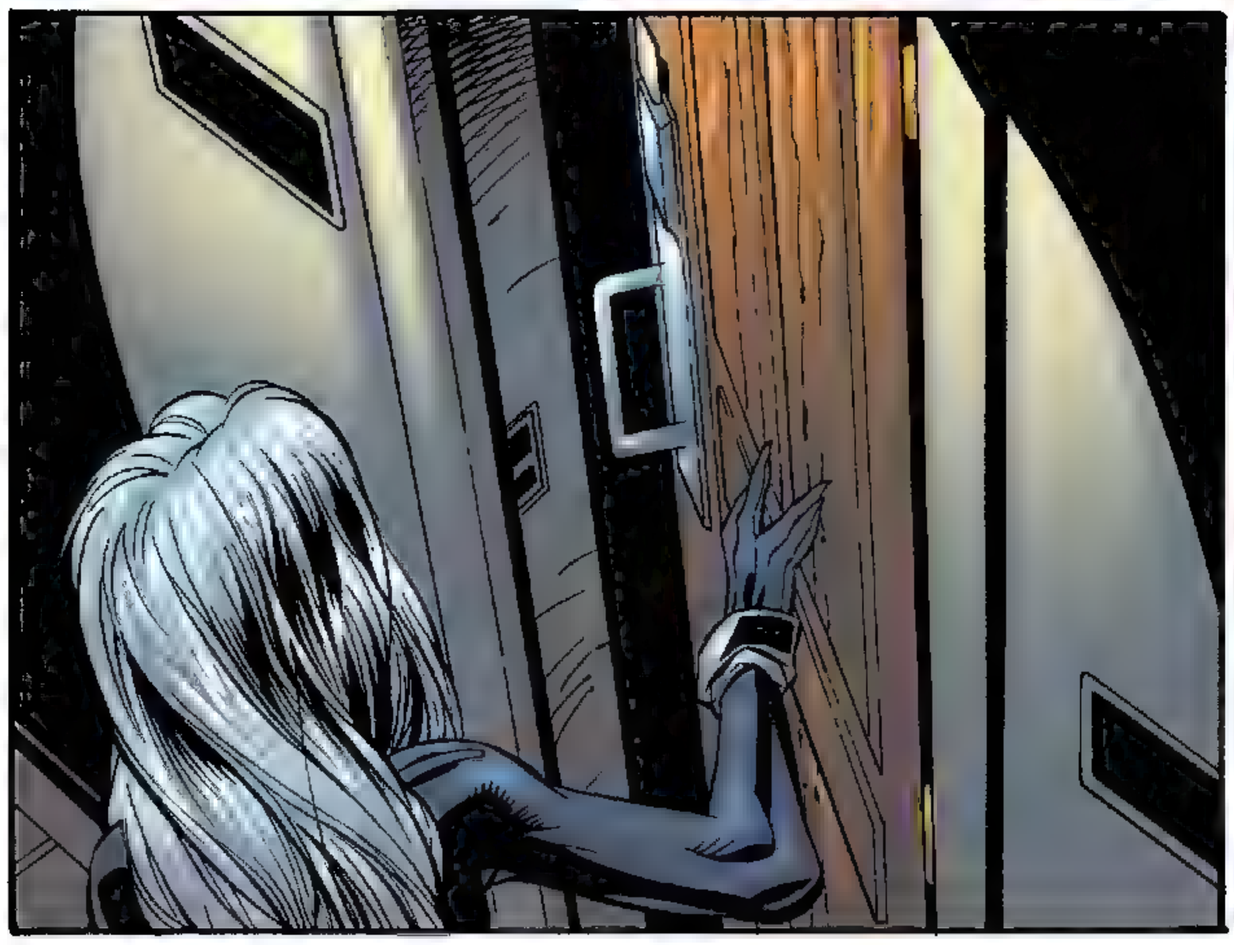


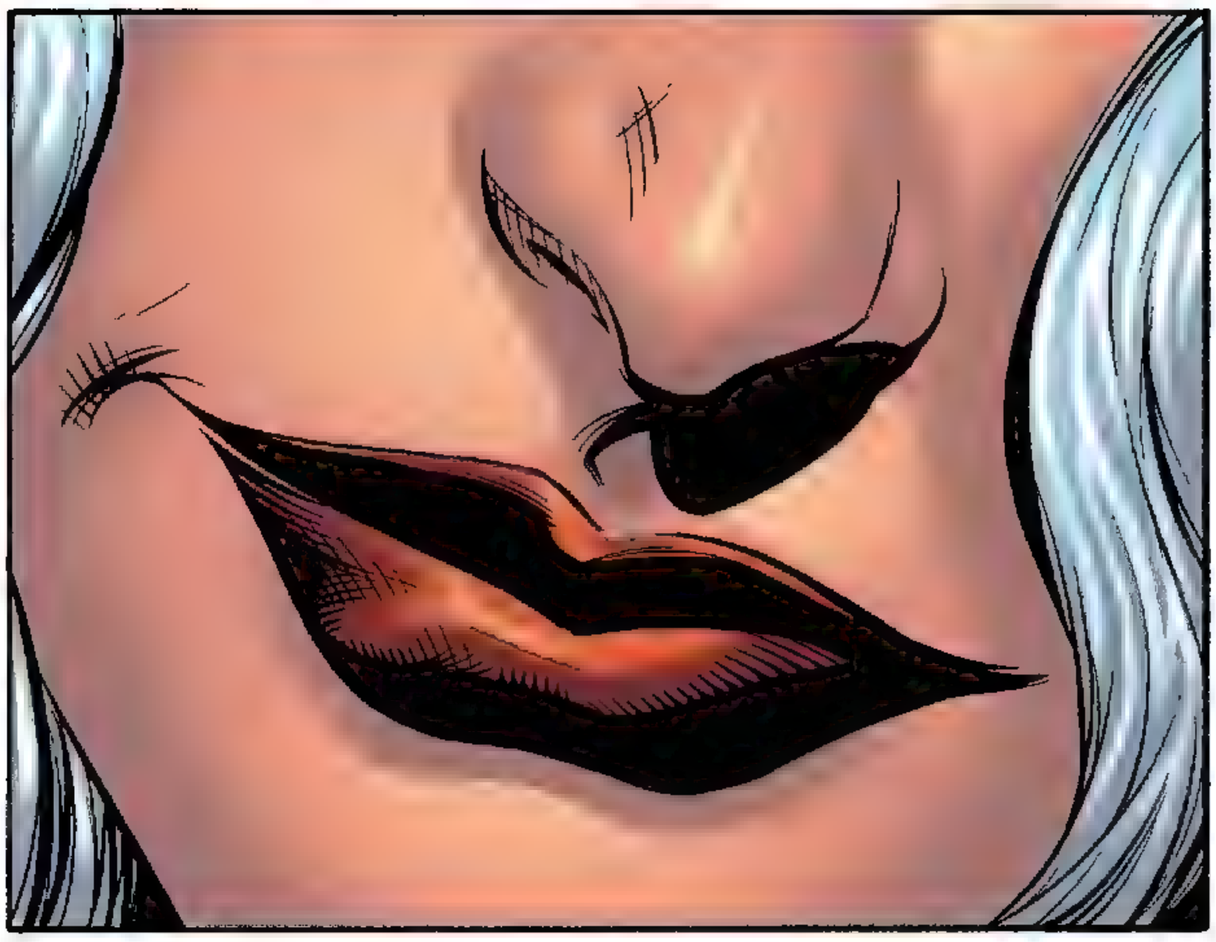




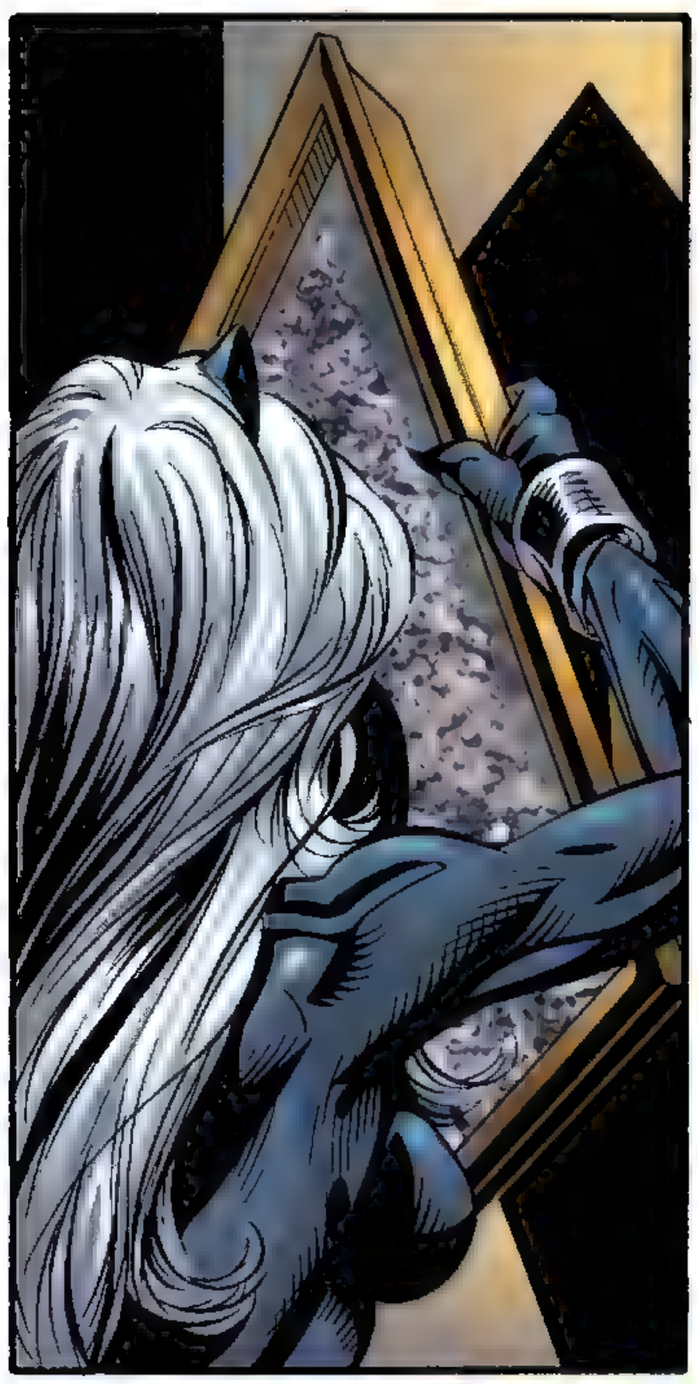
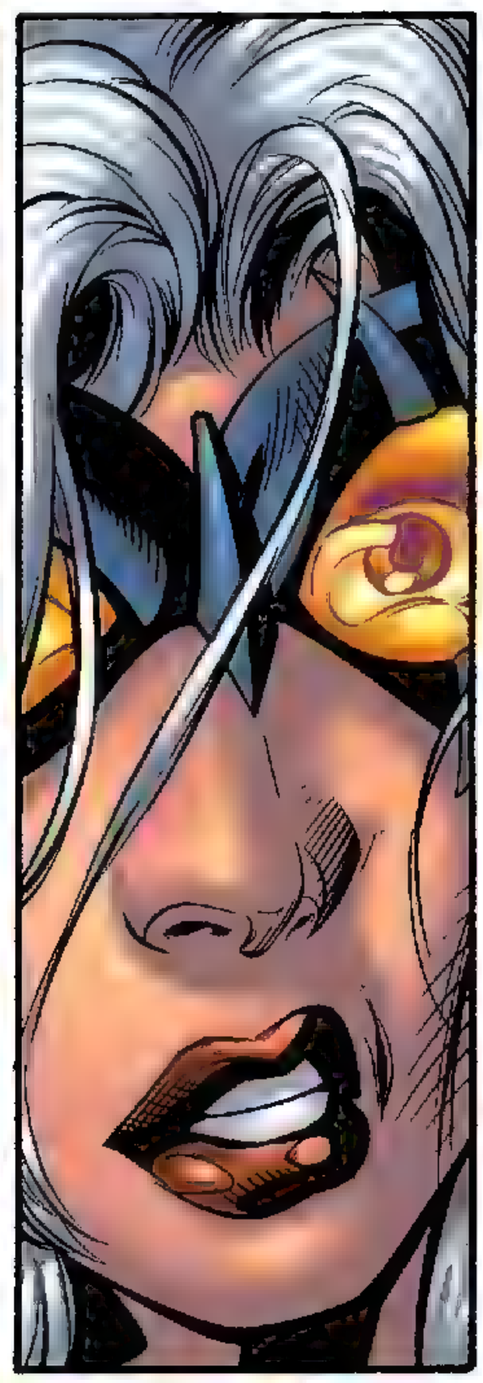


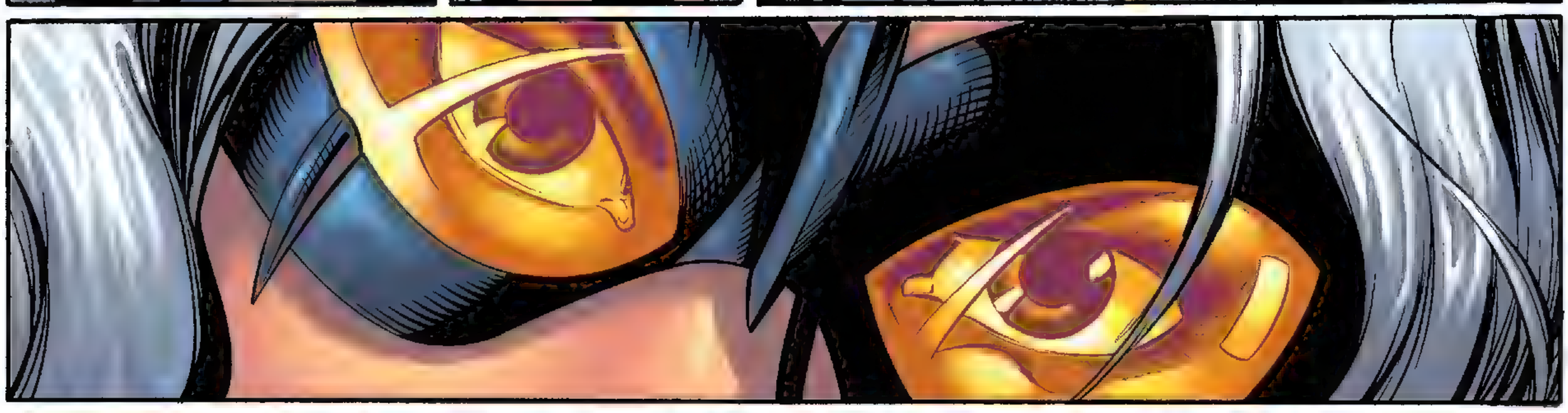
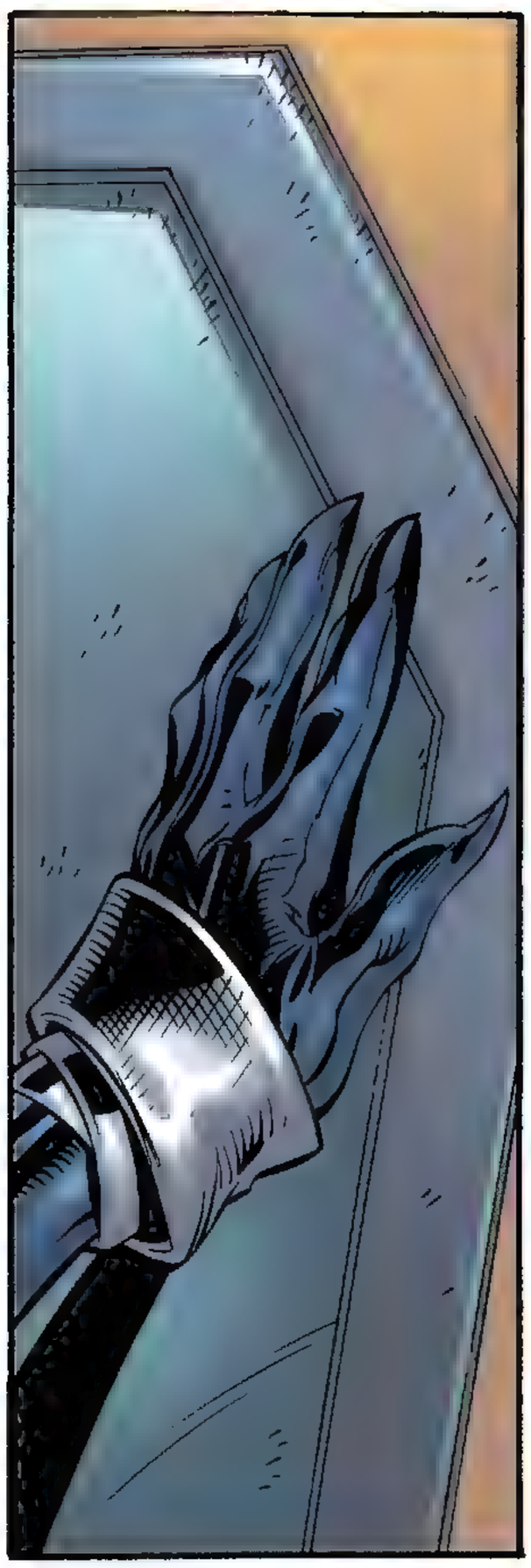
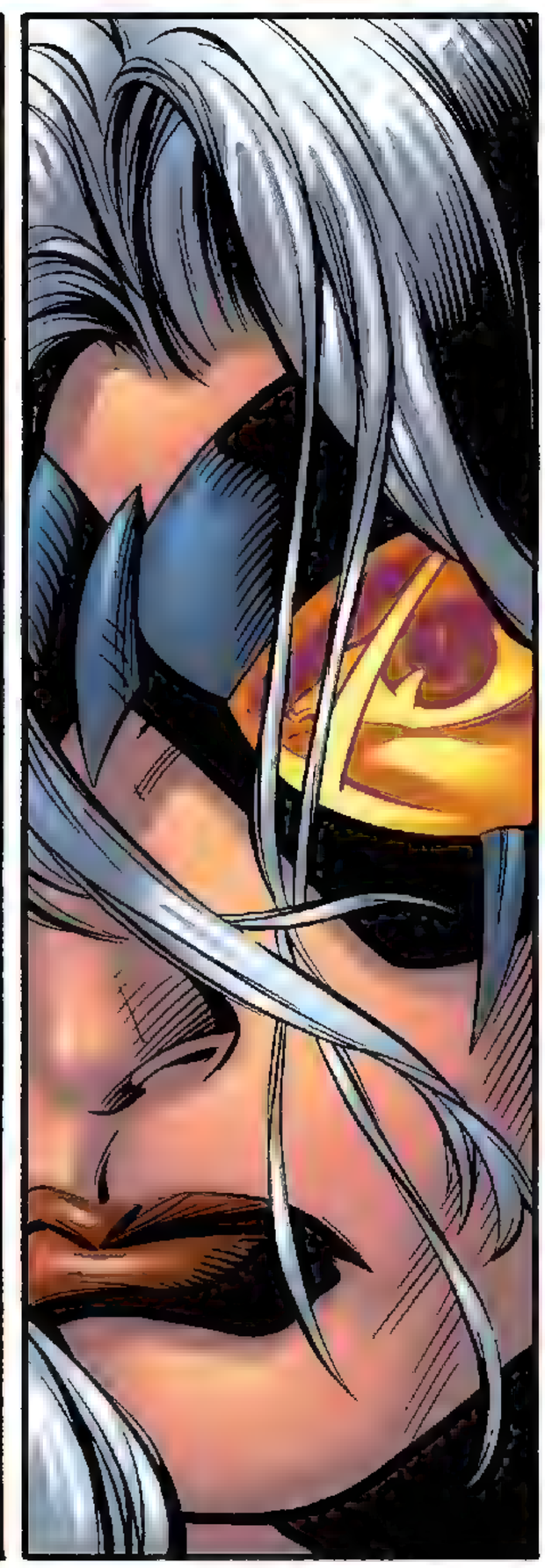

6778
SYSTEM RESPONSE
APPROVED.
LOCK OVERRIDE
'PPROVED.

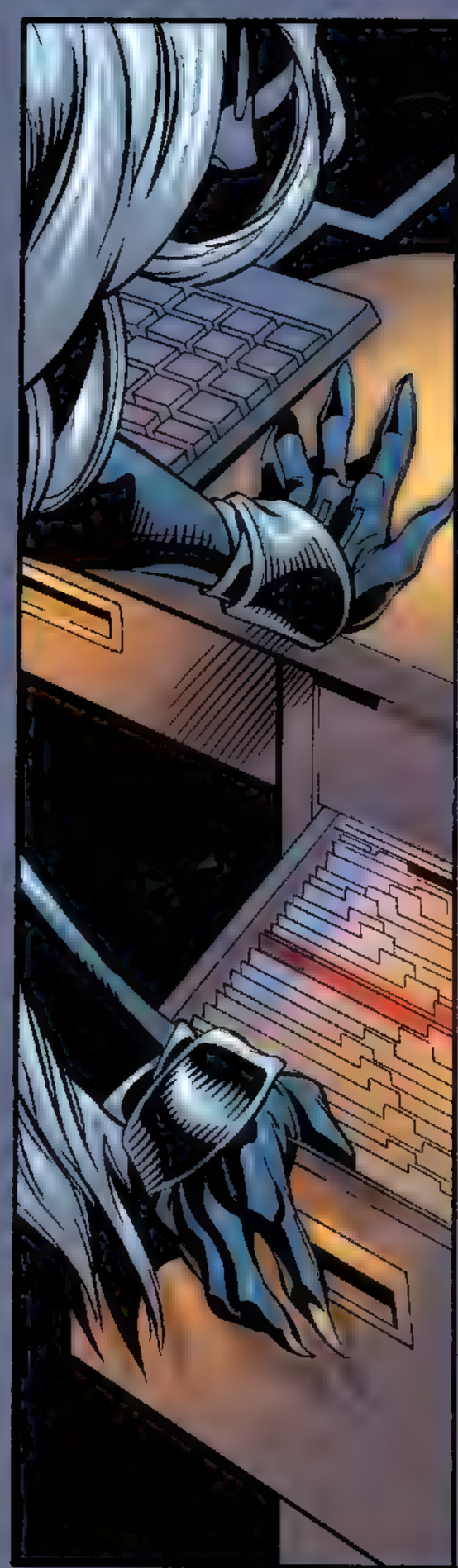
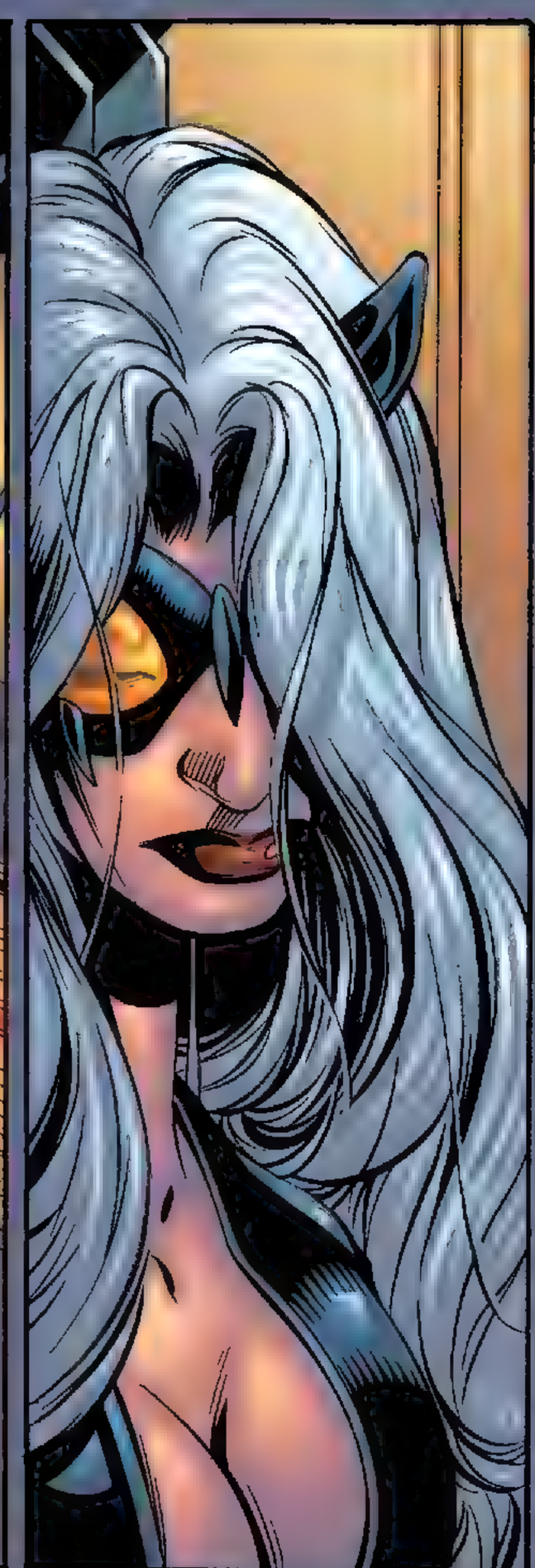




PSSSSS
TIK

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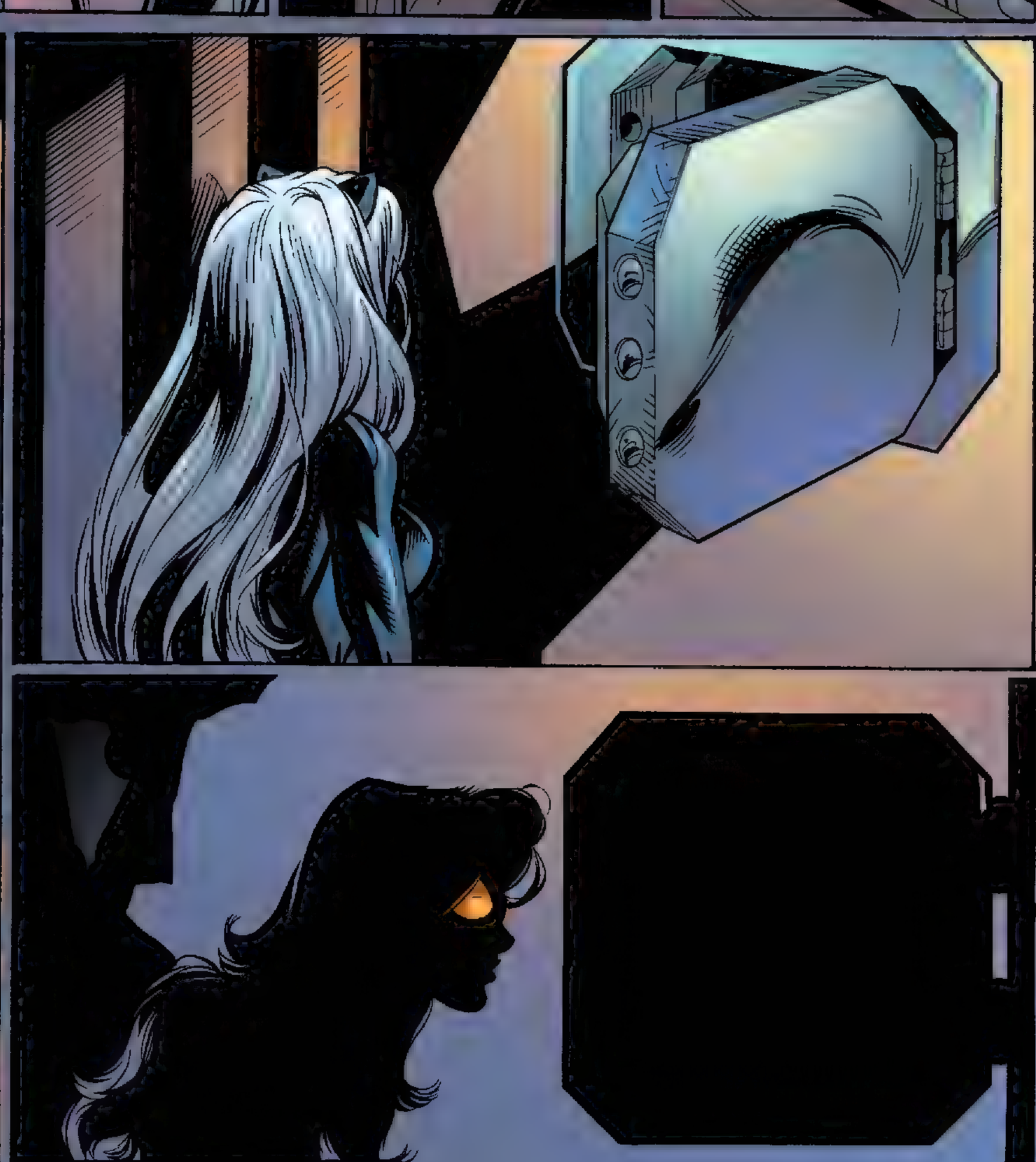
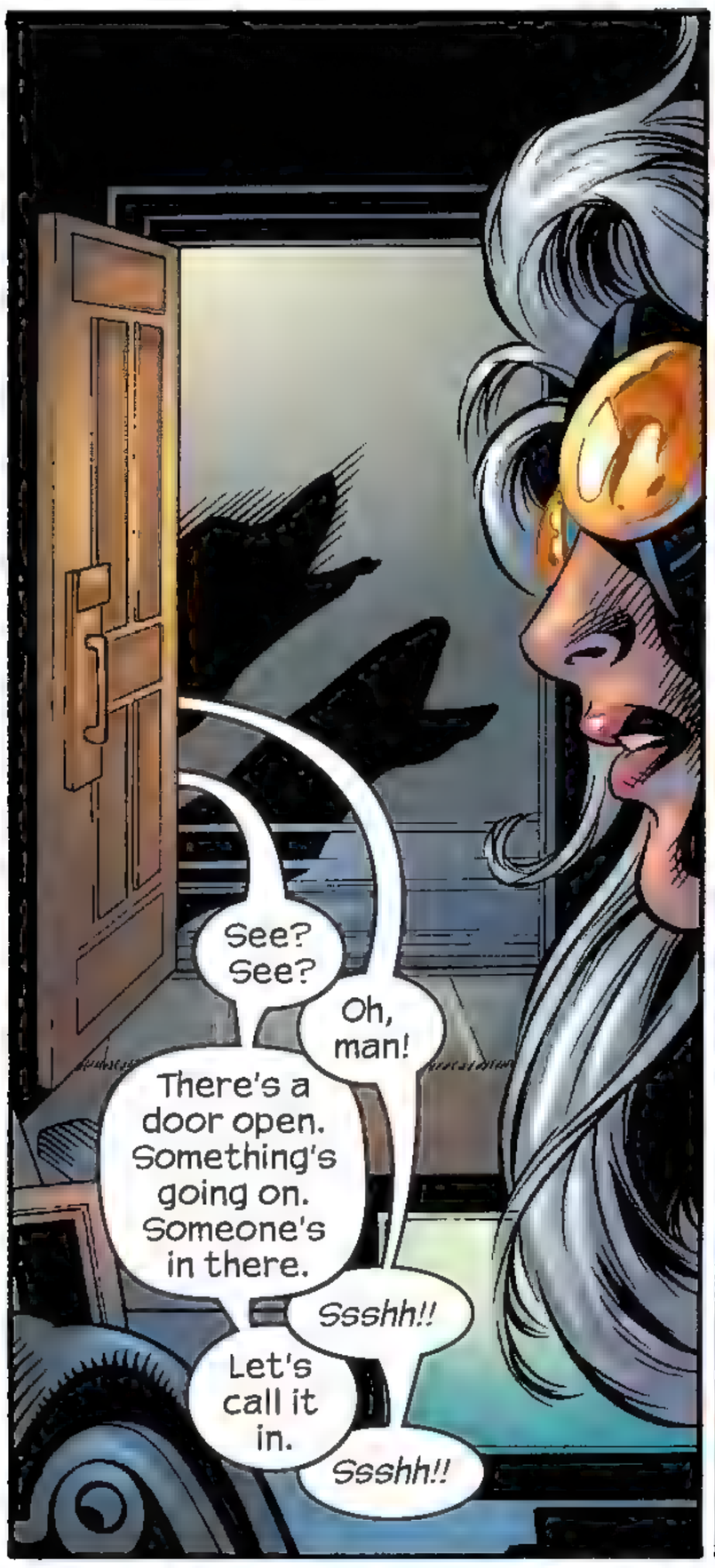



See? See?
Oh, man!
There's a door open. Something's going on. Someone's in there.
Ssshh!!
Let's call it in.
Ssshh!!

Hello?
Ssshh!!

There's no one here.
Shh! Look.

Oh, man!! Oh, man!! There's-- oh, man.

Sshh!! I mean it!!

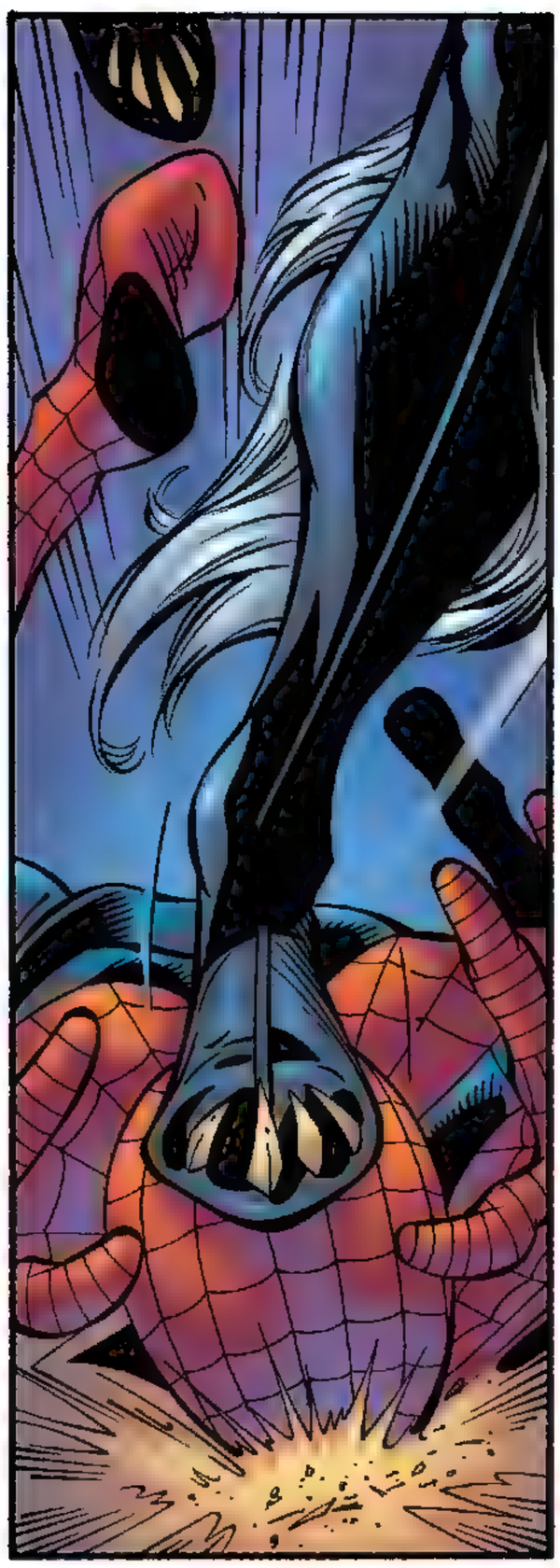
BAM
OOF!
SPING
SPING
SIISSHH
AAGHH!!
DUDE!!
AGGHH!!
AGGHH!!
MAN!!
AGGHH!!
Almost shot me!!

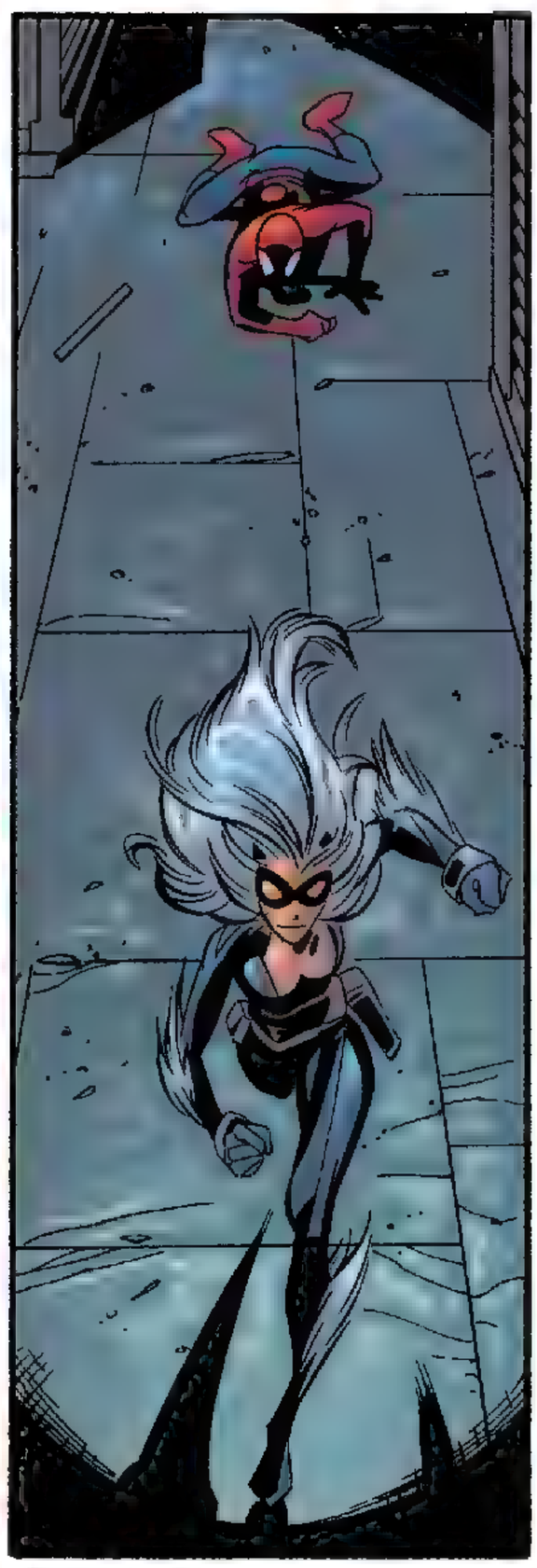
Hey, uh...
...what exactly are you *doing?*
(Wow.)
You...
...are a considerable step up from the *usual* riffraff I find sneaking around the rooftops in the middle of the night.

Now why don't you-- hey!!
Oh, man!! Are you nutty nuts!??
PSSSS
PSSSS
PSSSS
PSSSS
THWAPP
Oh, well that's yeah...

Oh, man, you wouldn't *believe* what almost just happened.
There I am in mid-air, almost gonna *die* and then I remembered I had spider powers and I *saved* myself!!
Just in time to *thank* you for almost getting me *killed* trying to save *you* from getting killed...
Only *you* didn't almost get killed, *I*--
Wait. I'm not done with my verbal anxiety attack.
You know, if I didn't know any better I would think you're trying to *avoid* me.
I'm not usually the neurotic type, but you don't seem all that into-- *OOF!!*
FUMP

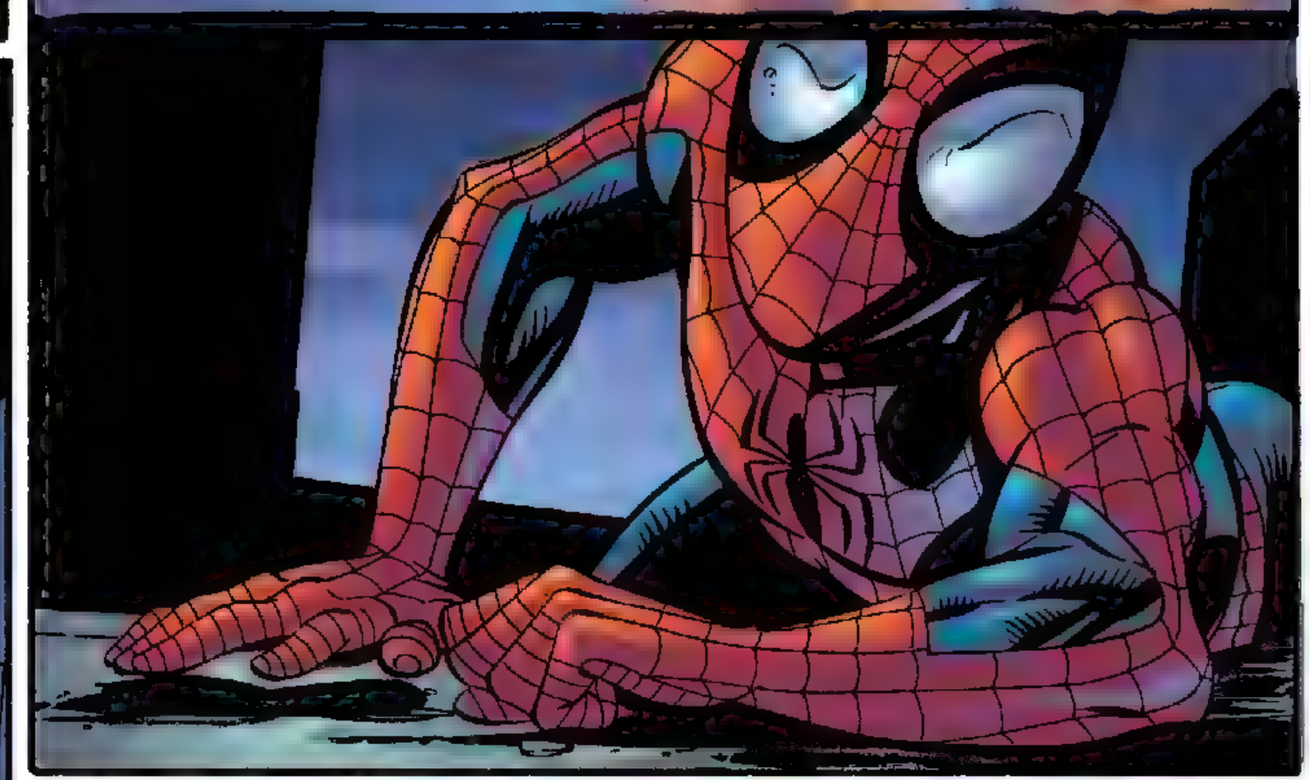
FUNK
Lady!!
HARRGH!!
HAII!!
Hey, hyper. Calm down.
SMACK
AAGH!
FLUMP
Crossed a black cat...
Seven years bad luck.

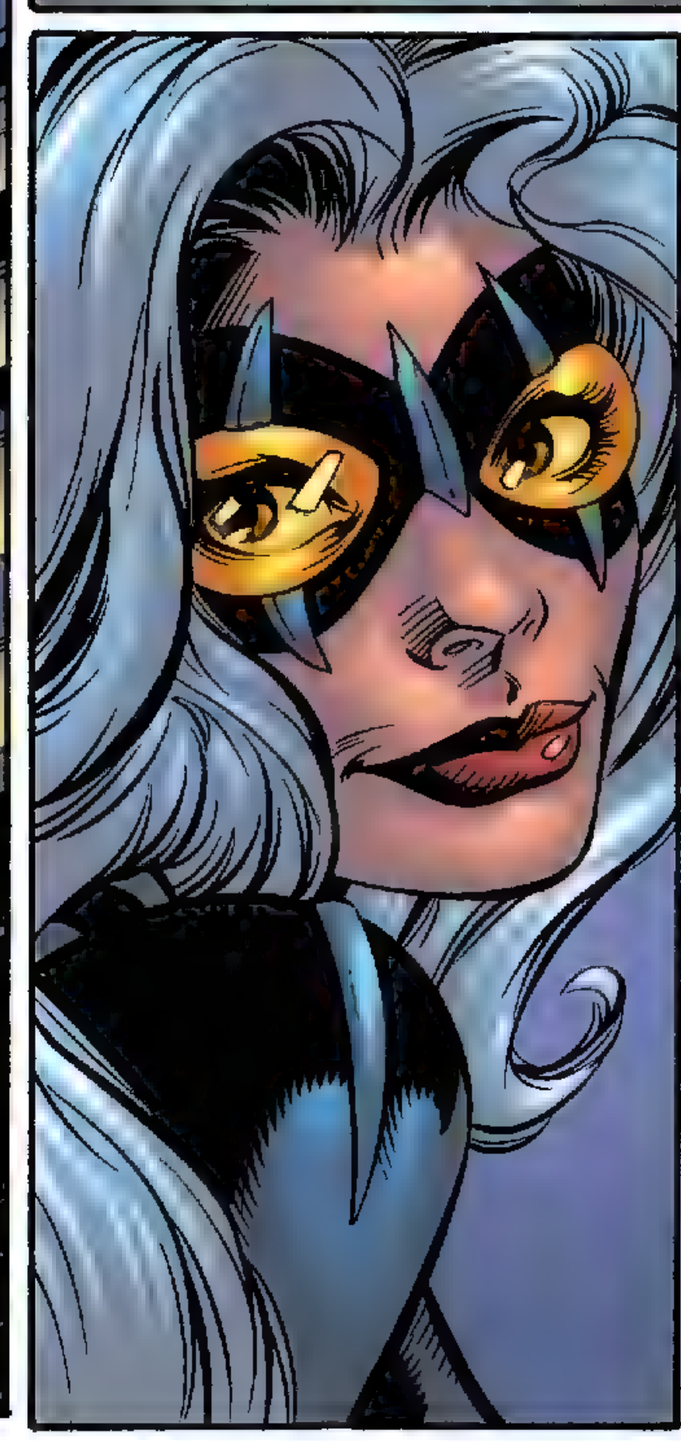


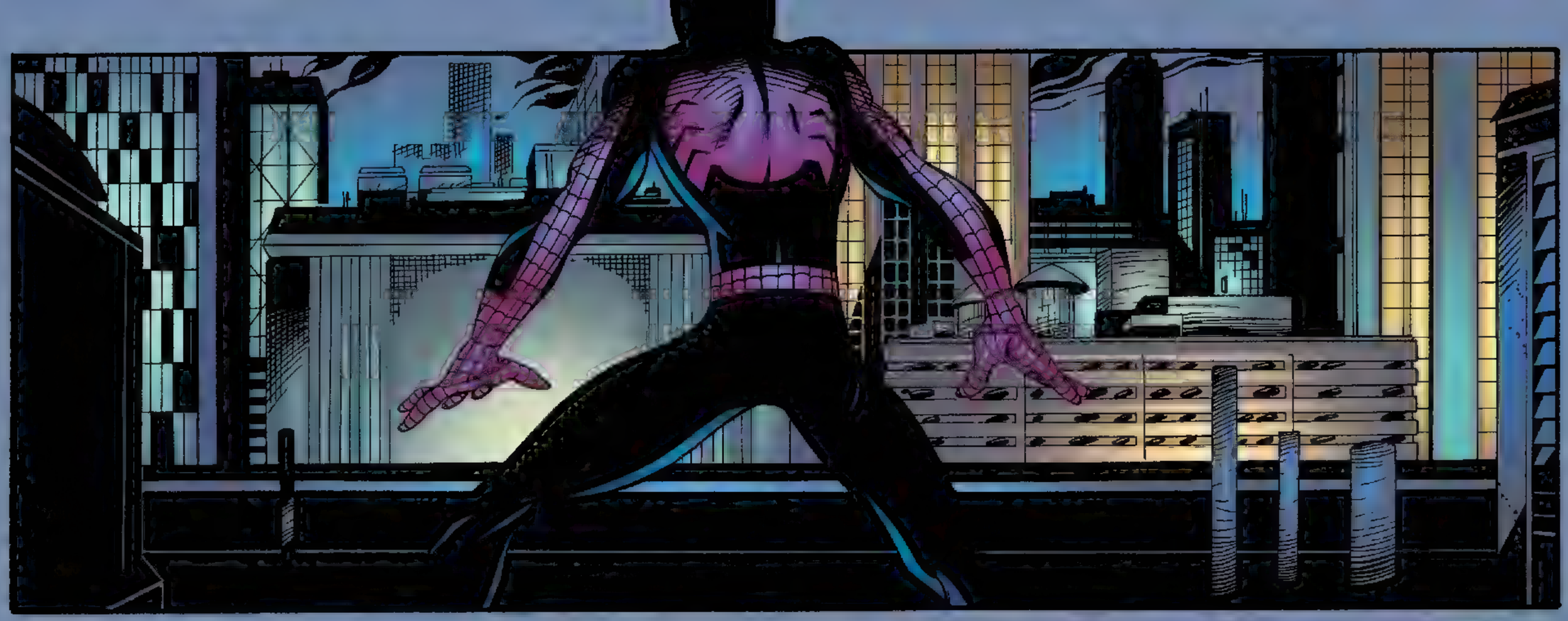


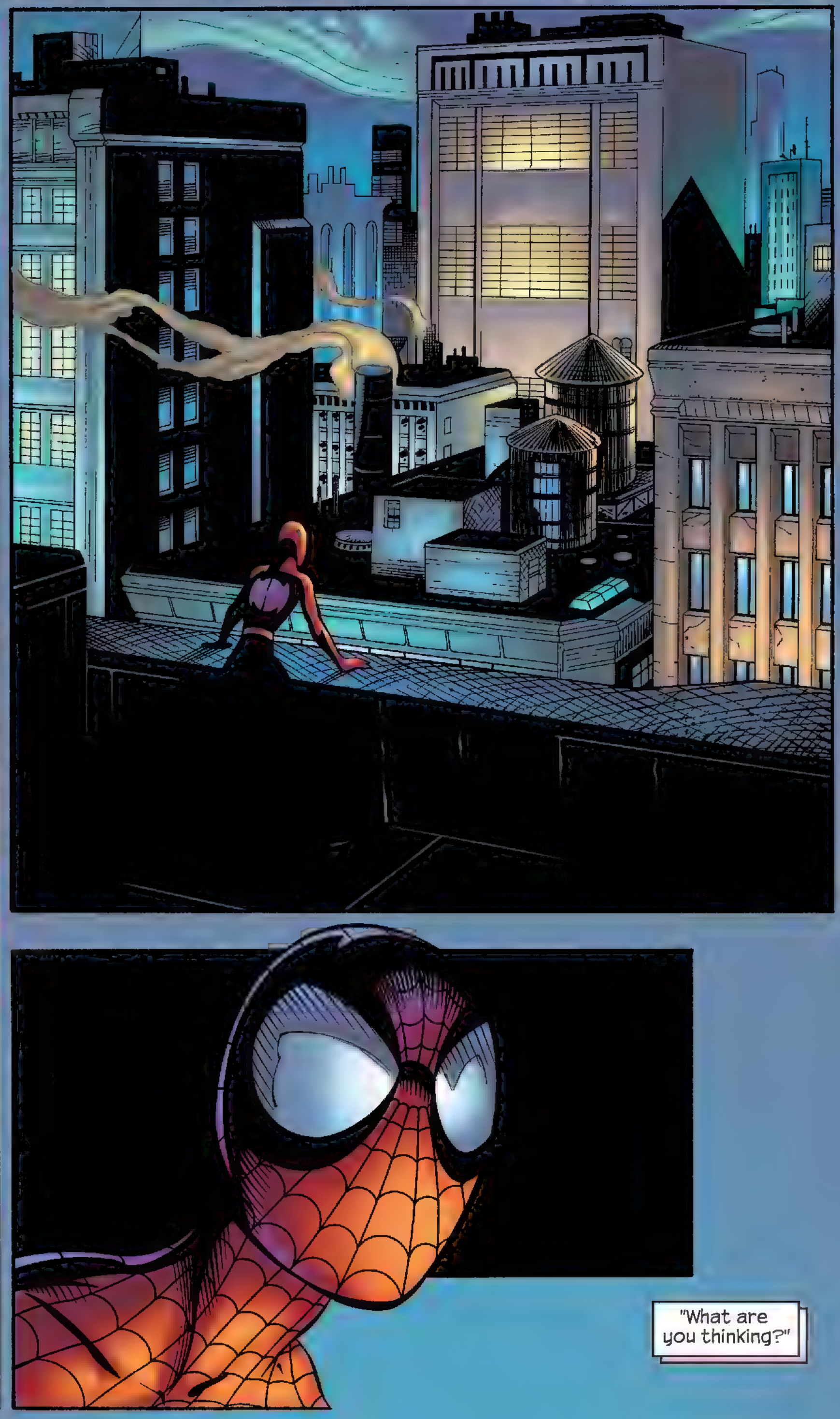
Um...
Did I just *have* seven years bad luck or am I *going* to have seven years bad luck?

Whoops...
AAGH!!



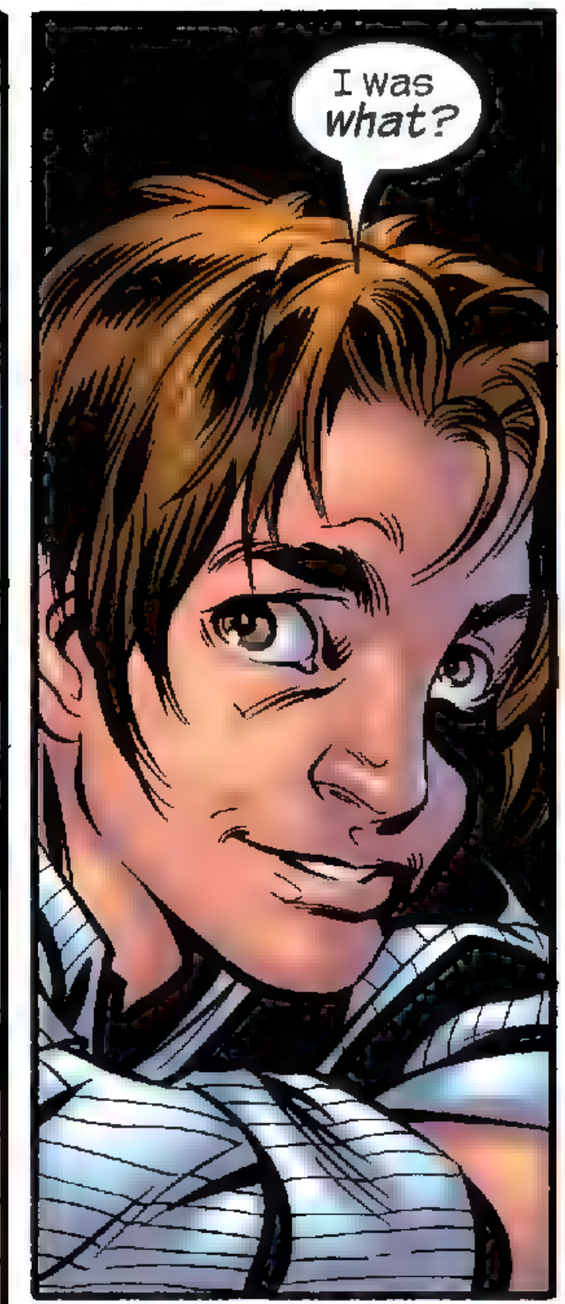






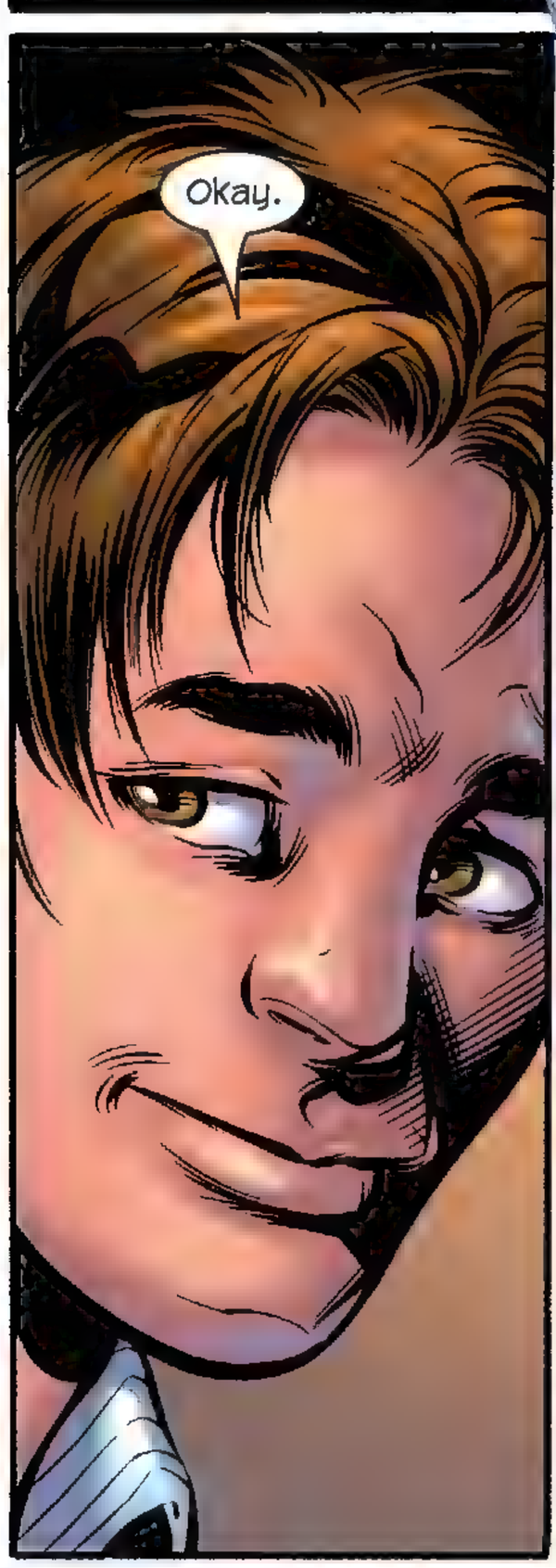
"What are you thinking?"

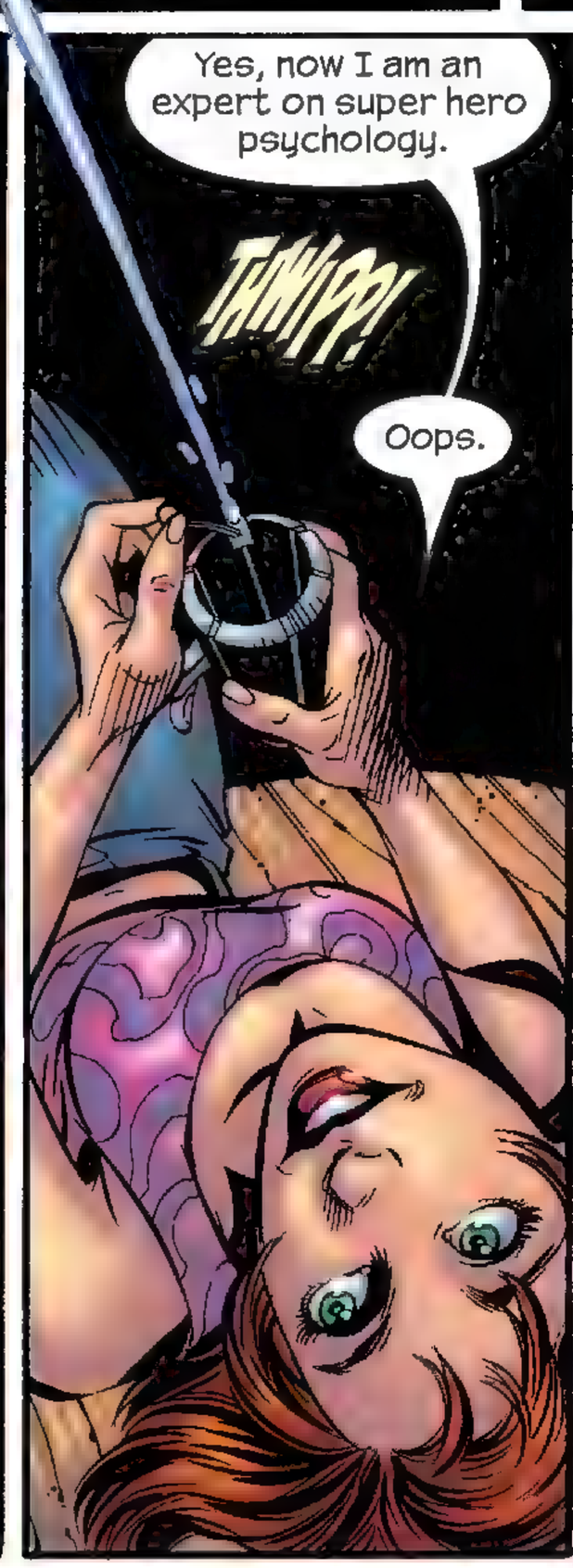
Earth to Peter Parker.
Just spaced out.
You were being Spider-Man in your head again.


I was *what?*

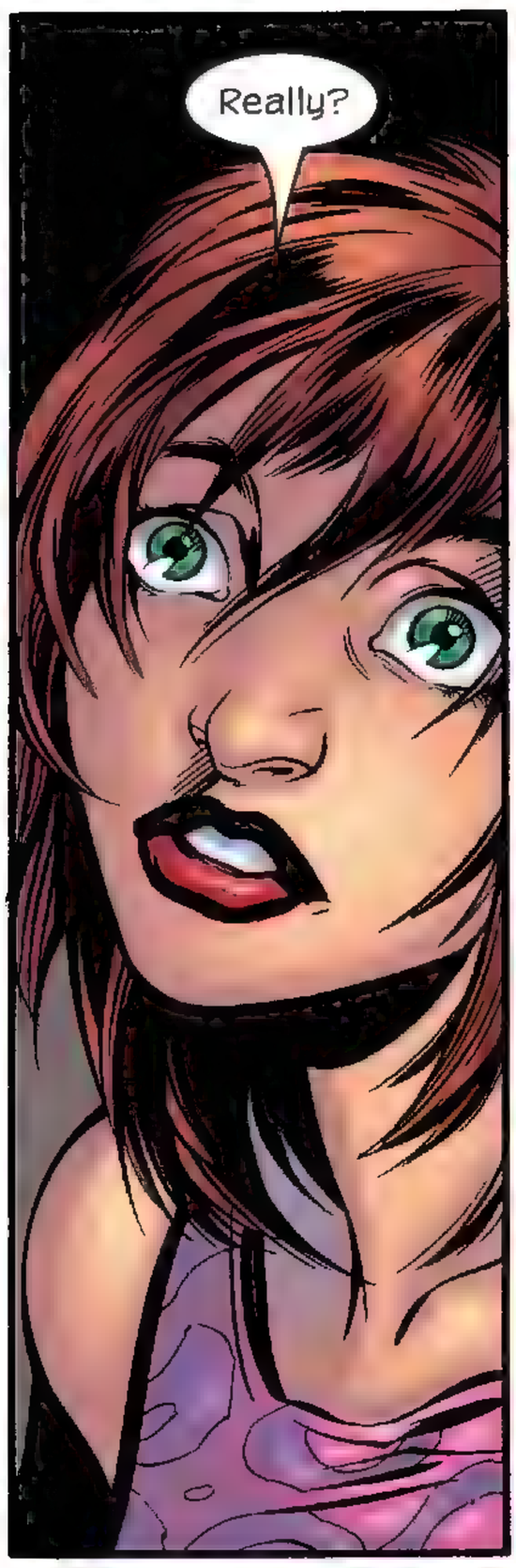
You do that.
You're supposed be sitting here with me being Peter Parker...
...*aaand* you're supposed to be studying for midterms...
...but just ten minutes ago you were high up in the sky in your costume all flippin' through the air and stuff...

Don't play with--
And you haven't come down from it yet.
You need to give yourself a little time to come down from your super hero high...
Decompress from it.
But you never do. So you end up sitting here and you just space out.

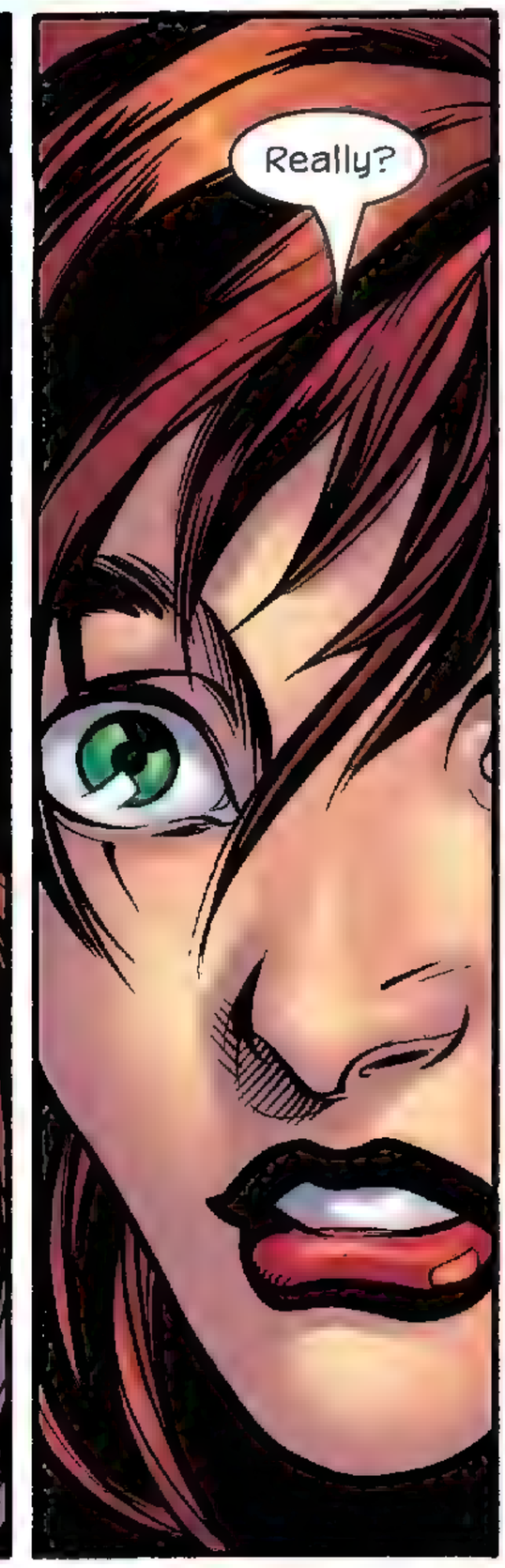

Okay.

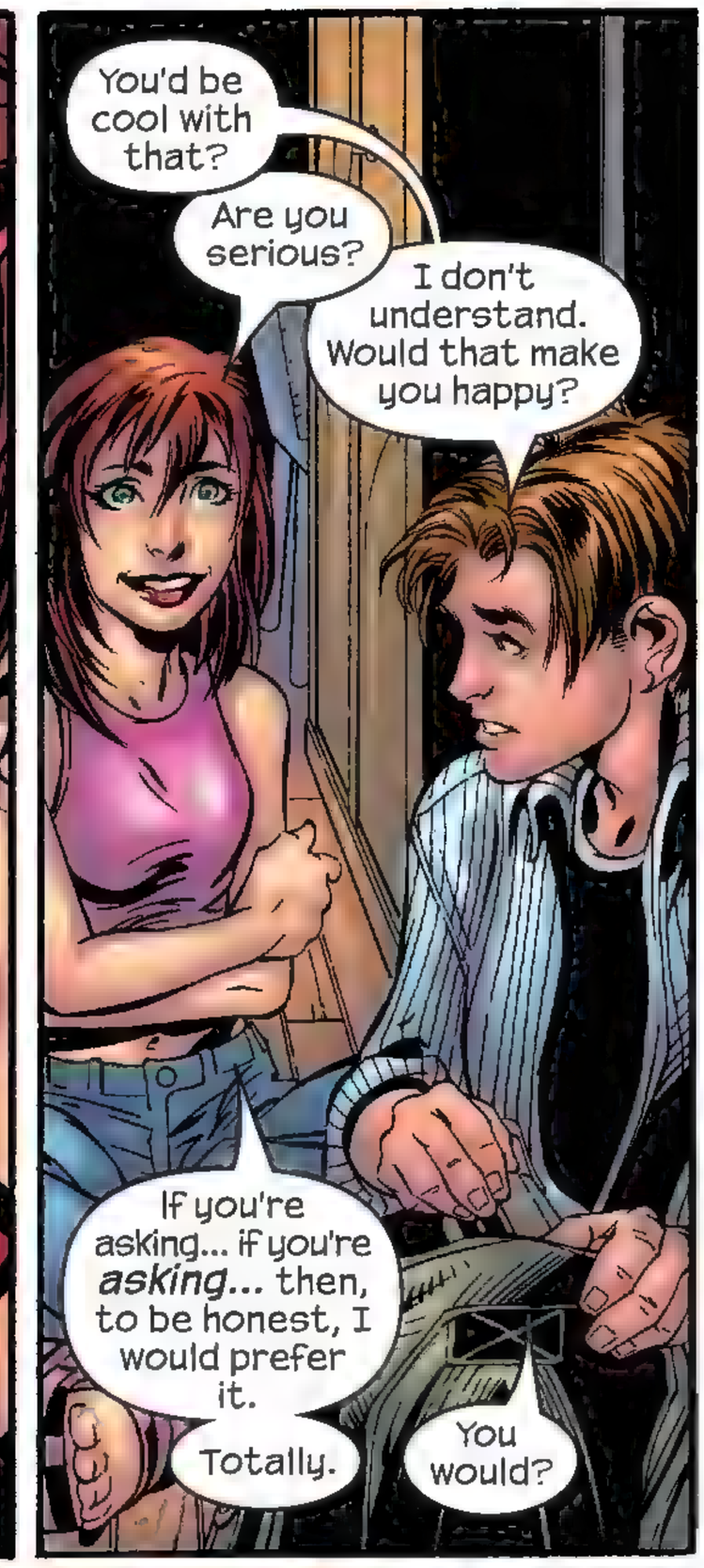

Yes, now I am an expert on super hero psychology.
THWIPP!
Oops.

FIZZ
Sorry.
Honestly, I was thinking...
Maybe...
I should put the costume away for awhile and just be a normal guy.


Really?

I'm thinking about it.

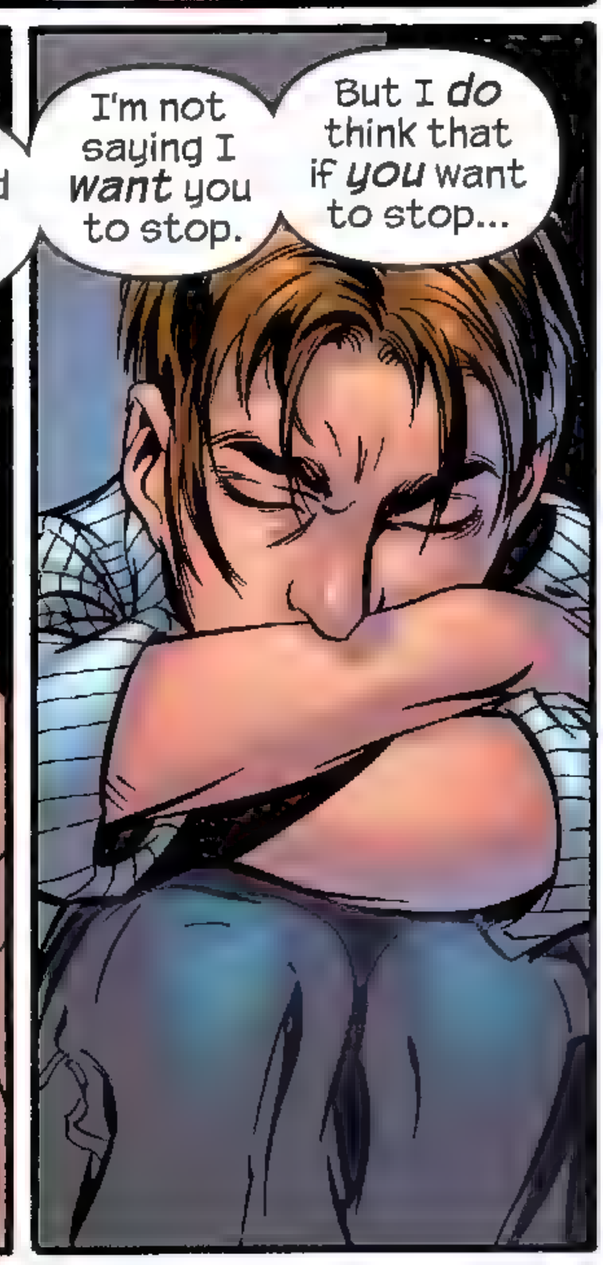

Really?

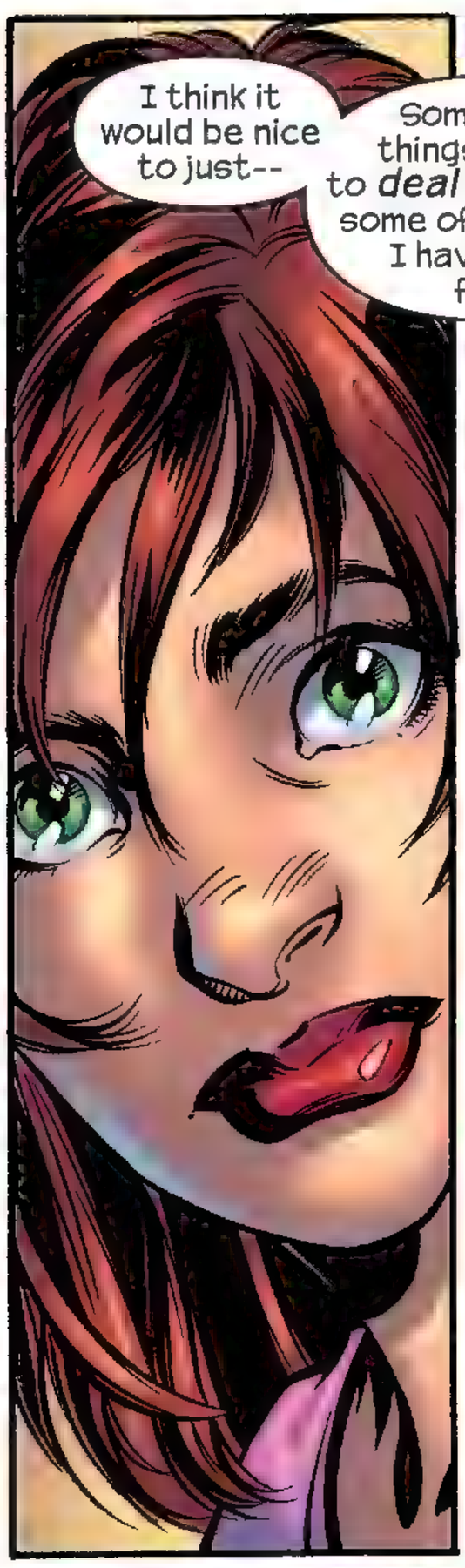

You'd be cool with that?
Are you serious?
I don't understand. Would that make you happy?
If you're asking... if you're *asking*... then, to be honest, I would prefer it.
Totally.
You would?

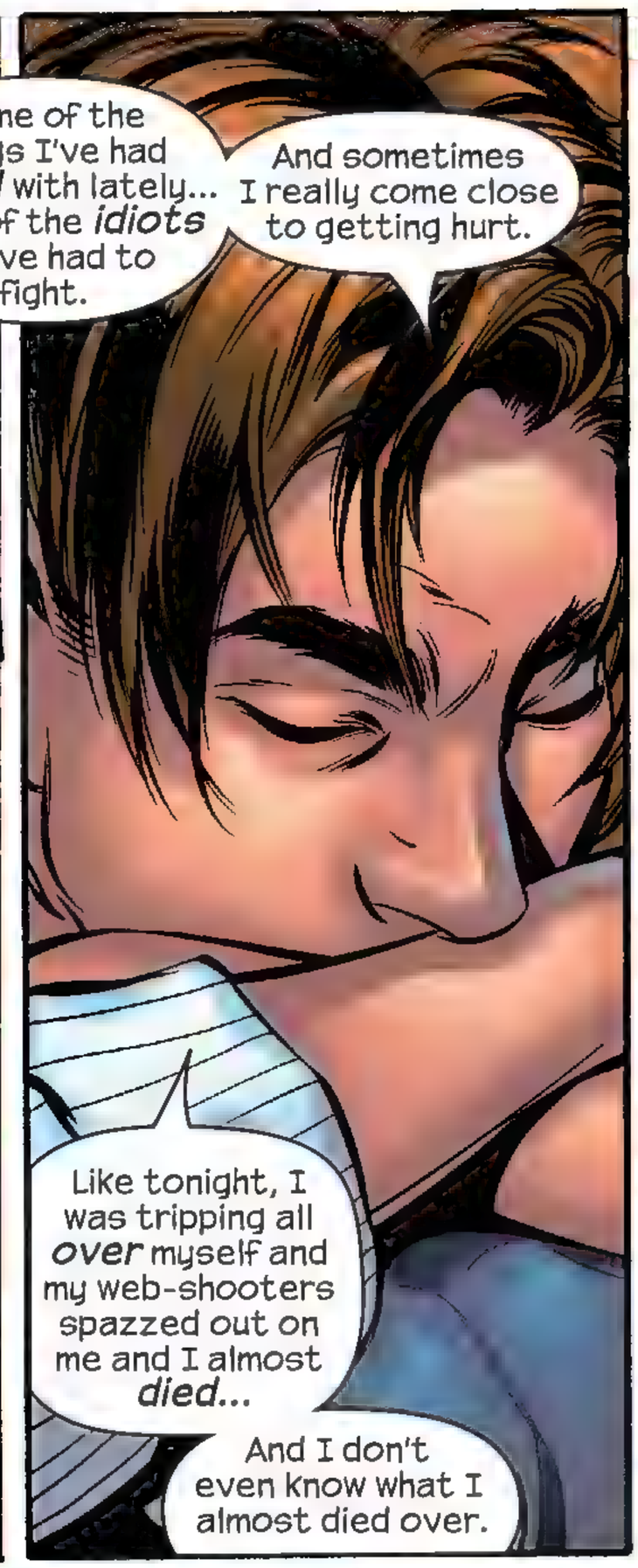
Would I *rather* you were not a mile above the city risking your neck over some idiot's plan to get revenge on whatever...
...and spent time here, safe with me?
I mean, *yeah*, it would be great if you were here instead of up there.

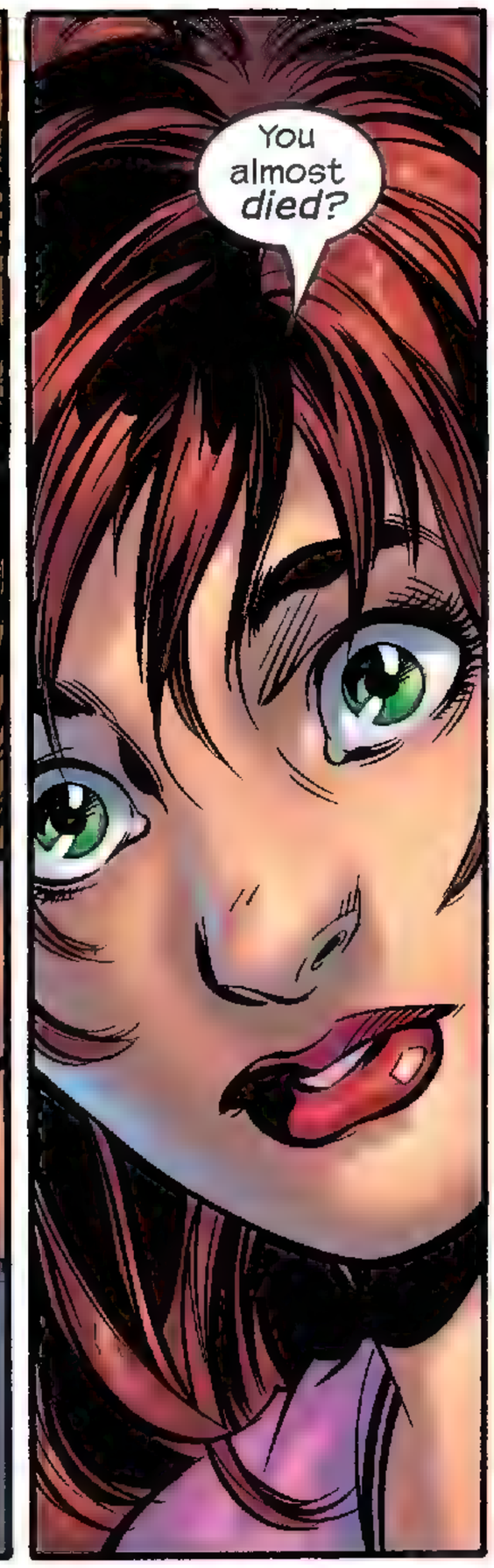
I didn't know you felt that way.

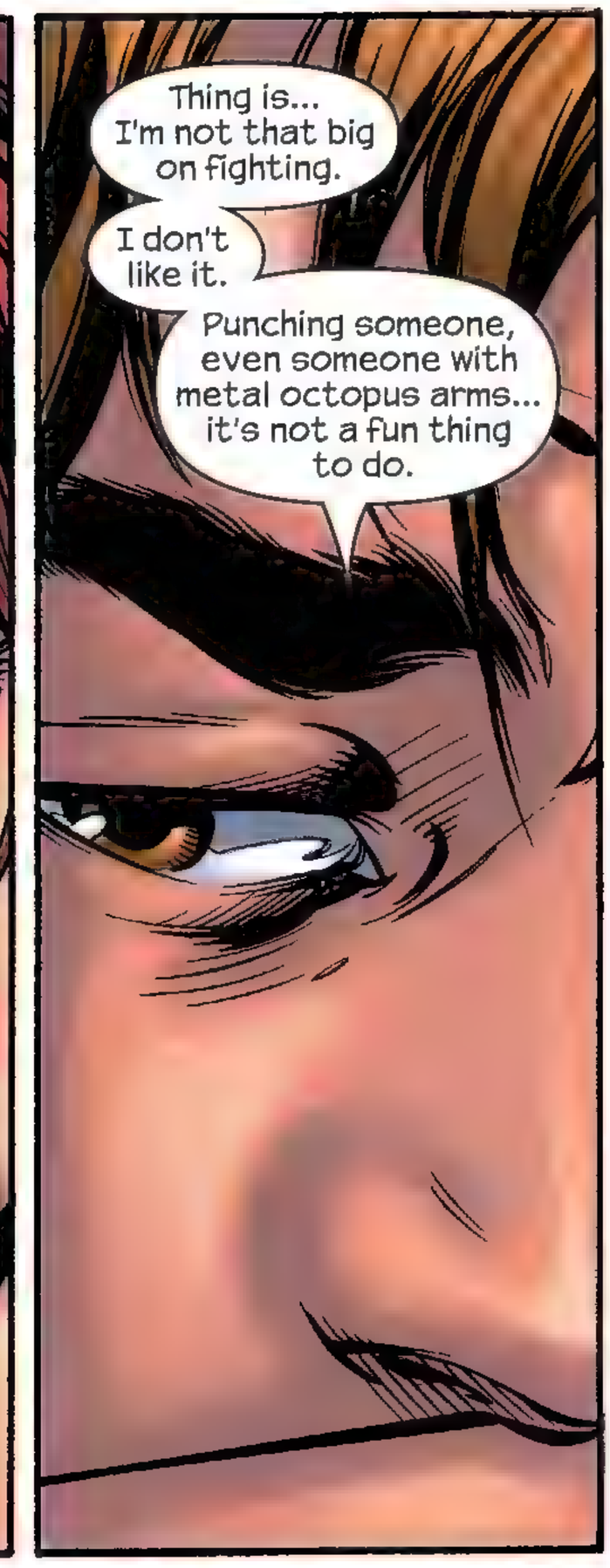
I'm not- No.
Listen... I'm not saying I *want* you to stop being Spider-Man.
You do whatever you have to do.
You asked me what would I *think* if you *did* stop.

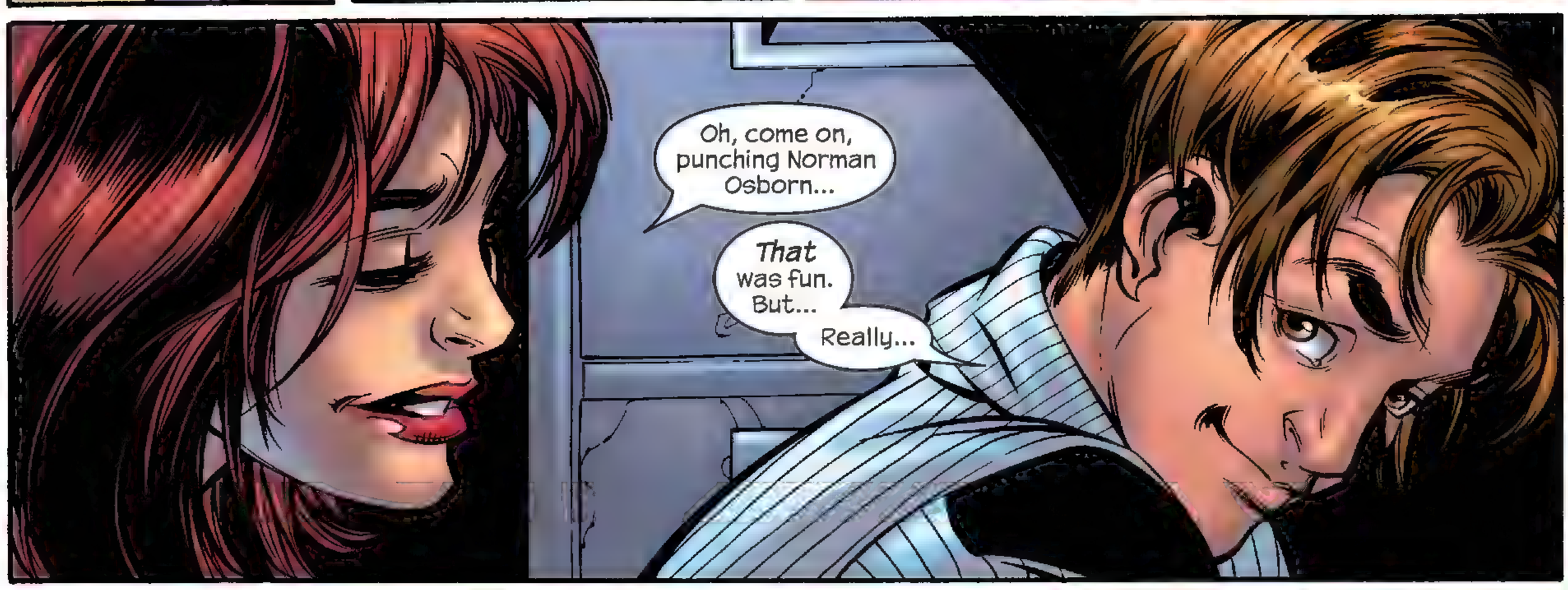

I'm not saying I *want* you to stop.
But I *do* think that if *you* want to stop...


I think it would be nice to just--

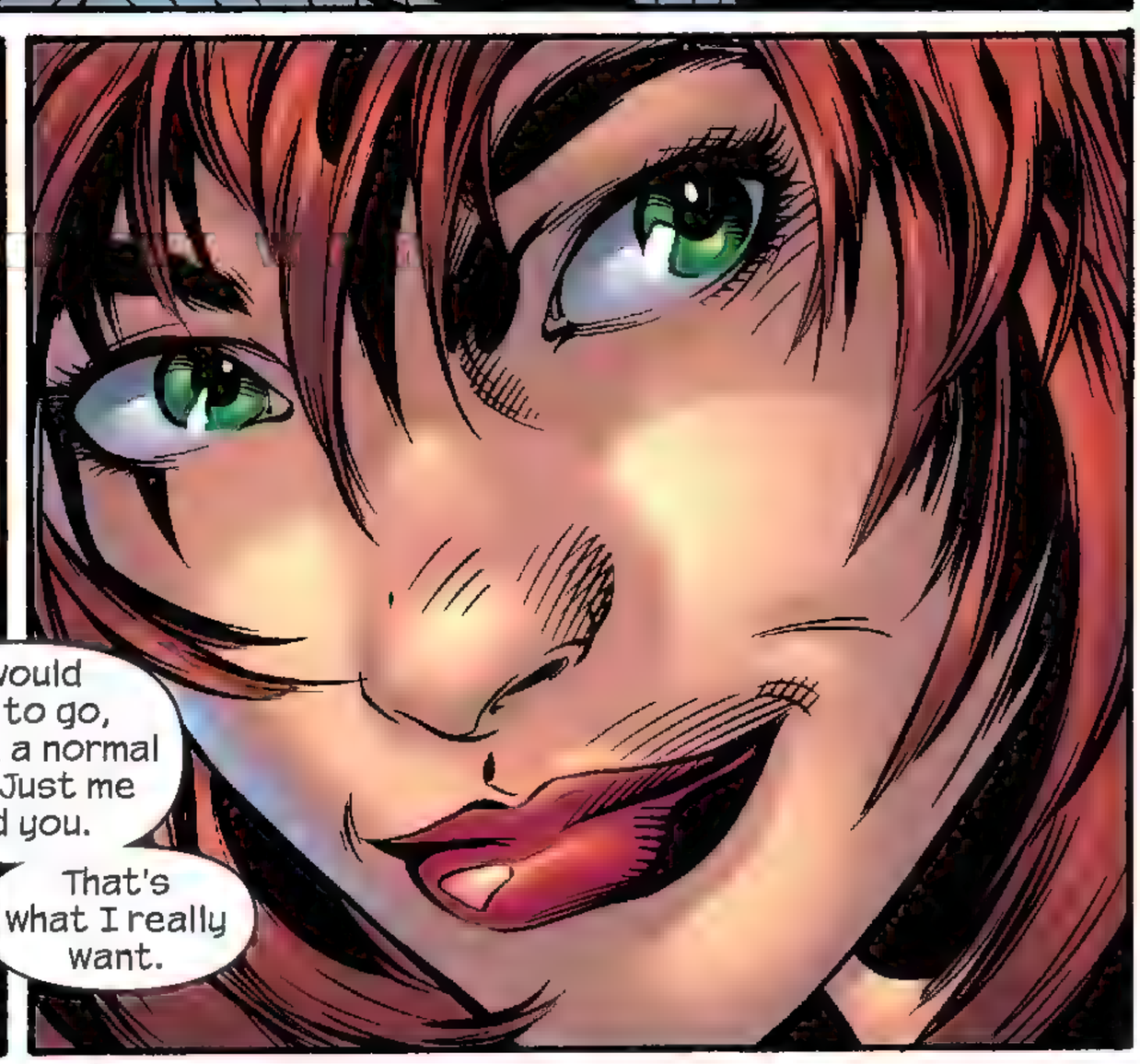

Some of the things I've had to *deal* with lately... some of the *idiots* I have had to fight.
And sometimes I really come close to getting hurt.
Like tonight, I was tripping all *over* myself and my web-shooters spazzed out on me and I almost *died*...
And I don't even know what I almost died over.

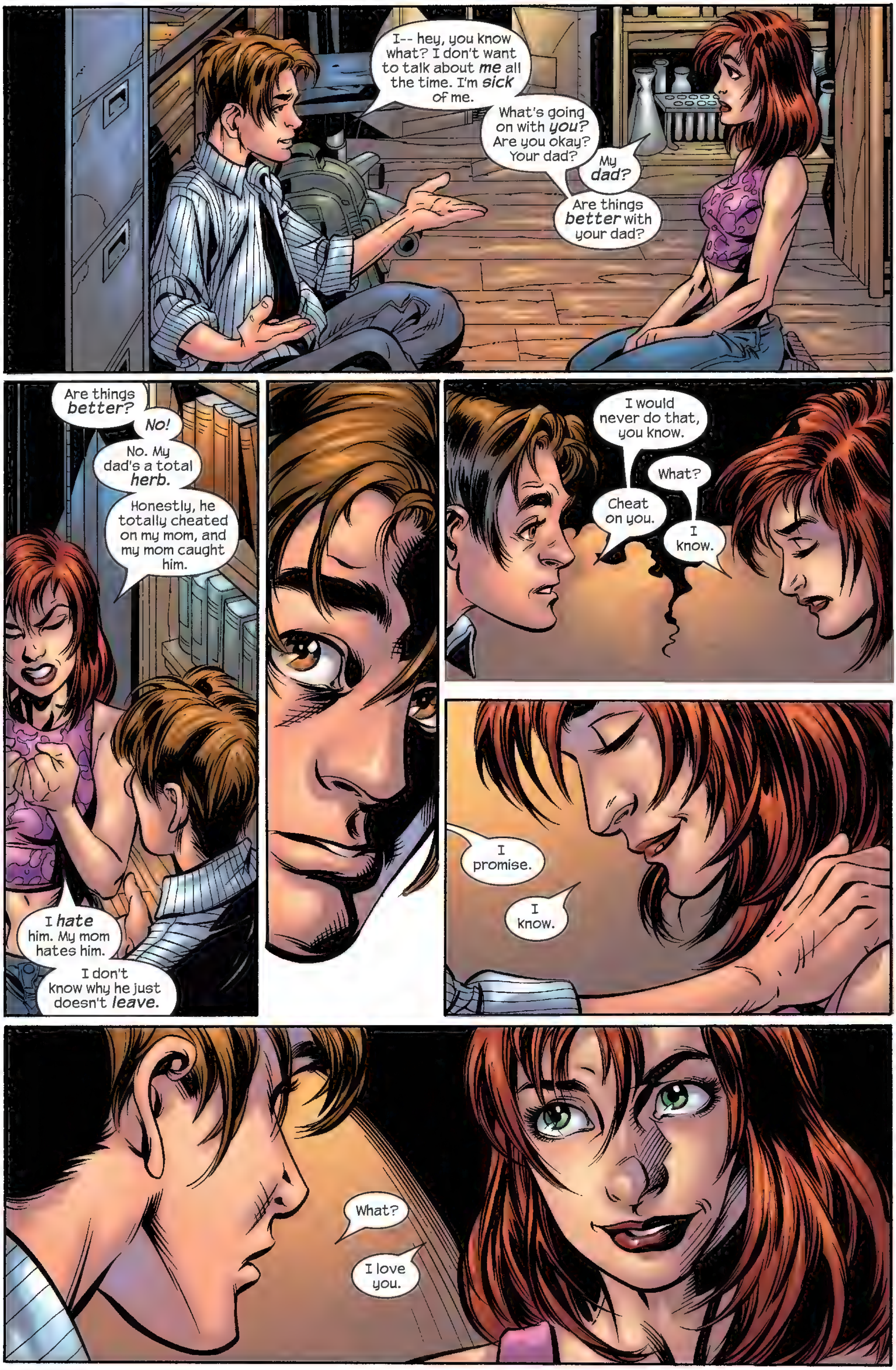

You almost *died*?

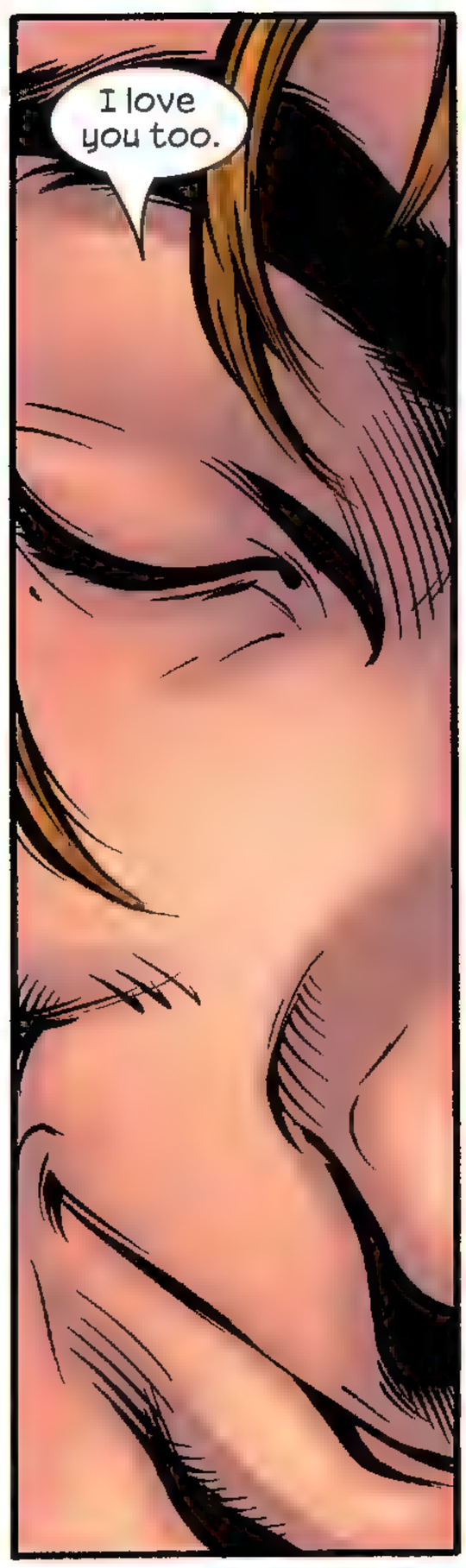

Thing is... I'm not that big on fighting.
I don't like it.
Punching someone, even someone with metal octopus arms... it's not a fun thing to do.


Oh, come on, punching Norman Osborn...
That was fun. But...
Really...

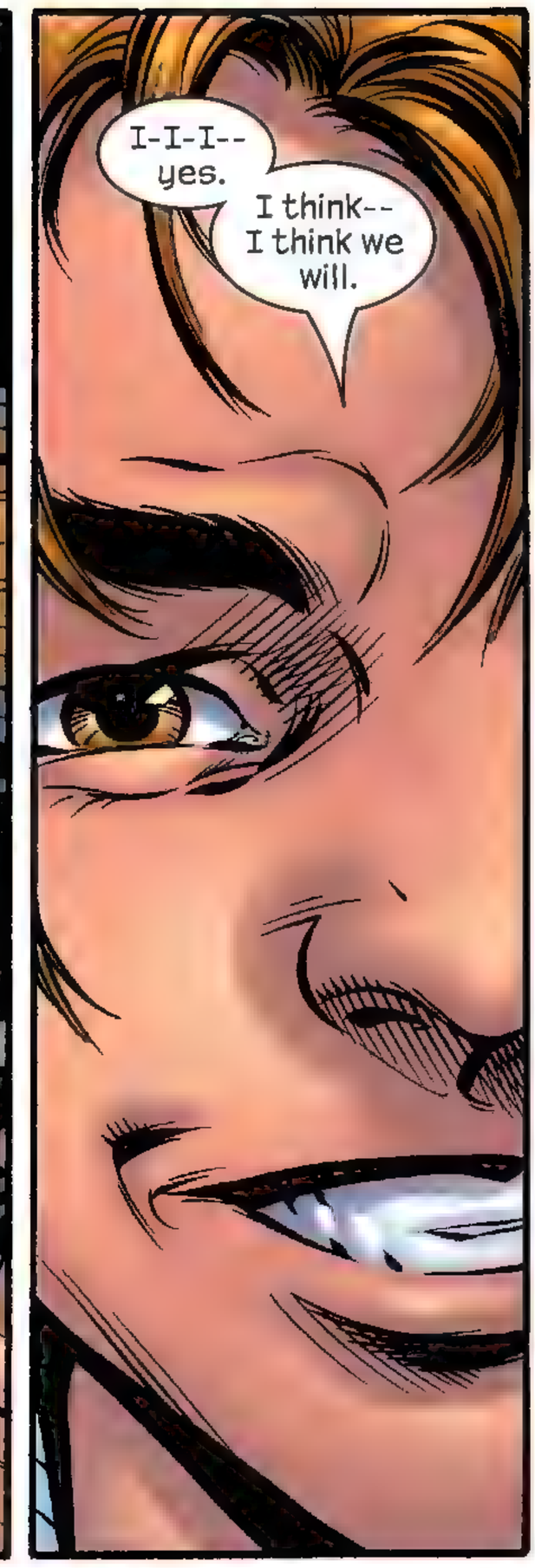
You know what I would love to do?
I would love to go to the park with you.

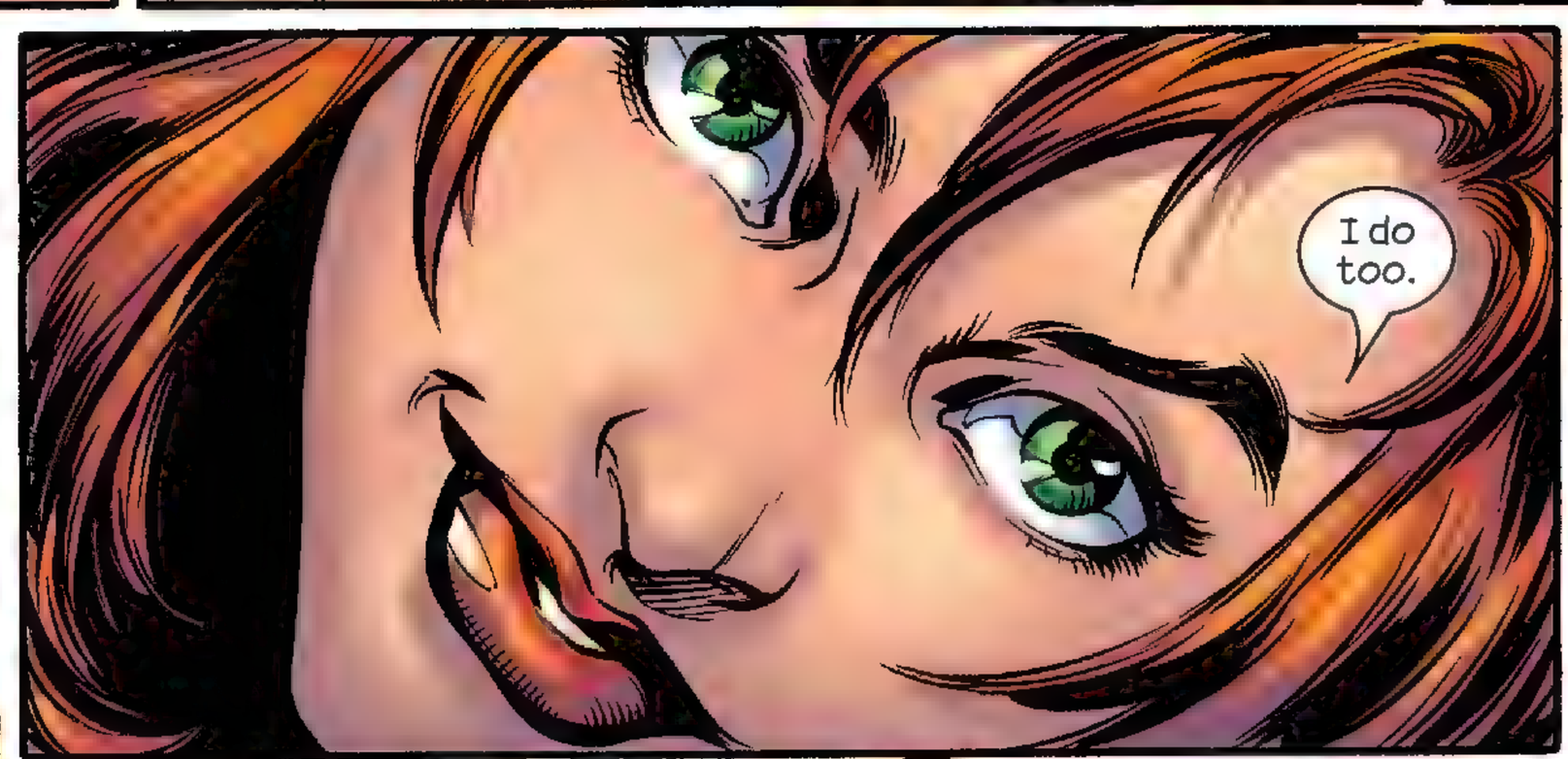

I would love to go, like, on a normal date. Just me and you.
That's what I really want.

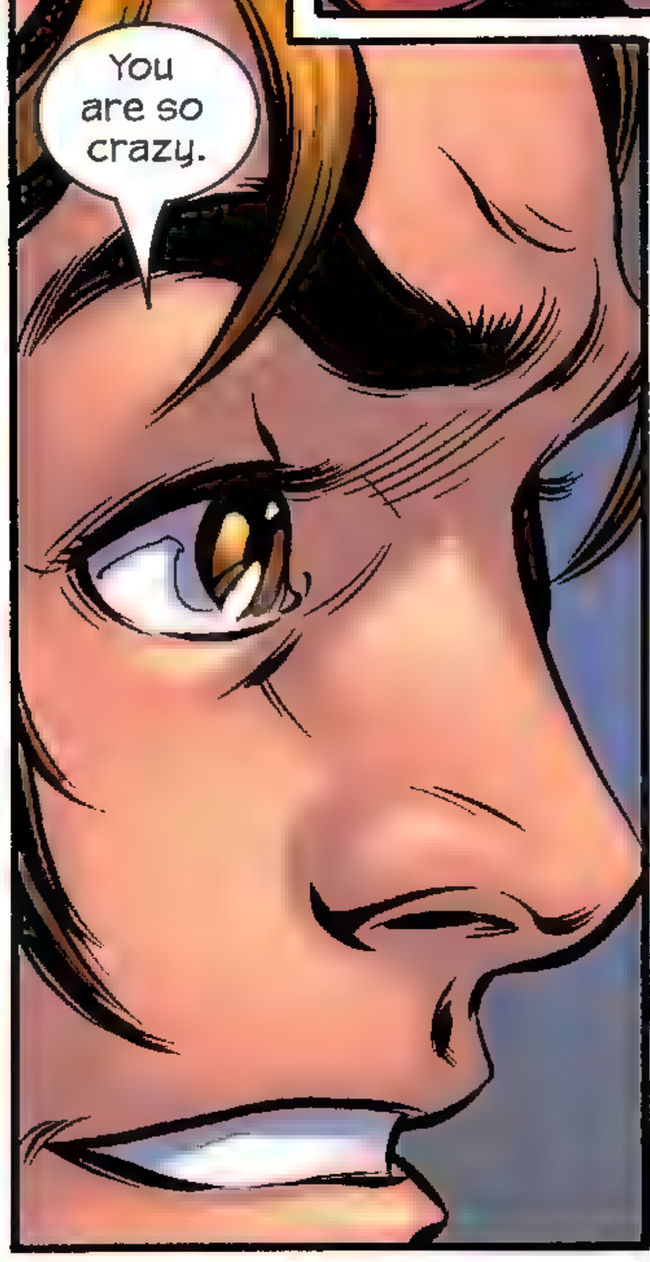

I-- hey, you know what? I don't want to talk about *me* all the time. I'm *sick* of me.
What's going on with *you*? Are you okay? Your dad?
My *dad*?
Are things *better* with your dad?
Are things *better*?
No!
No. My dad's a total *herb*.
Honestly, he totally cheated on my mom, and my mom caught him.
I *hate* him. My mom hates him.
I don't know why he just doesn't *leave*.
I would never do that, you know.
What?
Cheat on you.
I know.
I promise.
I know.
What?
I love you.

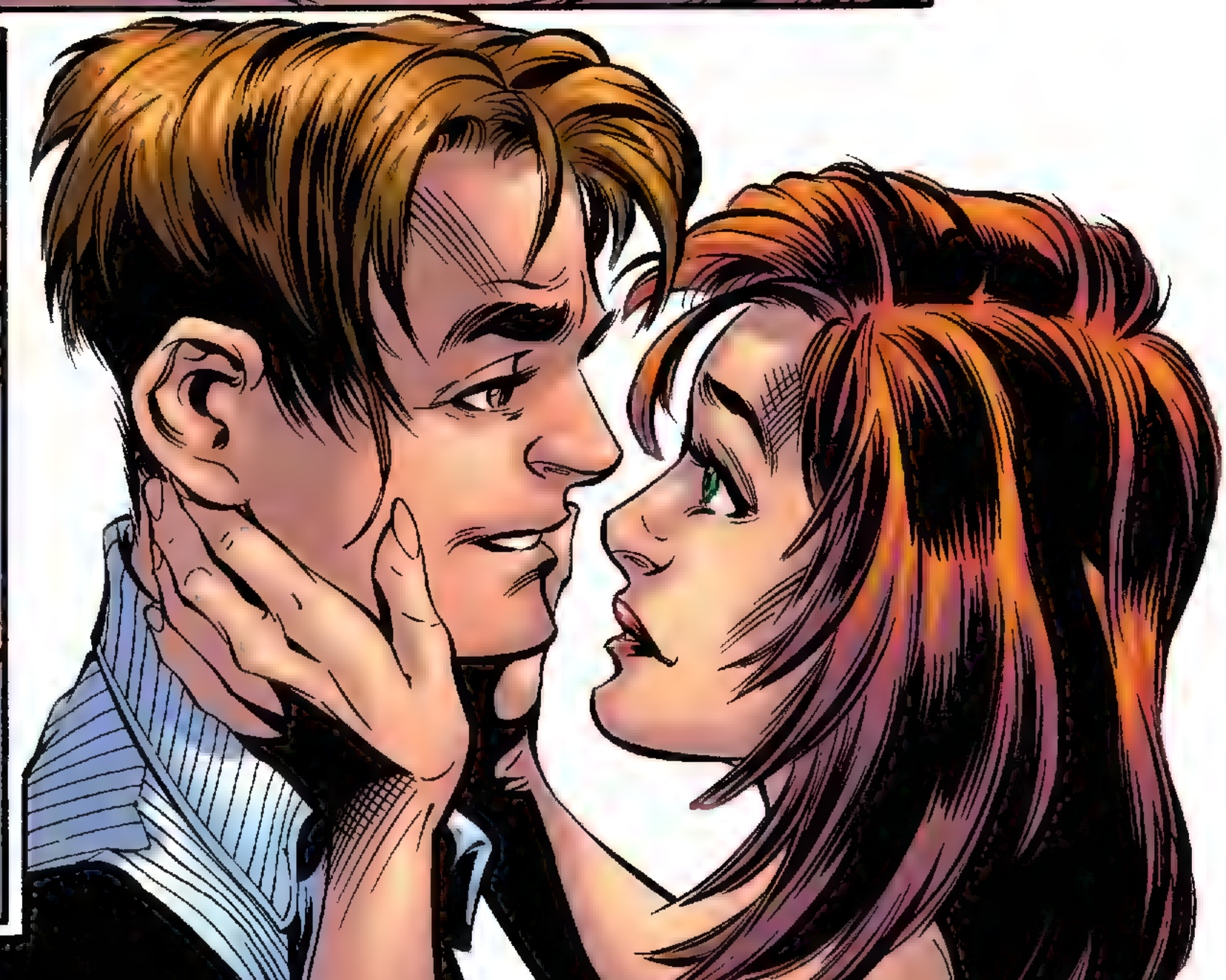

I love you too.

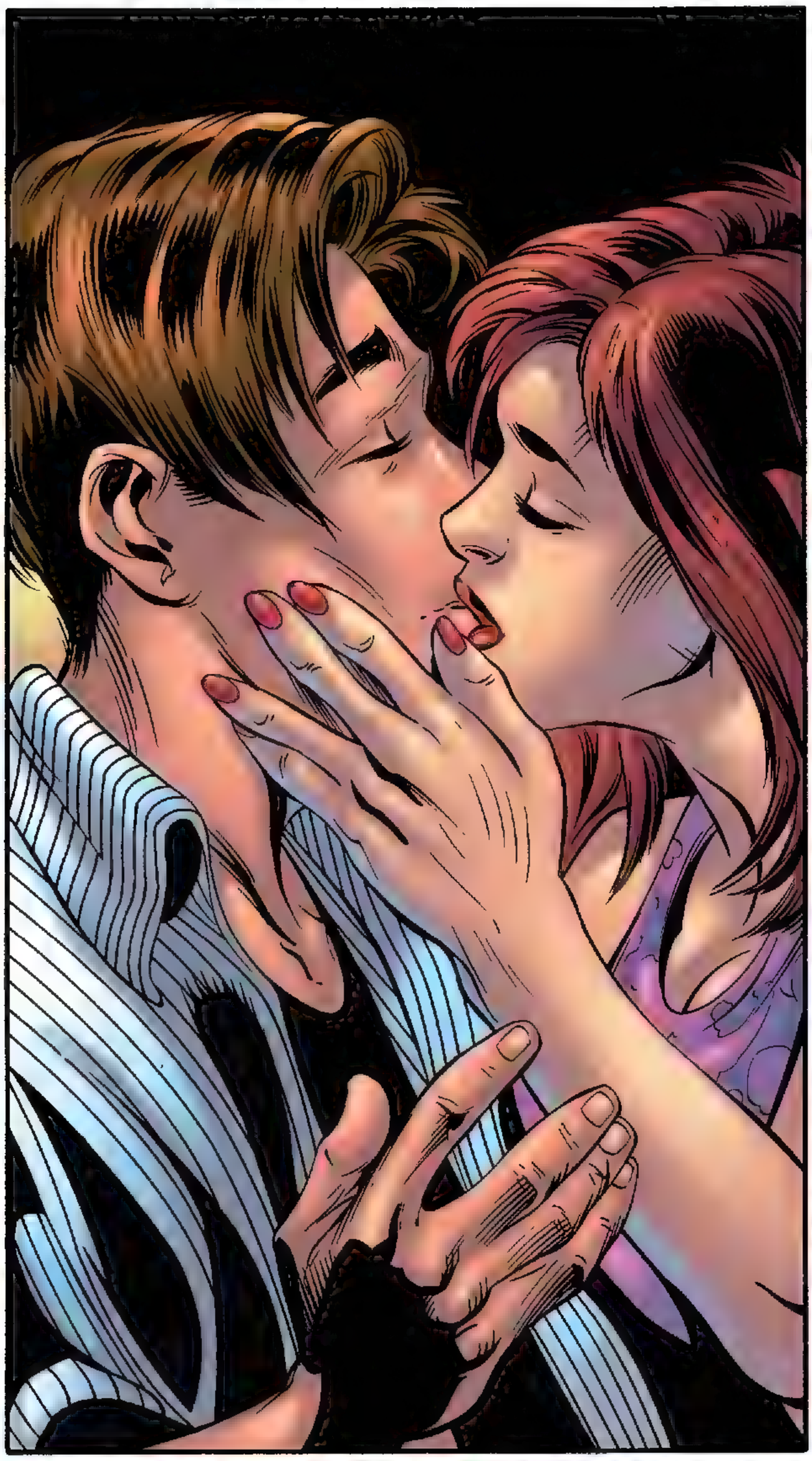
No, I *really* love you.
I really love you too.
You wanna get married?
Right now?
No. I mean, do you think we'll get married?


I-I-I-- yes.
I think-- I think we will.


I do too.


You are so crazy.



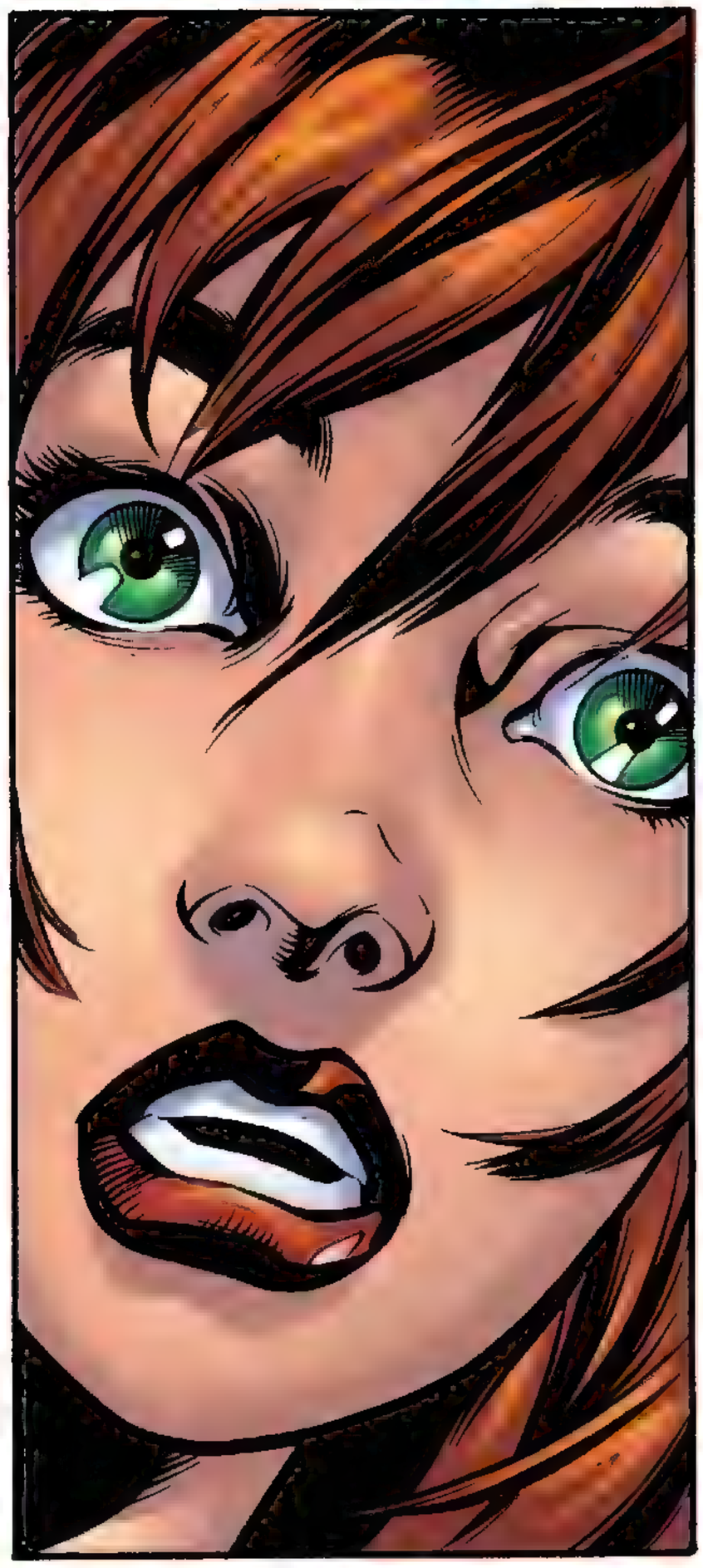


Peter?

Both of you come up to the kitchen.

What's going on, Aunt May?

Your father's here, Mary.

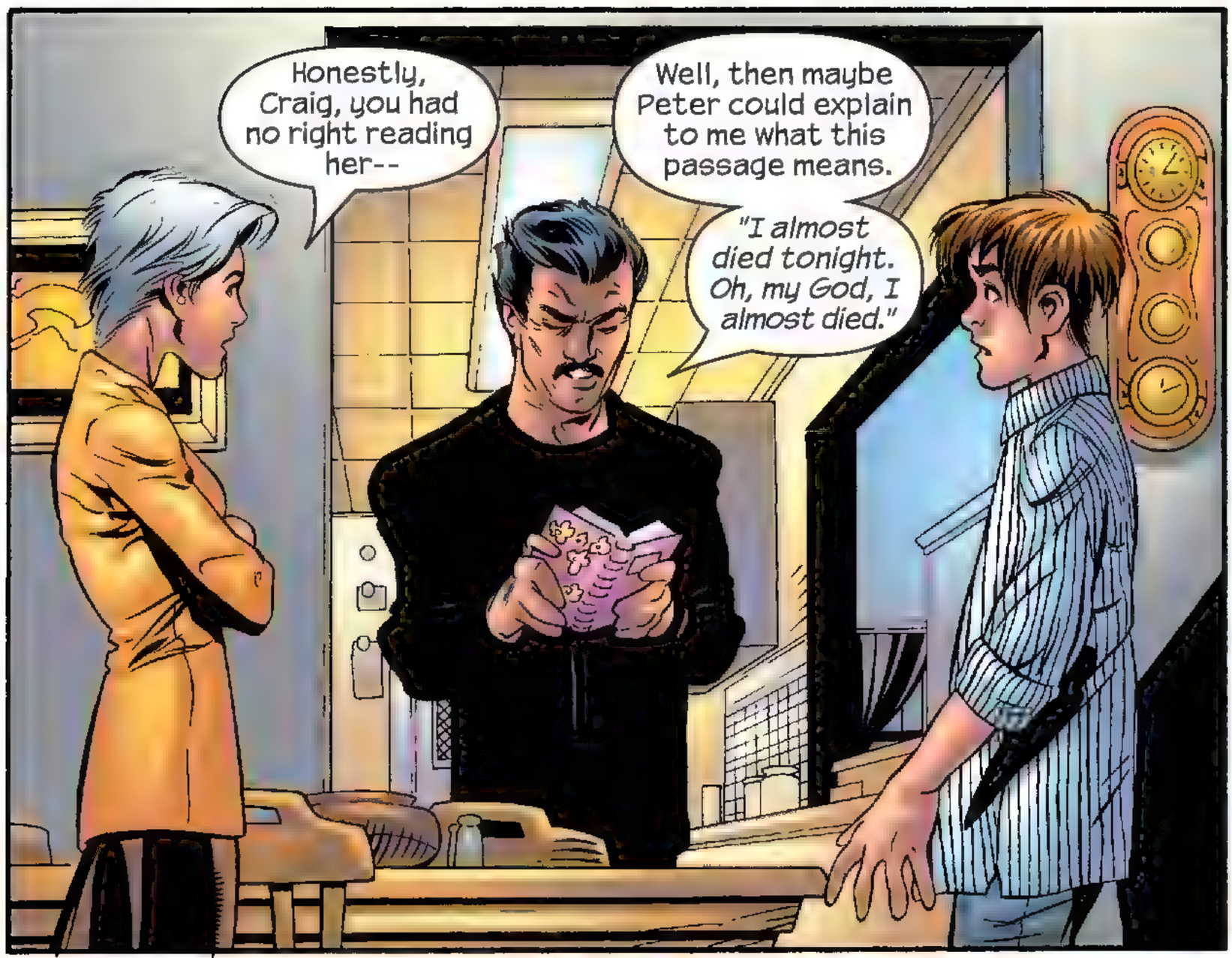


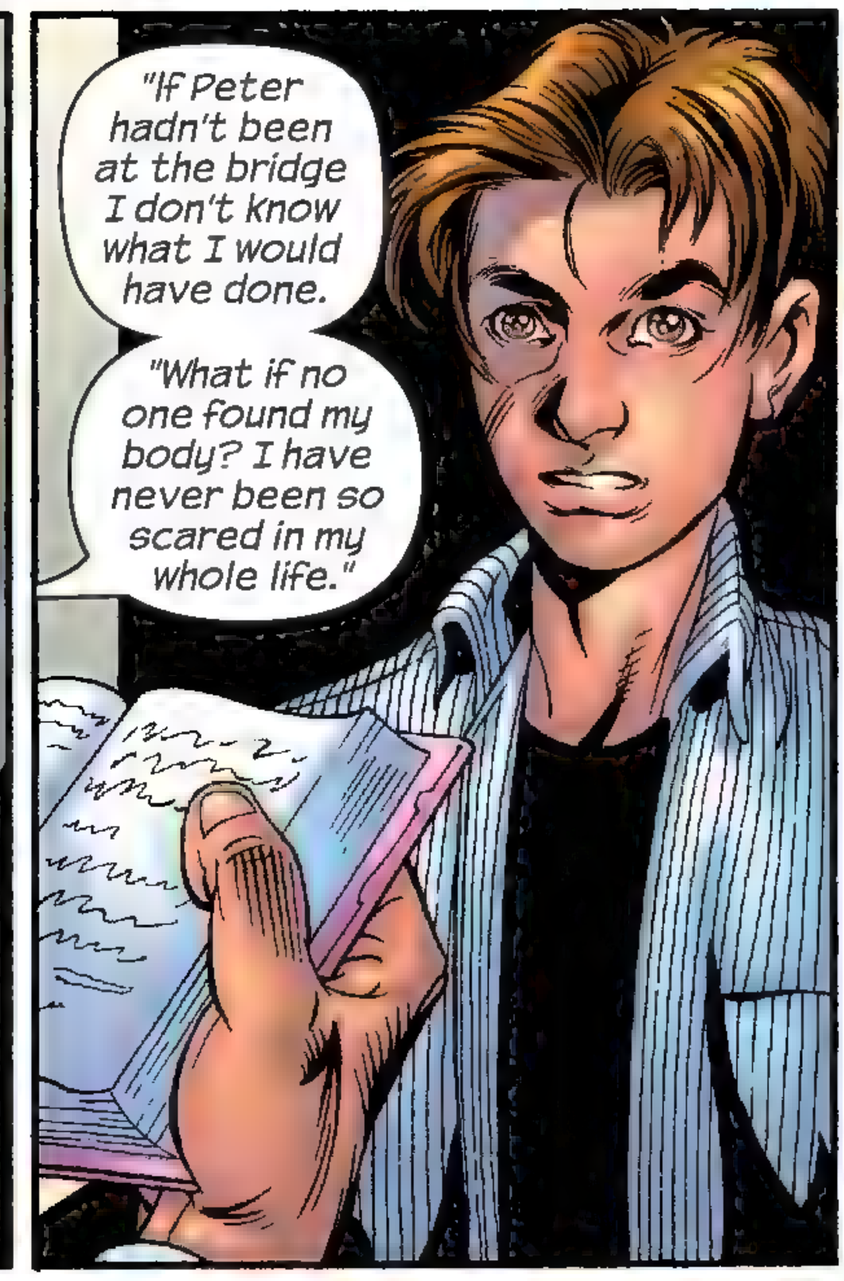
Oh, my God! Is that my *diary*??
You bet your allowance it is.
You should do this at your own house.

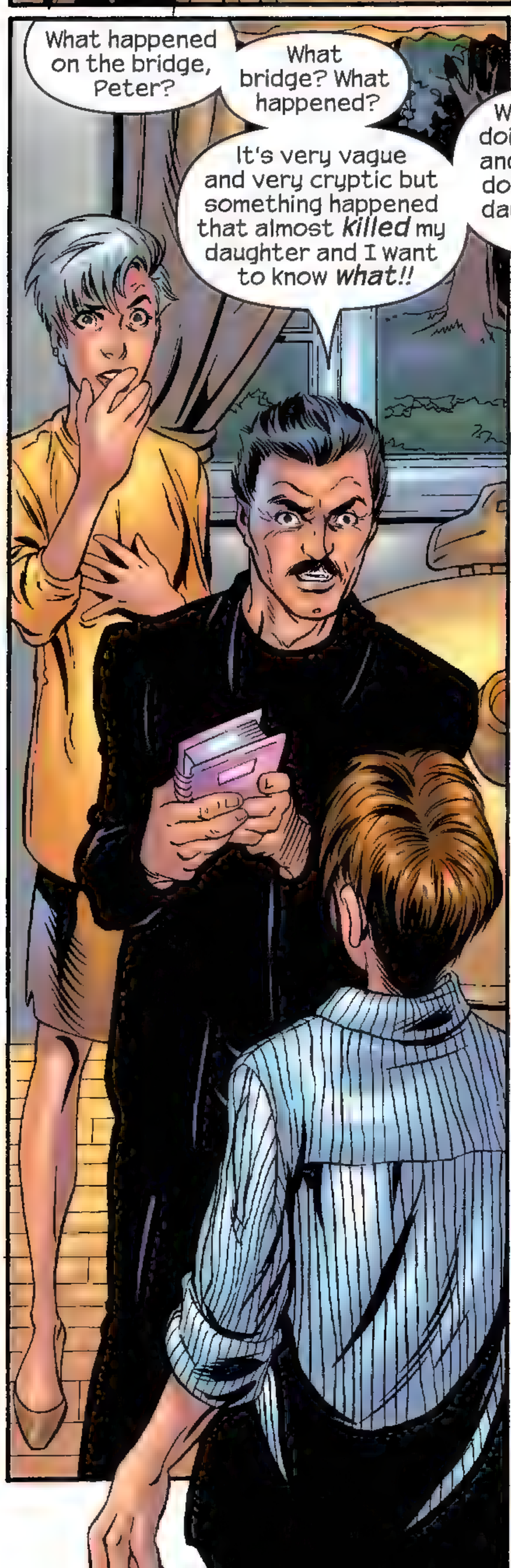
I would, May, but this involves both Mary *and* Peter.
Fine, but you should do this--
May, please.

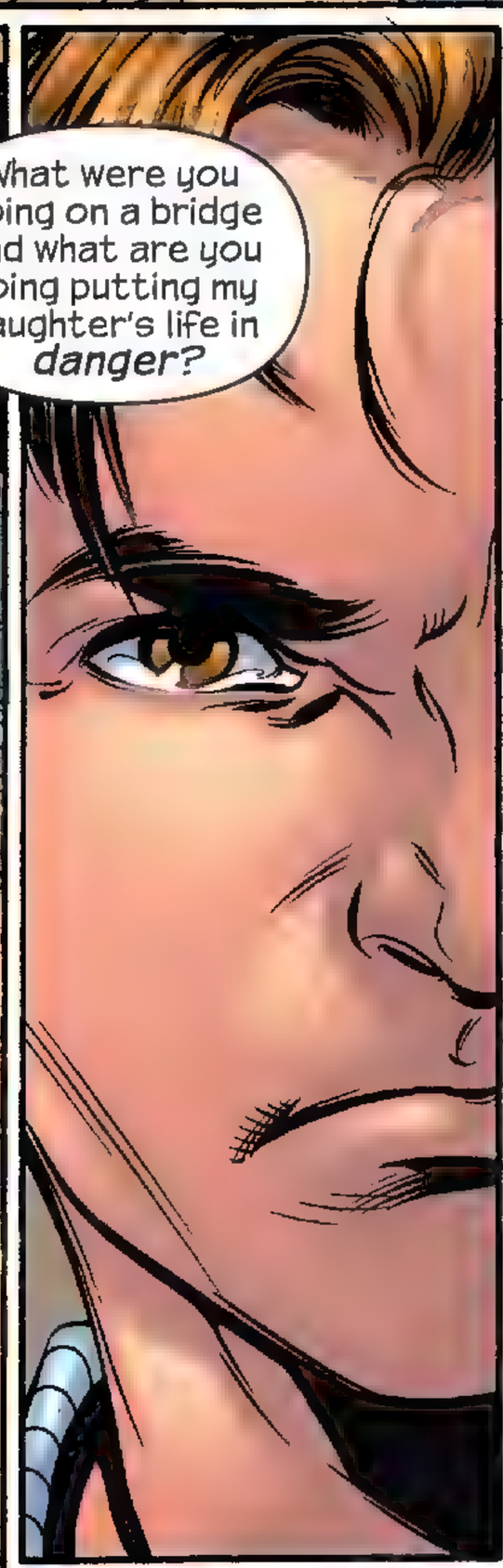
You-- you read *my diary*??!!

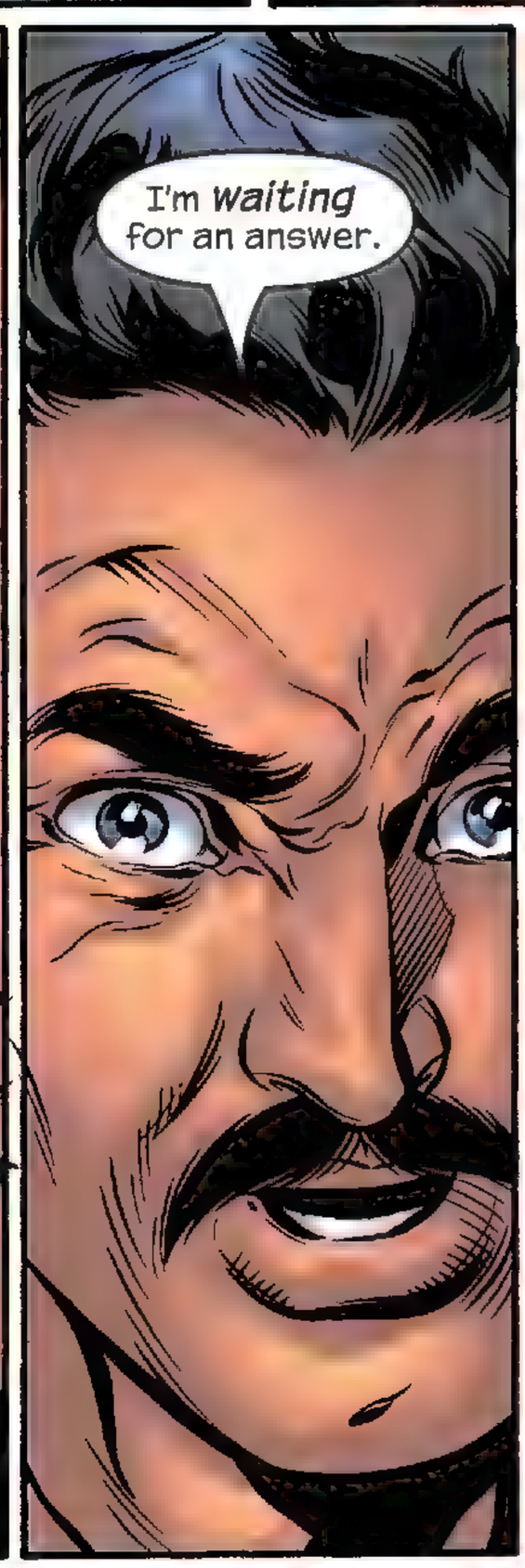
And wasn't I surprised to read what I read!!
I HATE YOU!!
I HATE YOU!!
MARY JANE WATSON!!
I HATE YOU!!

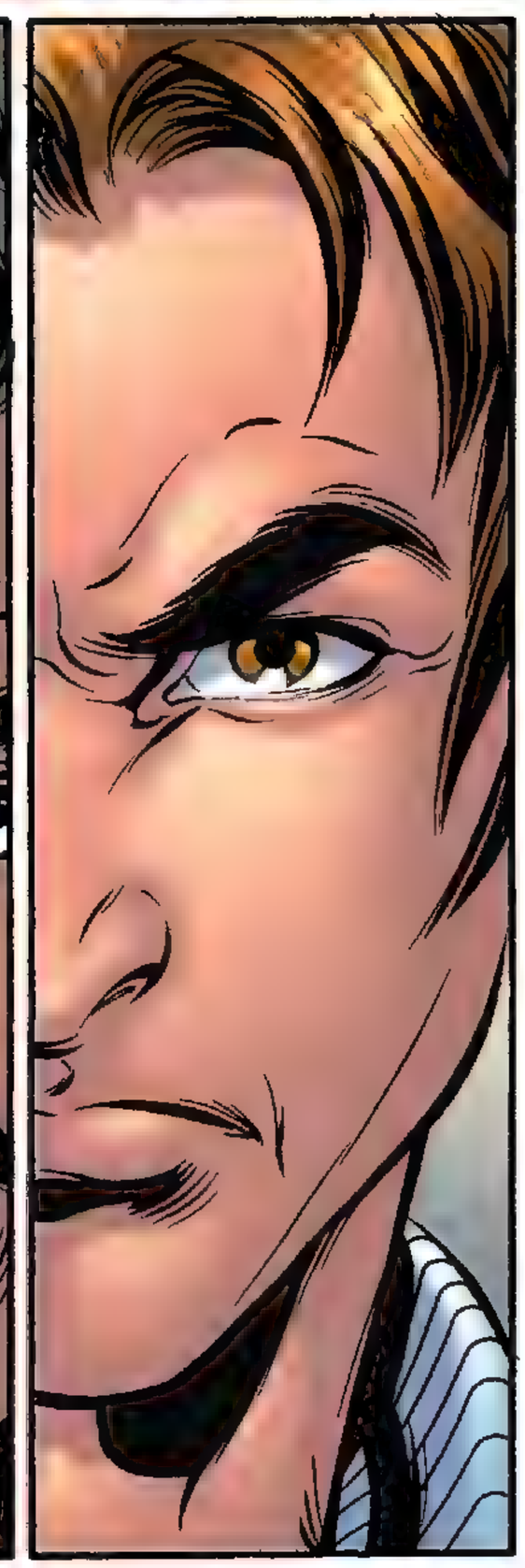

Honestly, Craig, you had no right reading her--
Well, then maybe Peter could explain to me what this passage means.
"I almost died tonight. Oh, my God, I almost died."


"If Peter hadn't been at the bridge I don't know what I would have done.
"What if no one found my body? I have never been so scared in my whole life."


What happened on the bridge, Peter?
What bridge? What happened?
It's very vague and very cryptic but something happened that almost *killed* my daughter and I want to know *what!!*

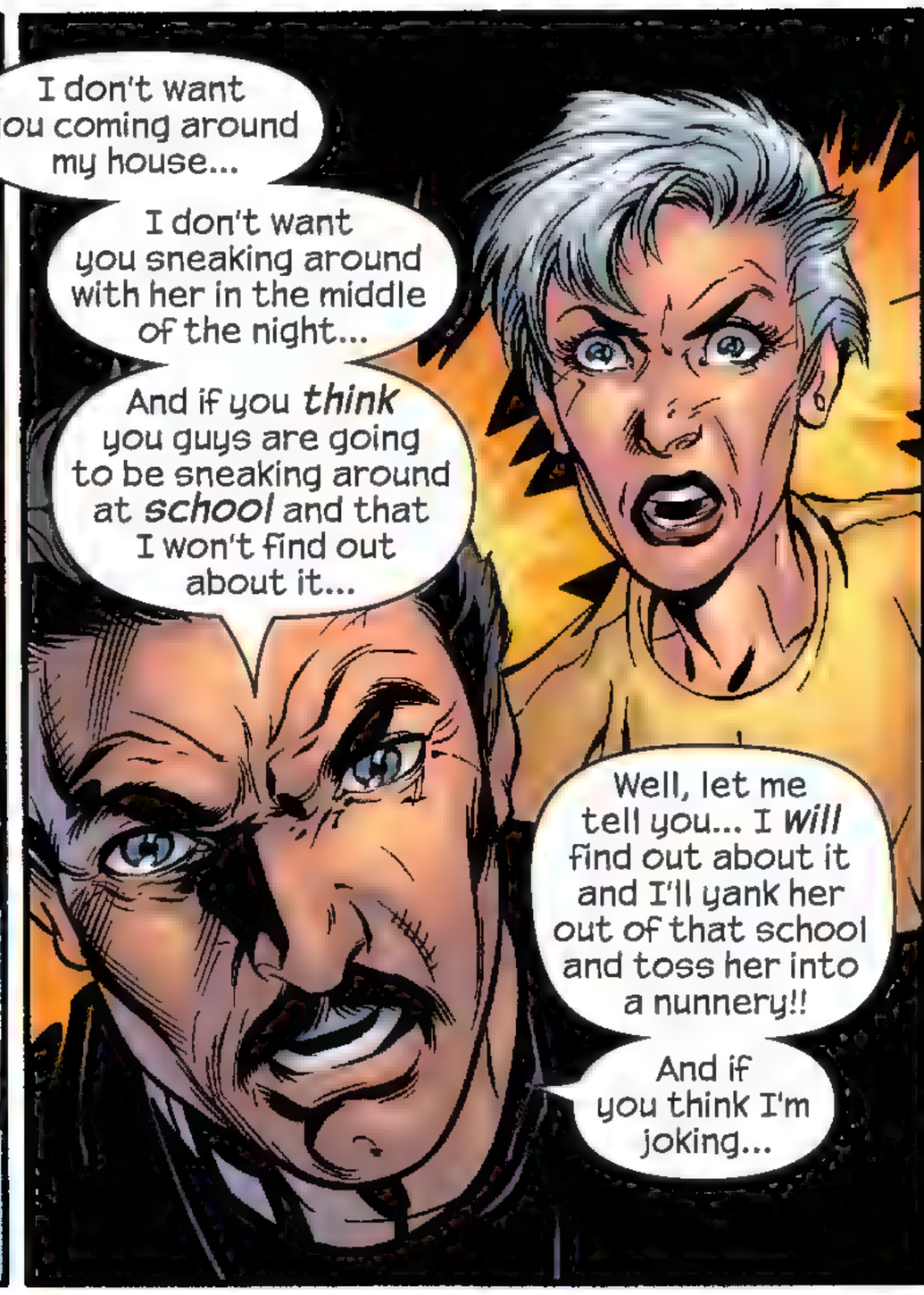

What were you doing on a bridge and what are you doing putting my daughter's life in *danger?*

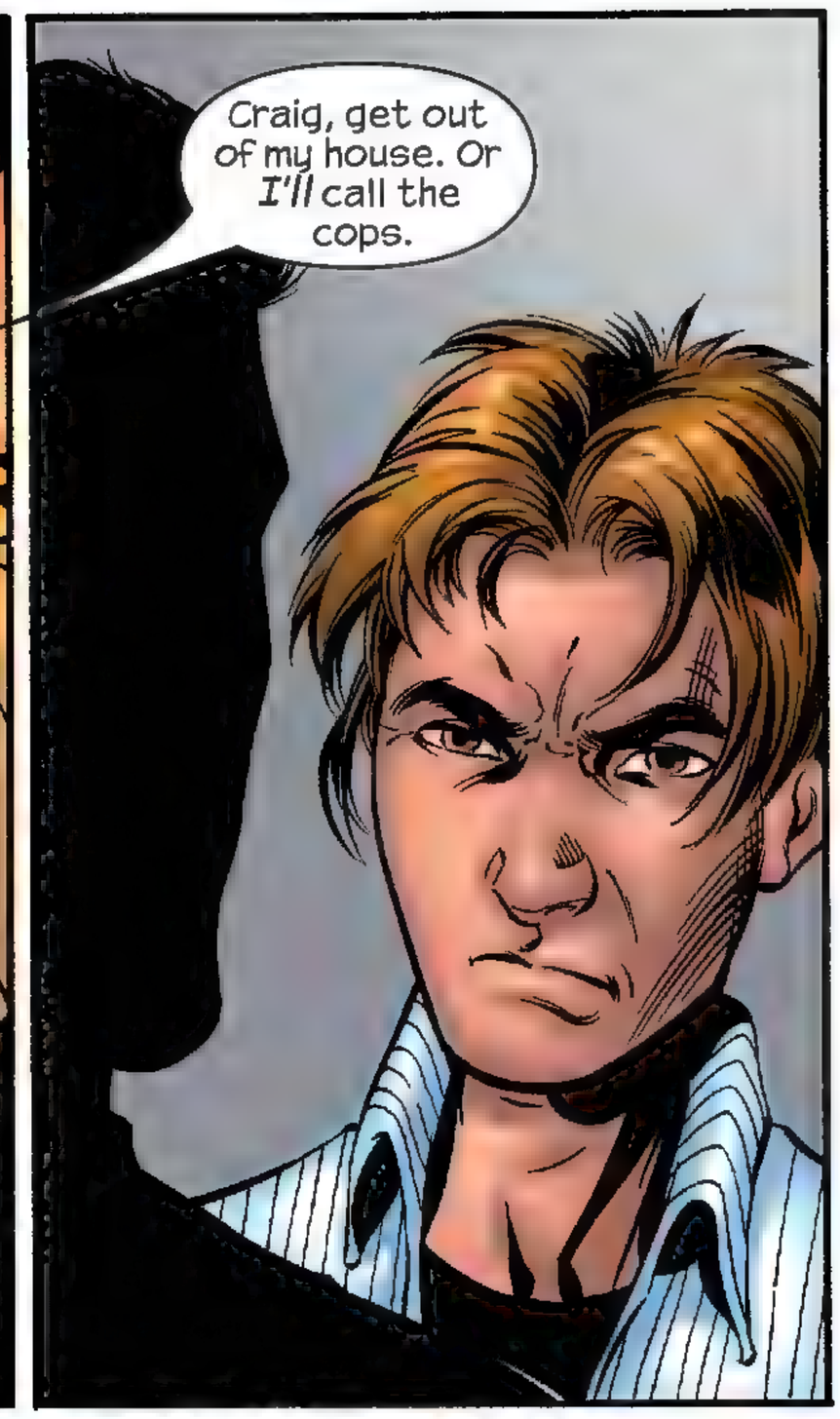

I'm *waiting* for an answer.

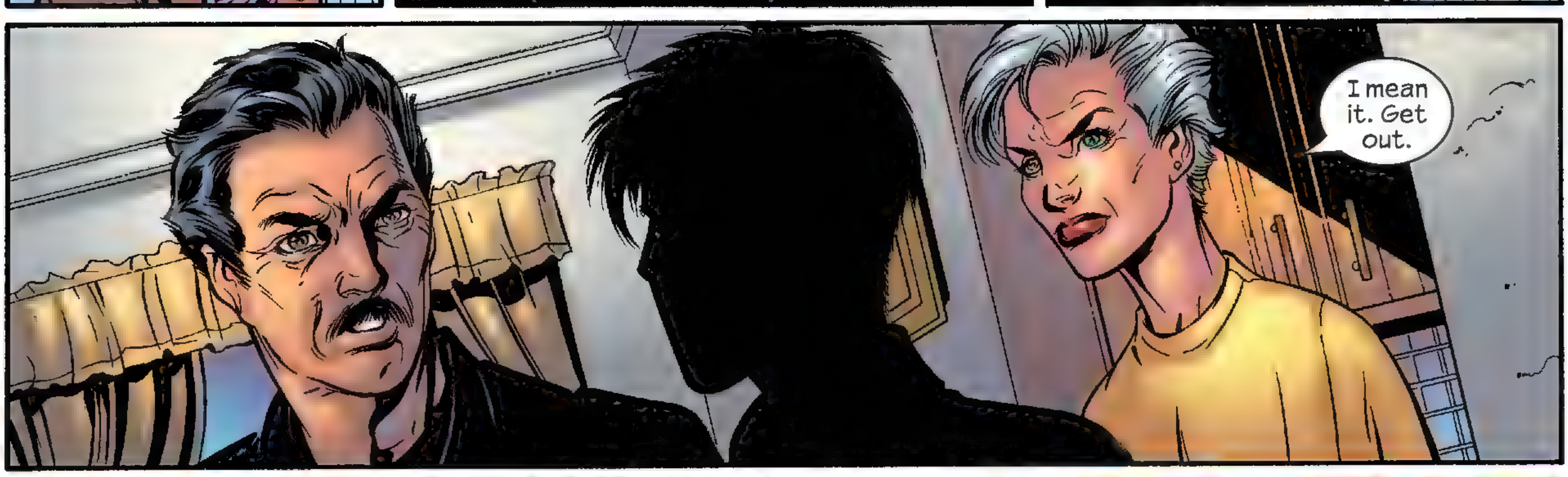


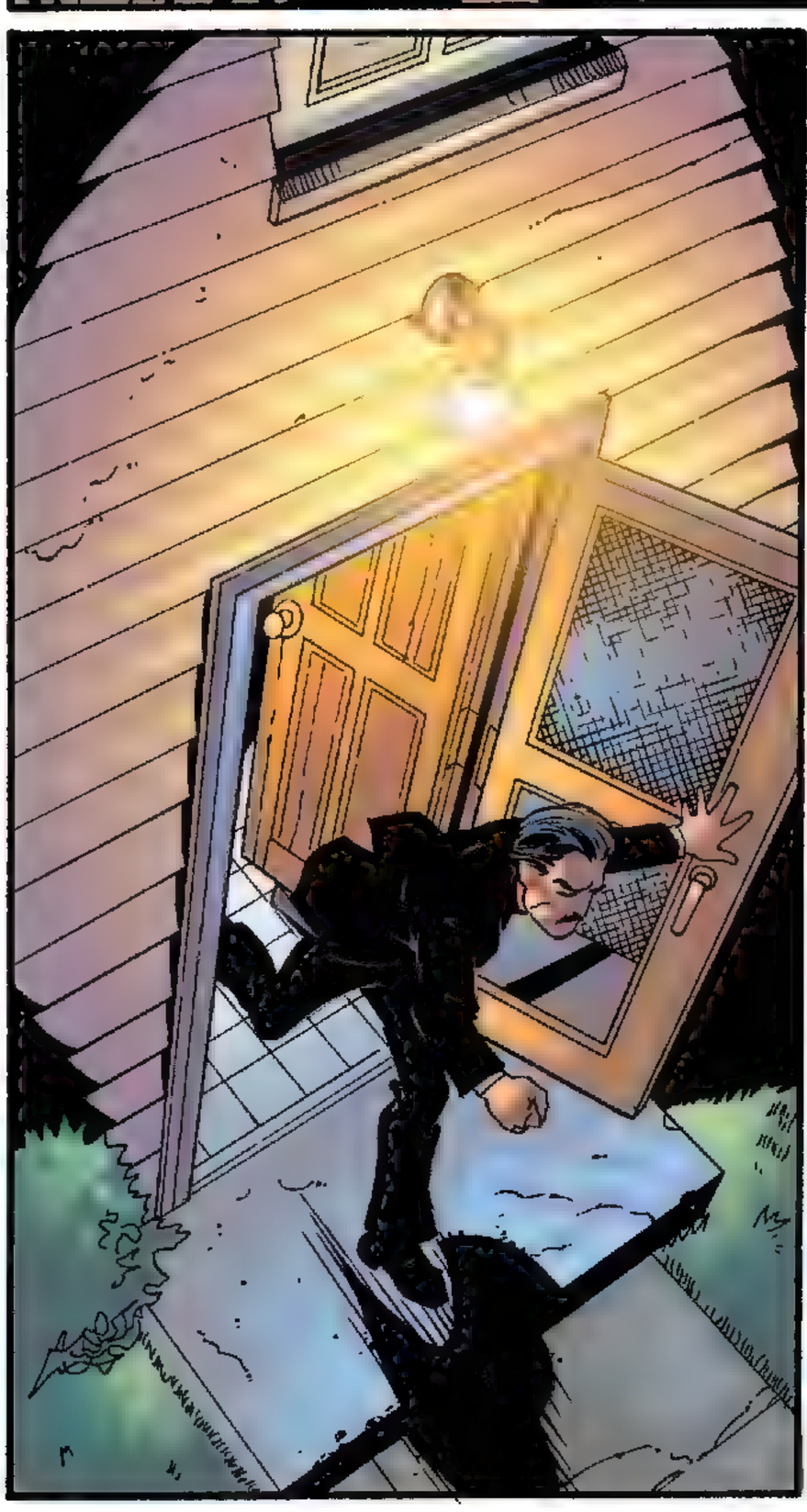
Oh, is *that* how it's going to be?
Well, you listen to me, punk. You two are THROUGH!!
Craig...

That's it.
I don't like whatever these little shenanigans you two are up to in that basement all the time... and now I read *this??*


I don't want you coming around my house...
I don't want you sneaking around with her in the middle of the night...
And if you *think* you guys are going to be sneaking around at *school* and that I won't find out about it...
Well, let me tell you... I *will* find out about it and I'll yank her out of that school and toss her into a nunnery!!
And if you think I'm joking...


Craig, get out of my house. Or *I'll* call the cops.


I mean it. Get out.



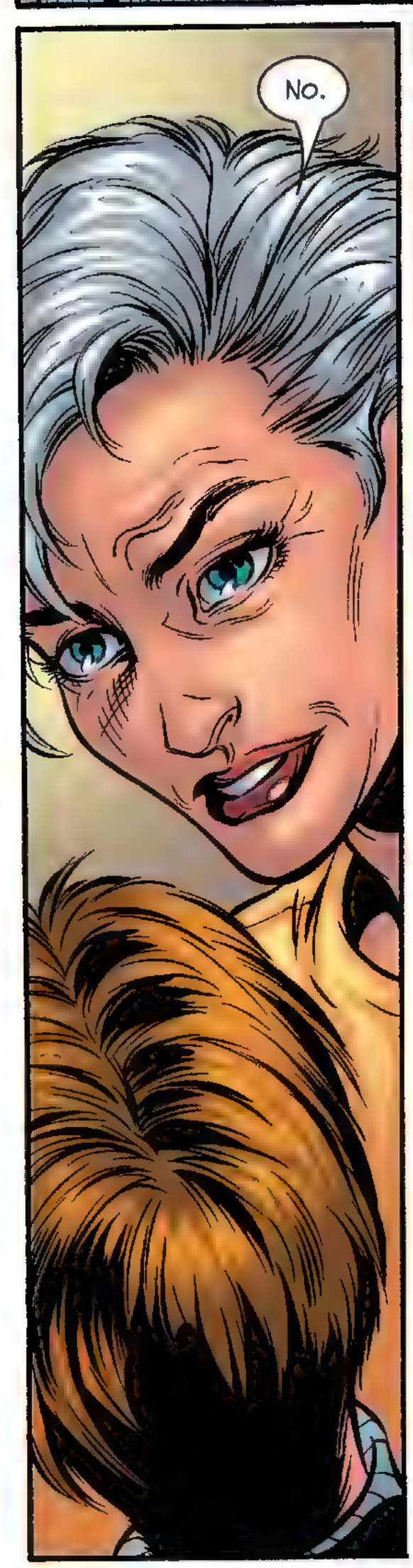
What happened on the bridge?

Peter? I asked you--
Nothing.
No. Nothing.

We were at the *park* and she slipped on-- on-- on a thing and she almost fell in.
I-- I caught her by the wrist.
That's it?
That's it.
Why didn't you just tell him that was it?

'Cause he's a jerk.
Can't believe what a *jerk* that guy is.
He really is.
I'm sorry, Peter.
I can't *believe* it.

Just stay away from their house for a couple of days.
I'll talk to her mom and see what happens.
He's not going to hurt her, is he?


No.

Gwen?
Everything okay?
Get your shoes. Go for a walk with me.
We'll walk by their house, just casual-like, and if we hear anything we'll call the police.
You stay here.
I want to--
No, it's better you stay here.

What are we doing?
Get your shoes.

Her diary.

She keeps a diary?

At least she was smart enough not to write anything-- anything-- what's the word... *incriminating* about me being Spider-Man.

I mean, I *hope* she didn't.

No. Of *course* she didn't. If she *did*, clearly *that* would have been the entire thrust of the conversation.

I literally get sick to my stomach lying to Aunt May.

Sick to my stomach!!

But what am I *supposed* to say?

That I was fighting the Green Goblin over the Queensboro Bridge and Mary was almost killed in the brouhaha??

Tsk-- that bridge incident again.

She did almost die and she has no one to talk to about it.

And clearly it traumatized her more than she lets on, but what can I do to help her?

Ugh!

I wish someone would throw that idiot father of hers off a bridge!

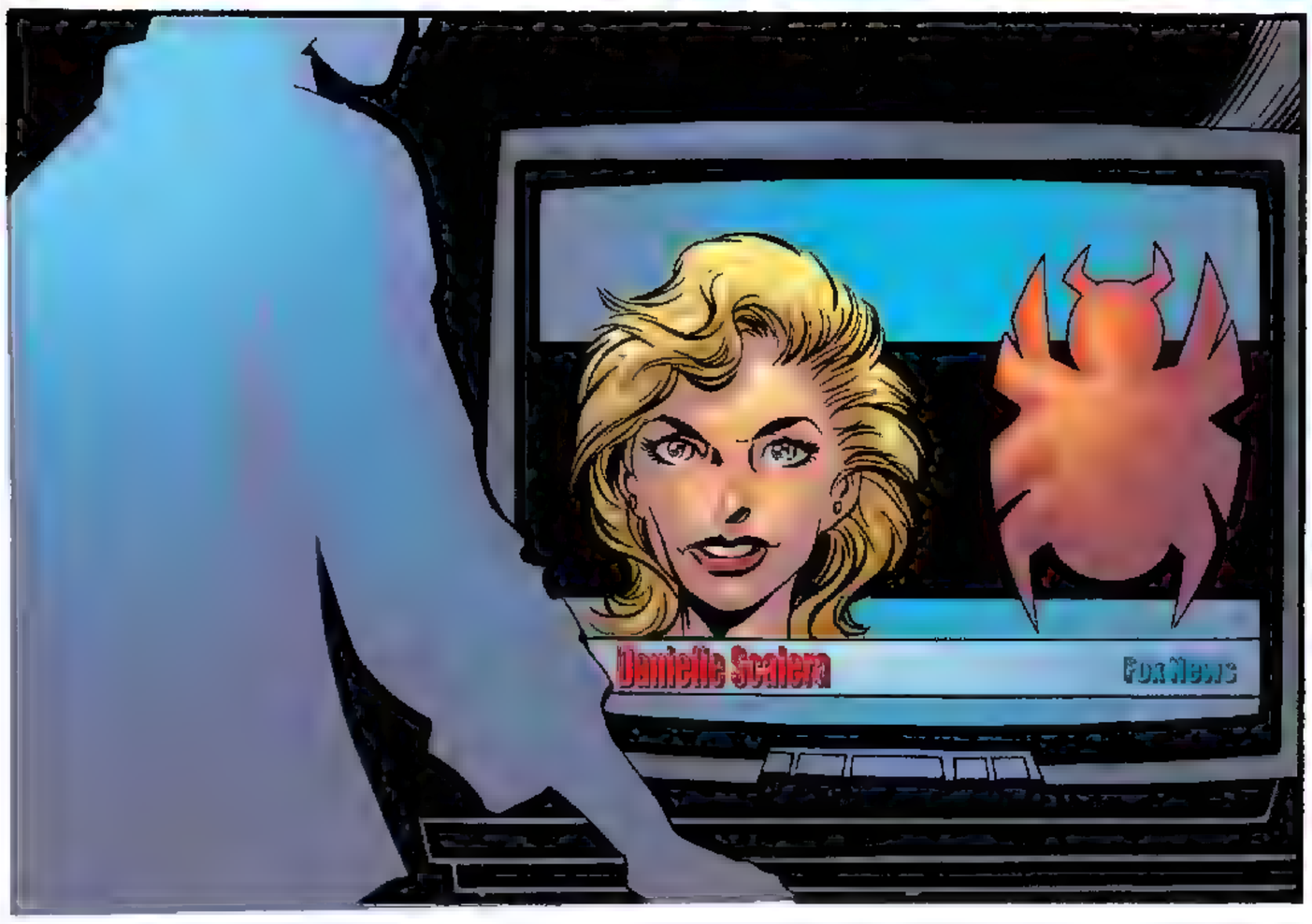
What a load!

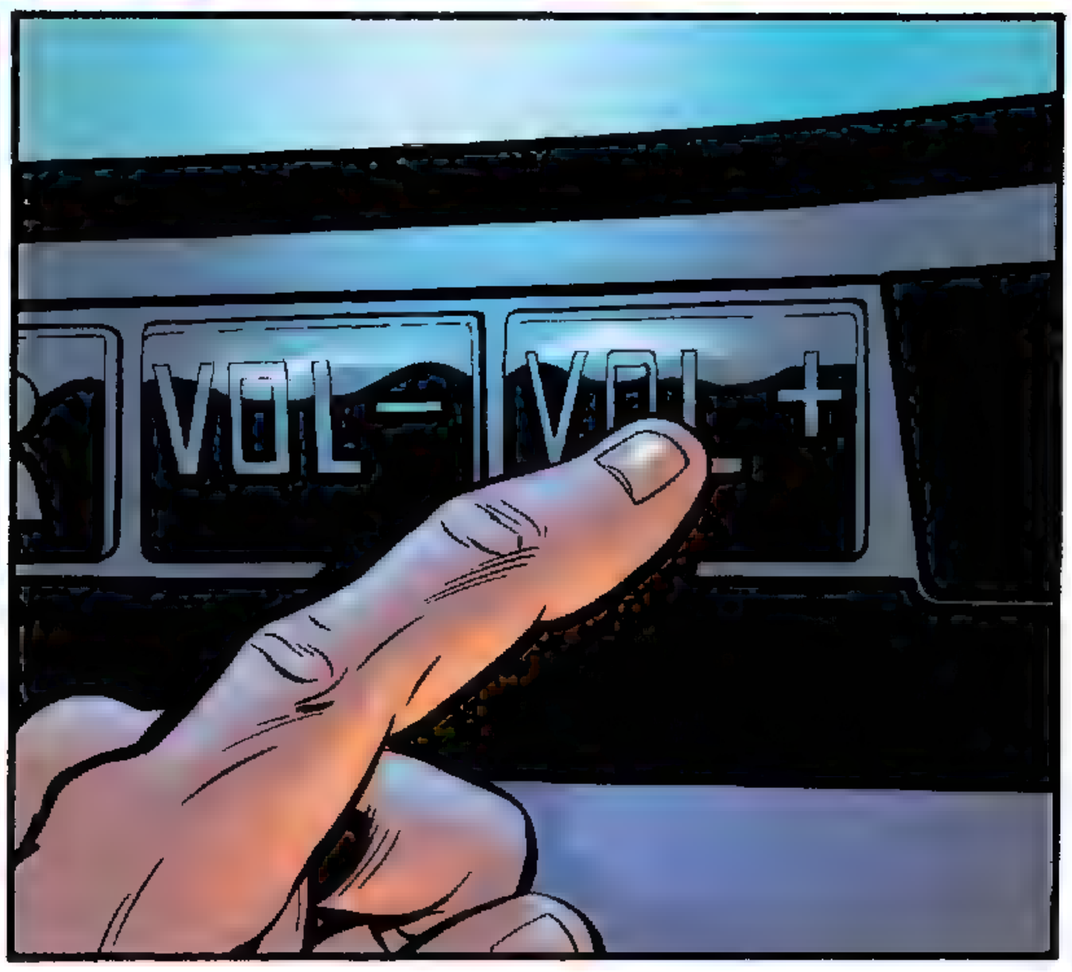
Cheats on her mom and is all a jerk about it and now he has the nerve to sneak through her stuff and come around here and try to break us up?

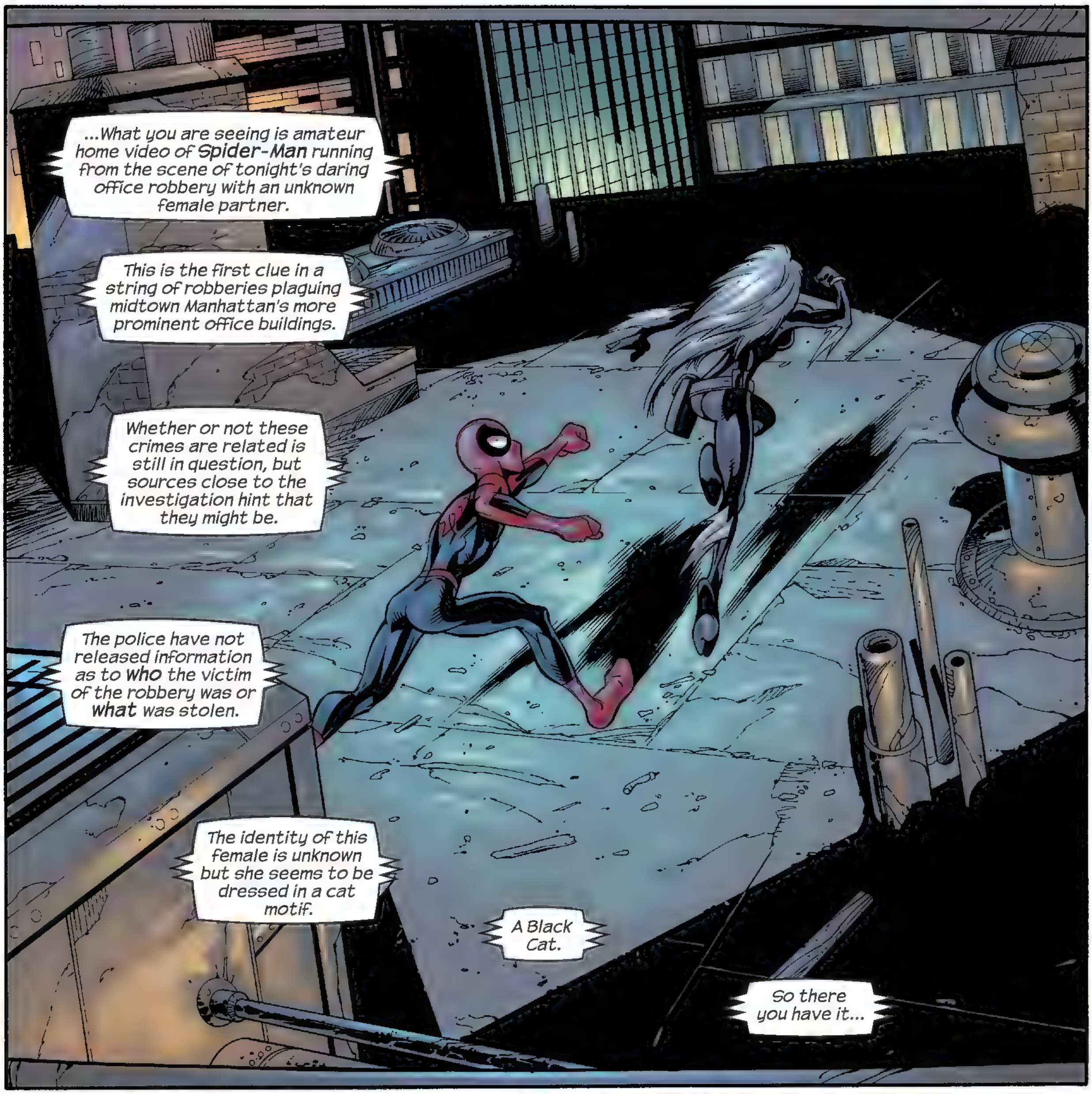
Maybe I will *marry* her.

I'll just go sneak off to wherever it is around here you sneak off to and I'll just marry her and tell him to go--

Oh, no...






...What you are seeing is amateur home video of Spider-Man running from the scene of tonight's daring office robbery with an unknown female partner.
This is the first clue in a string of robberies plaguing midtown Manhattan's more prominent office buildings.
Whether or not these crimes are related is still in question, but sources close to the investigation hint that they might be.
The police have not released information as to who the victim of the robbery was or what was stolen.
The identity of this female is unknown but she seems to be dressed in a cat motif.
A Black Cat.
So there you have it...

A brief glimpse at the terror that stalks our city when the sun goes down.
And it looks like his name is Spider-Man after all.
And that seven years' bad luck starts...
...right now.
To be continued...

...what you are seeing is amateur home video of **Spider-Man** running from the scene of tonight's daring, midnight office robbery with an unknown female partner.
This is the first clue to a **string** of robberies plaguing midtown Manhattan's more prominent office buildings.
Whether or not these crimes are related is still in question, but sources close to the investigation hint that they **might** be.
The police have not released information as to **who** the victim of the robbery was or **what** was stolen...
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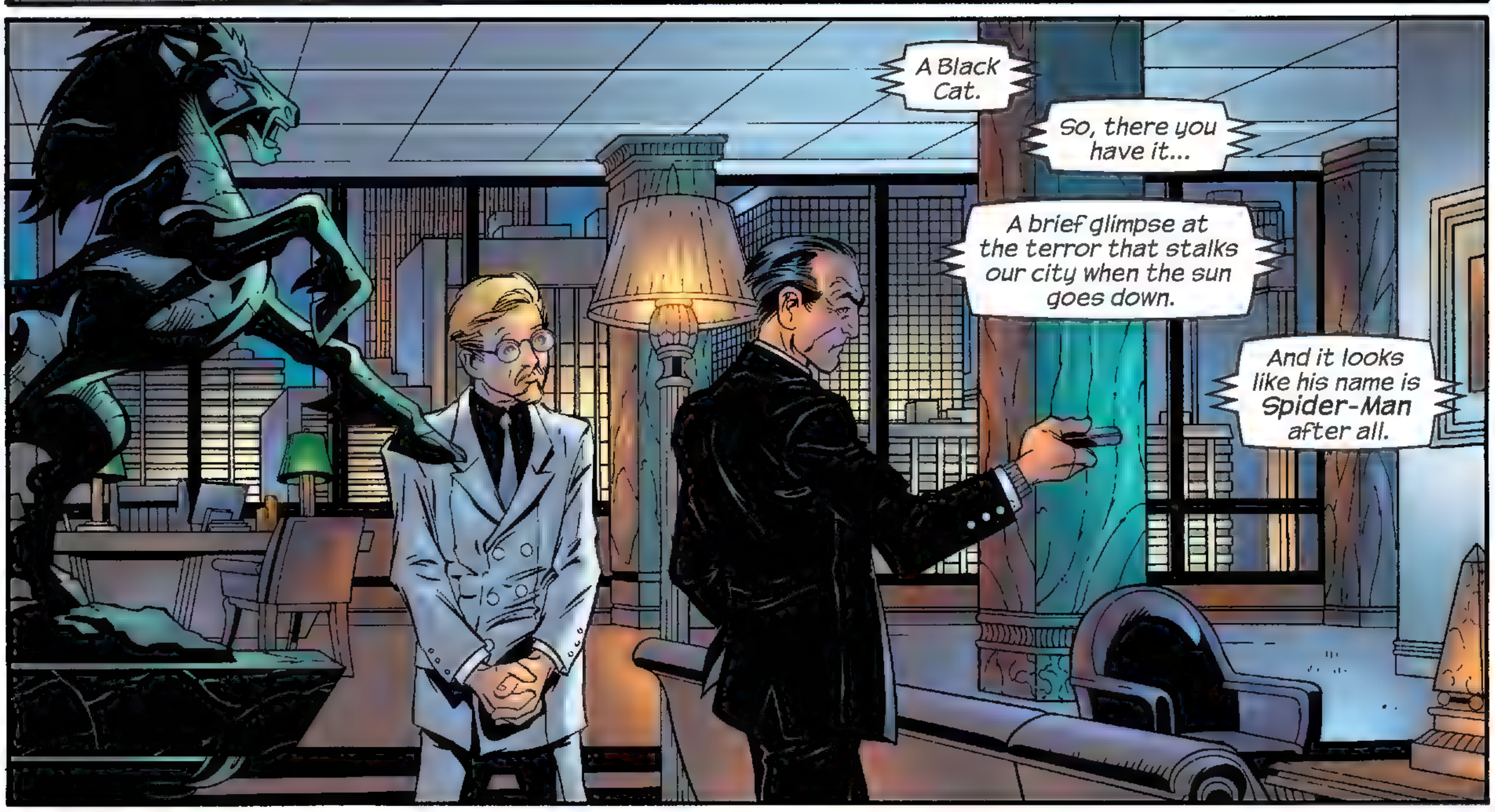
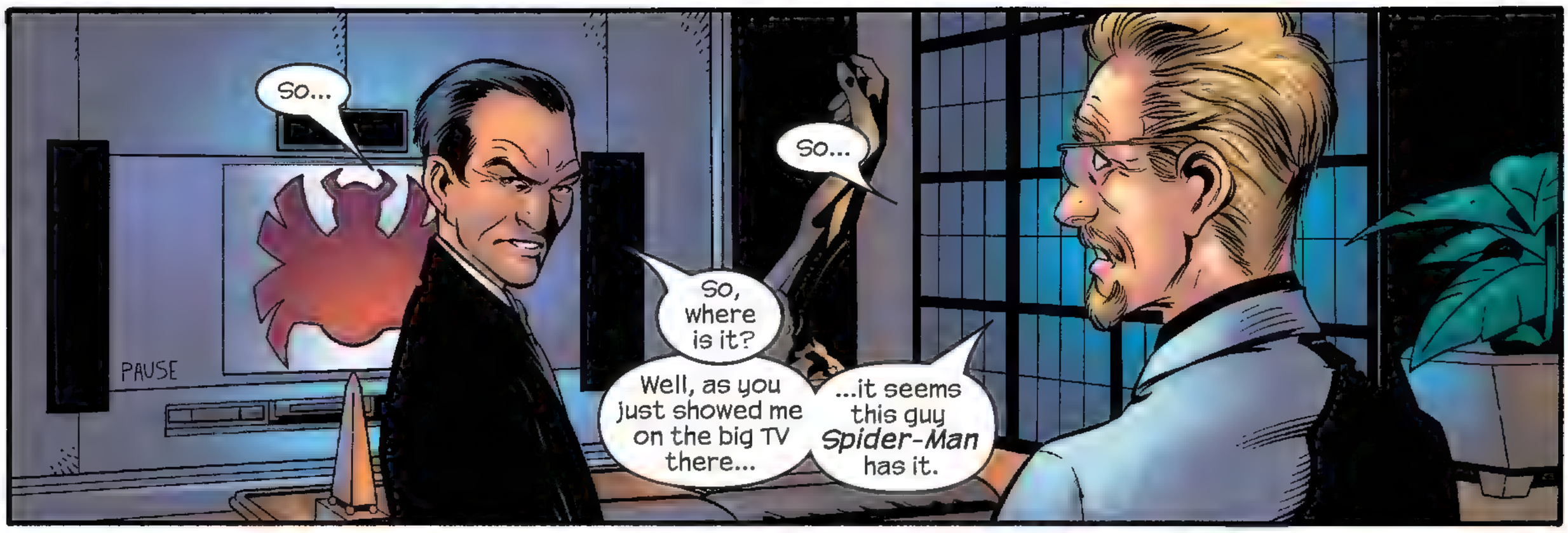
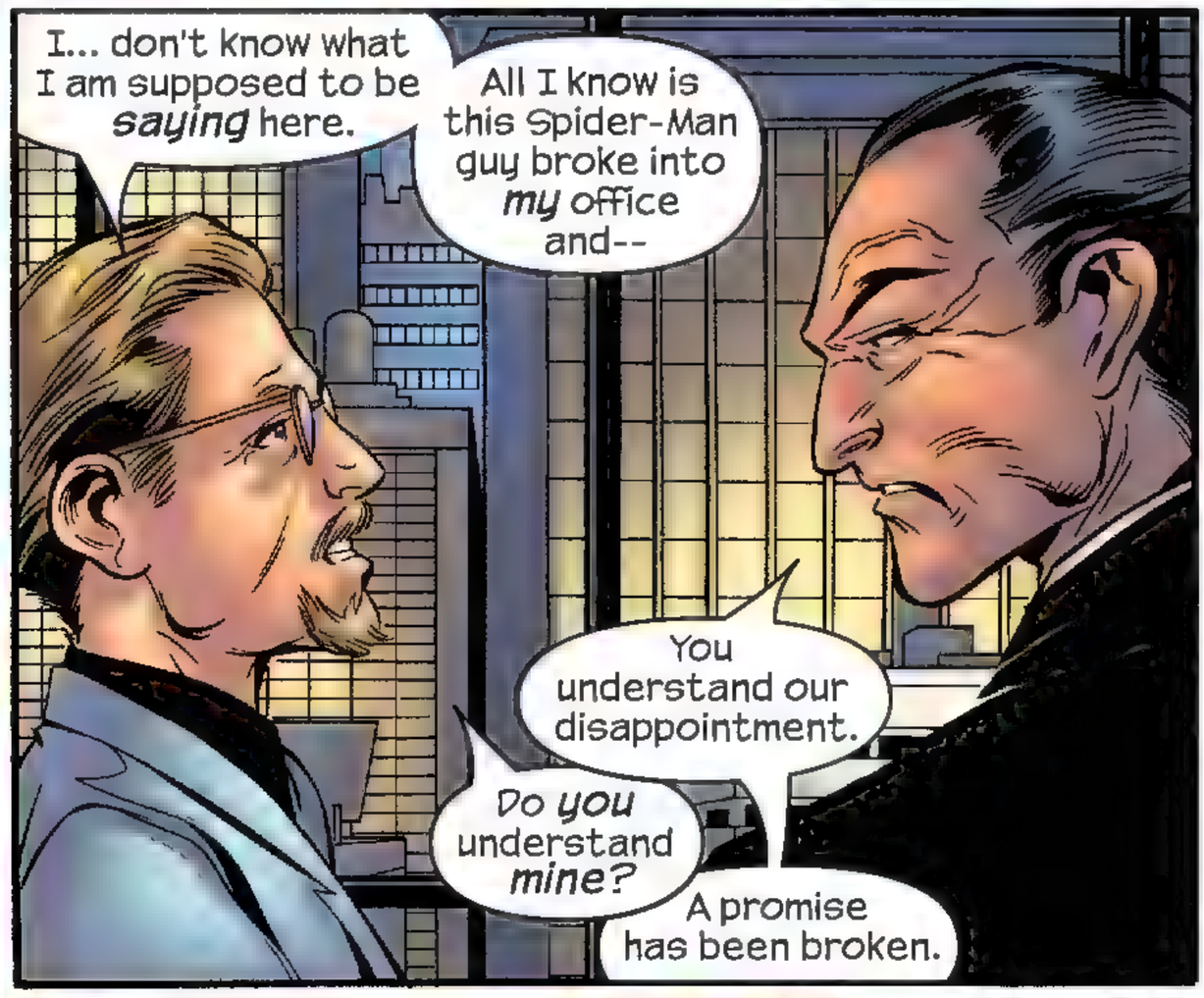
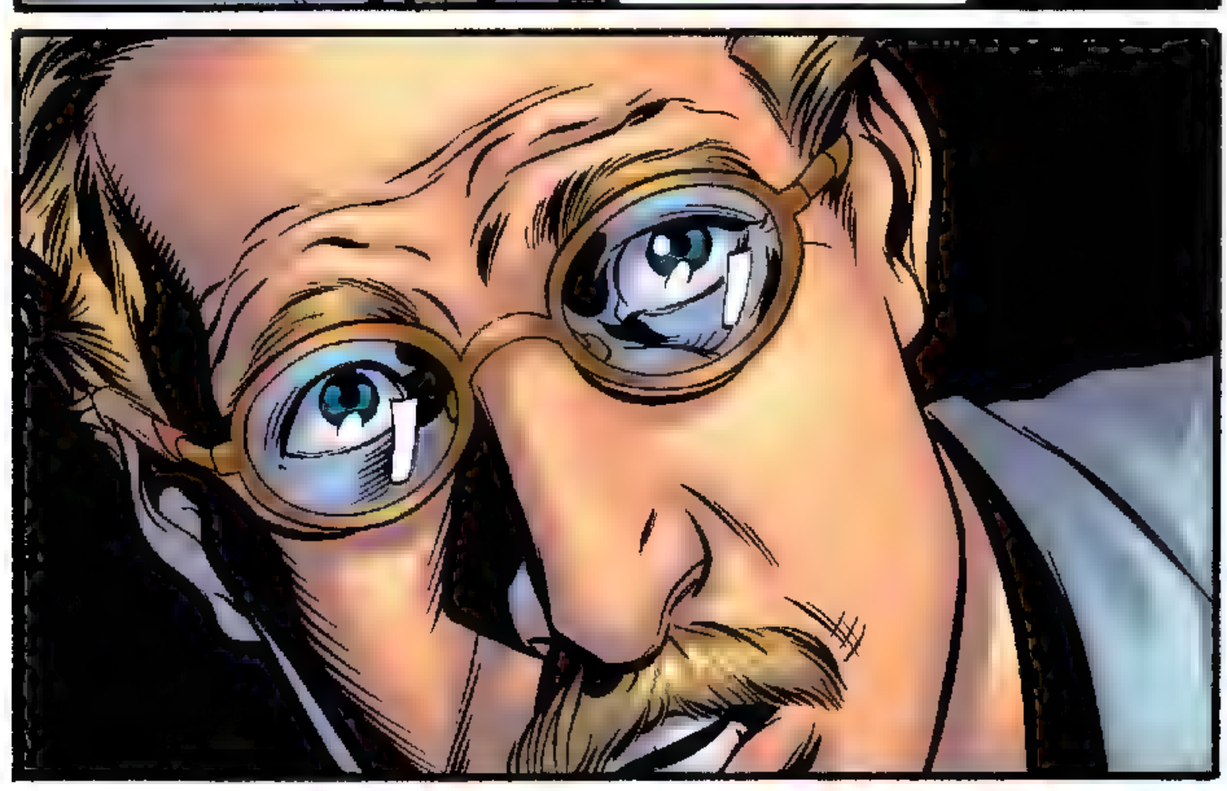

A Black Cat.
So, there you have it...
A brief glimpse at the terror that stalks our city when the sun goes down.
And it looks like his name is **Spider-Man** after all.

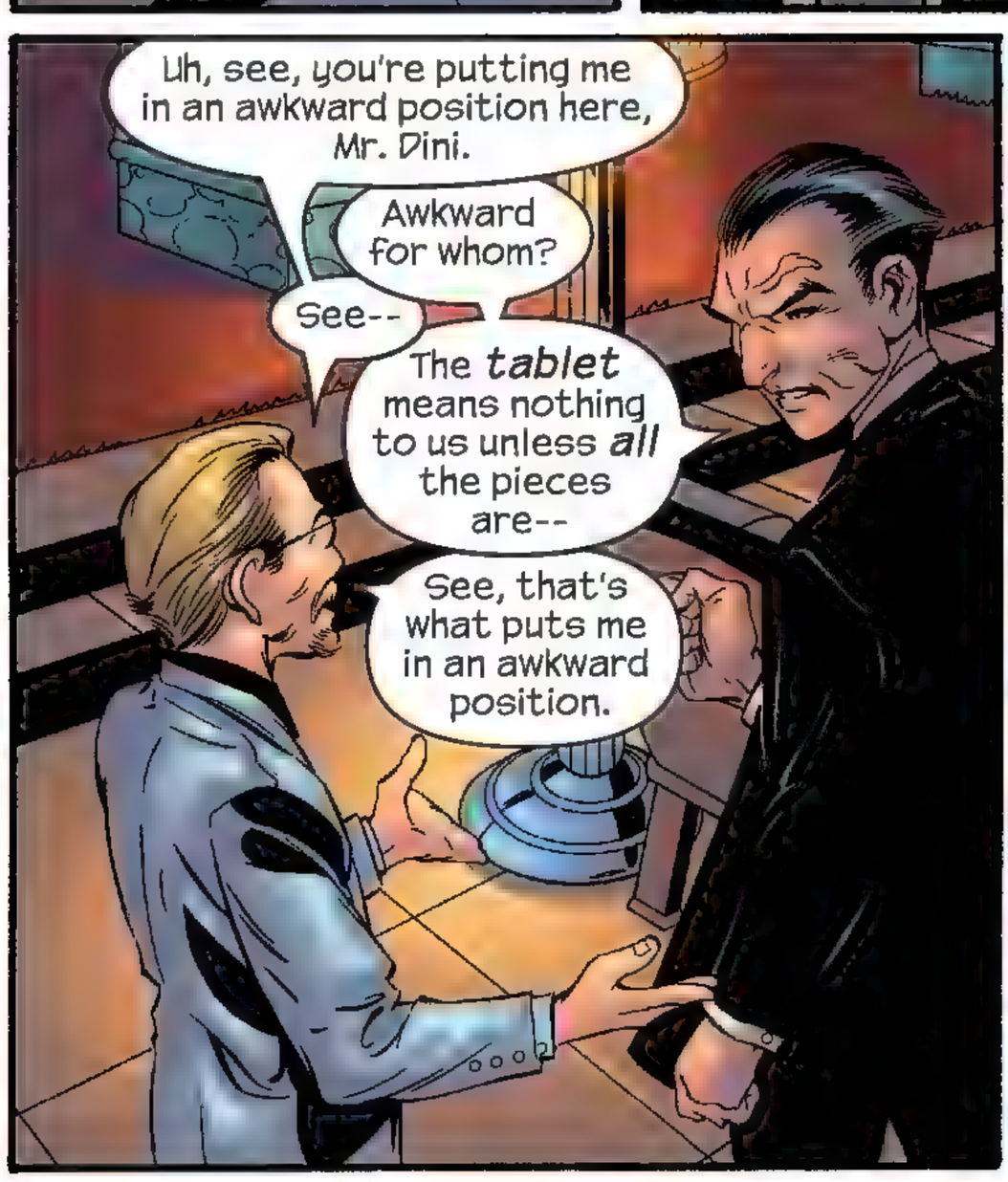

So...
PAUSE
So, where is it?
Well, as you just showed me on the big TV there...
So...
...it seems this guy *Spider-Man* has it.

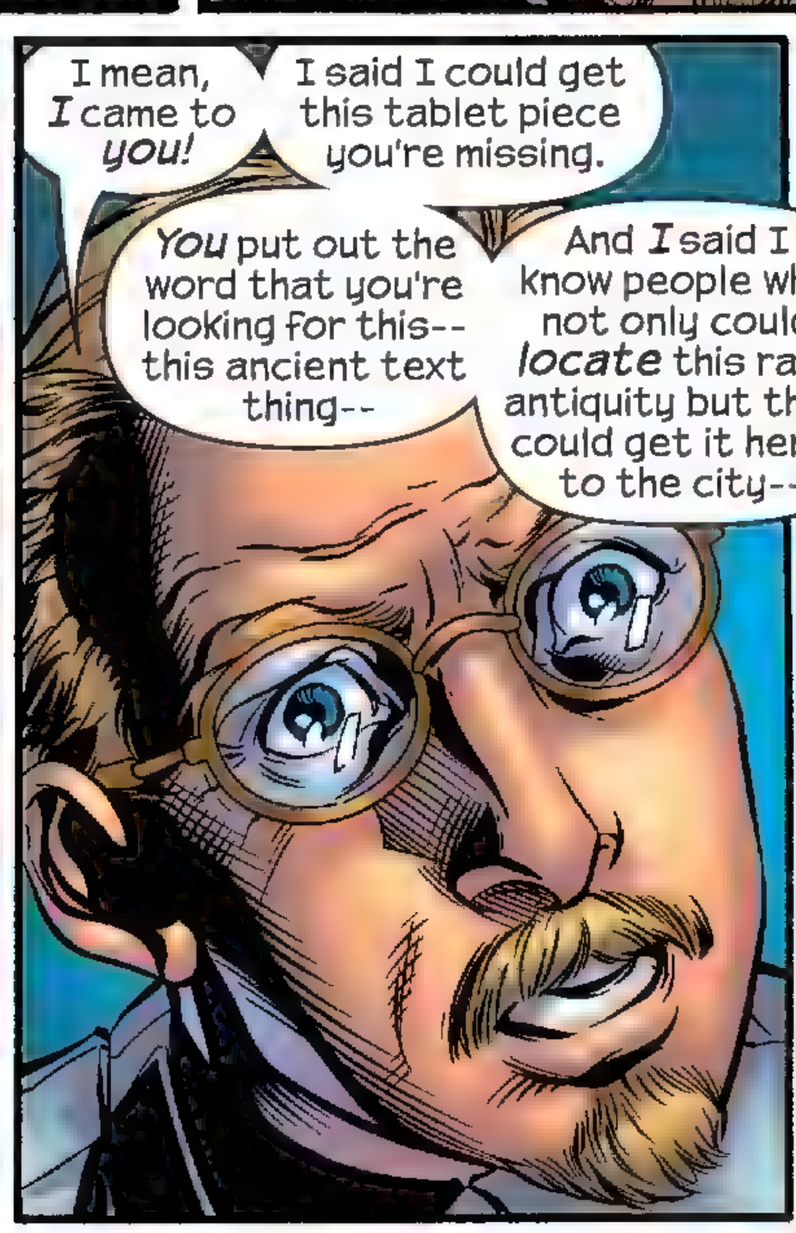
Ahh, right.

So what are *we* going to *do*, Mr. Moore?

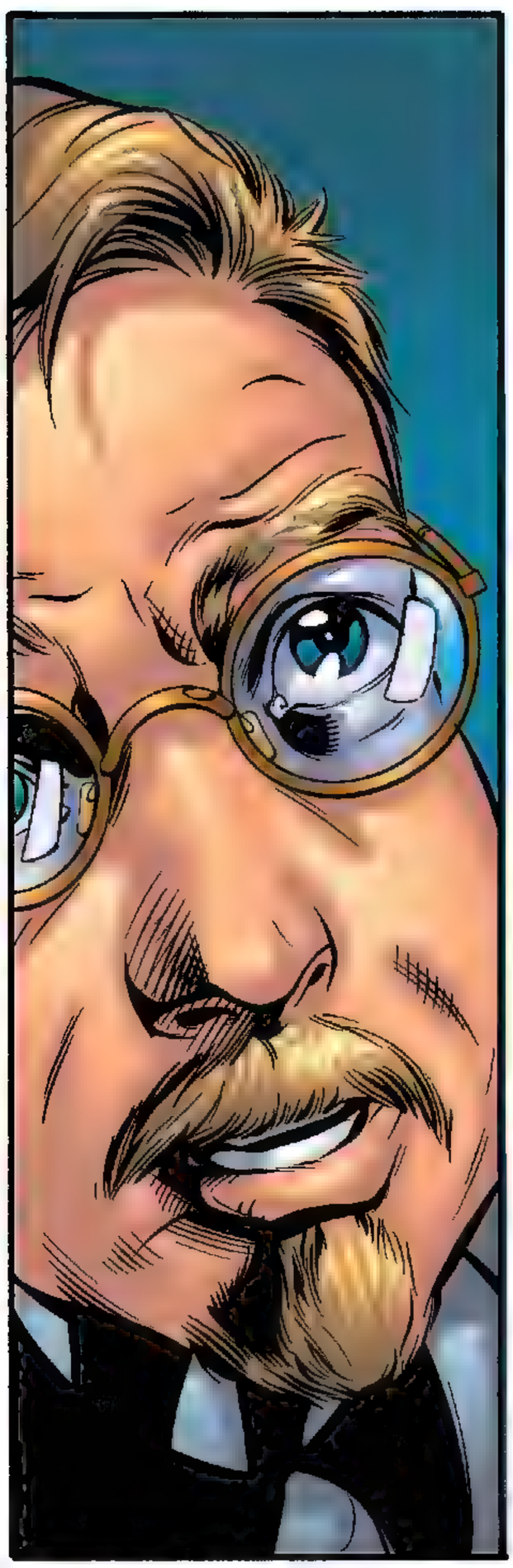

I... don't know what I am supposed to be *saying* here.
All I know is this Spider-Man guy broke into *my* office and--
You understand our disappointment.
Do you understand *mine?*
A promise has been broken.

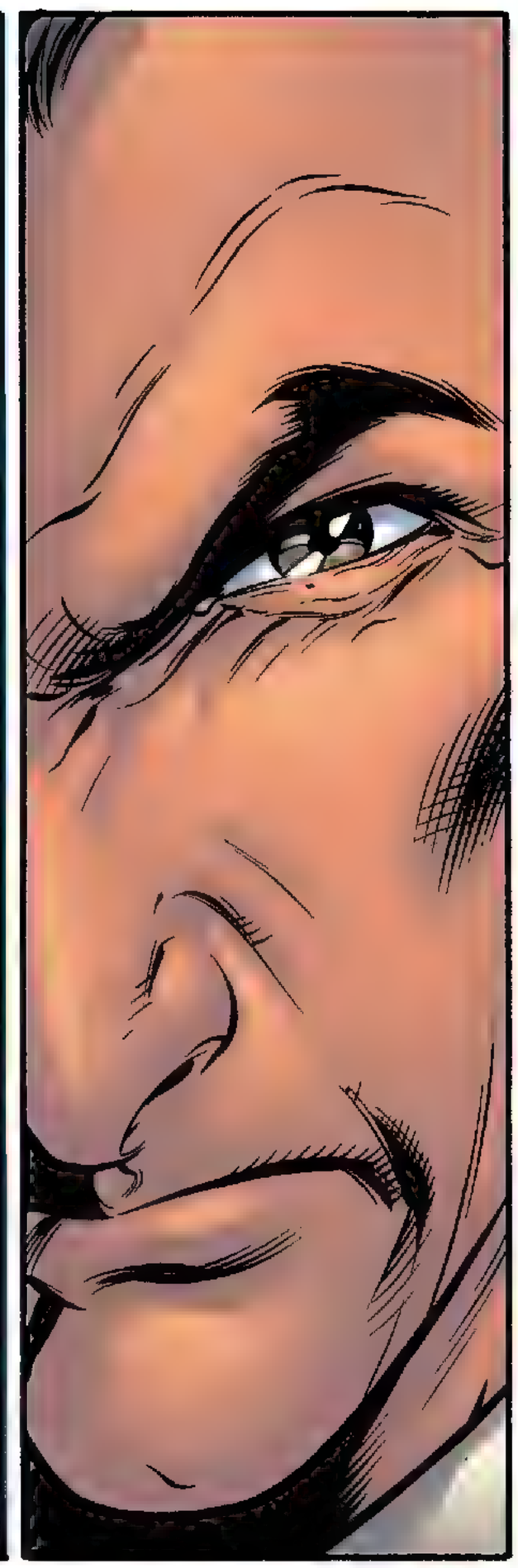



Uh, see, you're putting me in an awkward position here, Mr. Dini.
Awkward for whom?
See--
The *tablet* means nothing to us unless *all* the pieces are--
See, that's what puts me in an awkward position.

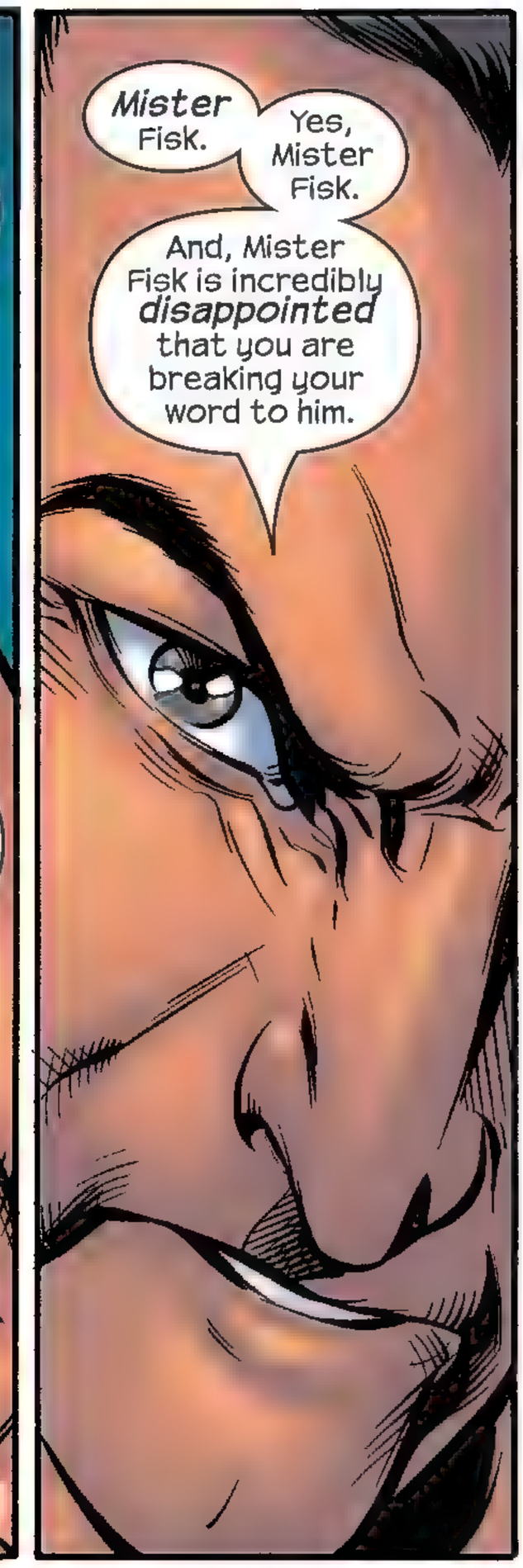

I mean, *I* came to *you!*
I said I could get this tablet piece you're missing.
You put out the word that you're looking for this-- this ancient text thing--
And *I* said I know people who not only could *locate* this rare antiquity but they could get it here, to the city--

And, yeah, like I said, I was very much looking forward to developing a *relationship* with the Kingpin and using this tablet piece as a-- a what? A *"bread breaking"* kind of thing.
I'm sorry...
...*what* did you call him?

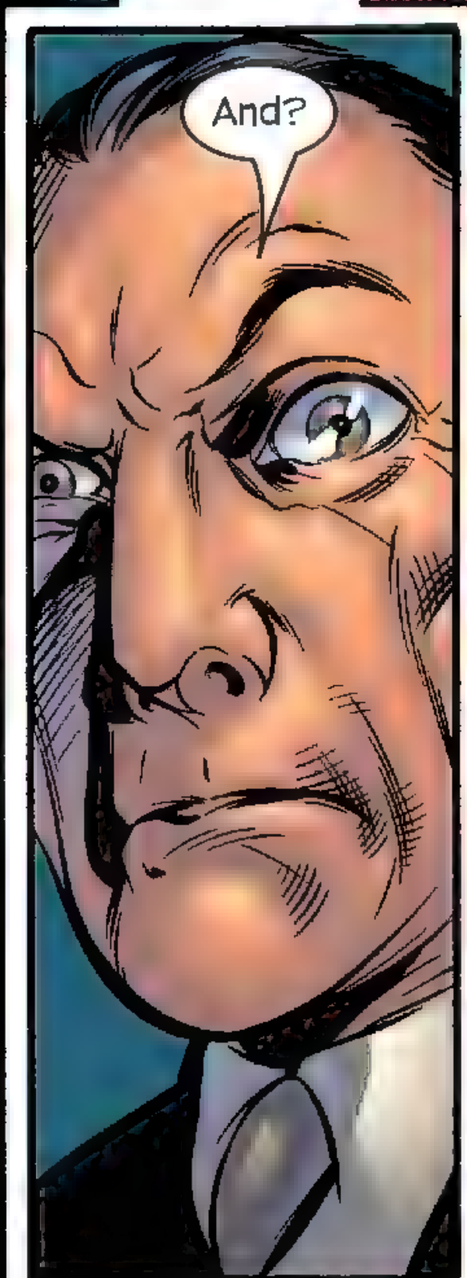




Oh, uh, Wilson-- W-W-Wilson Fisk.
I'm sorry. I meant to refer to him as Wilson.
K-Kingpin was just an unfortunate choice of--


Mister Fisk.
Yes, Mister Fisk.
And, Mister Fisk is incredibly disappointed that you are breaking your word to him.

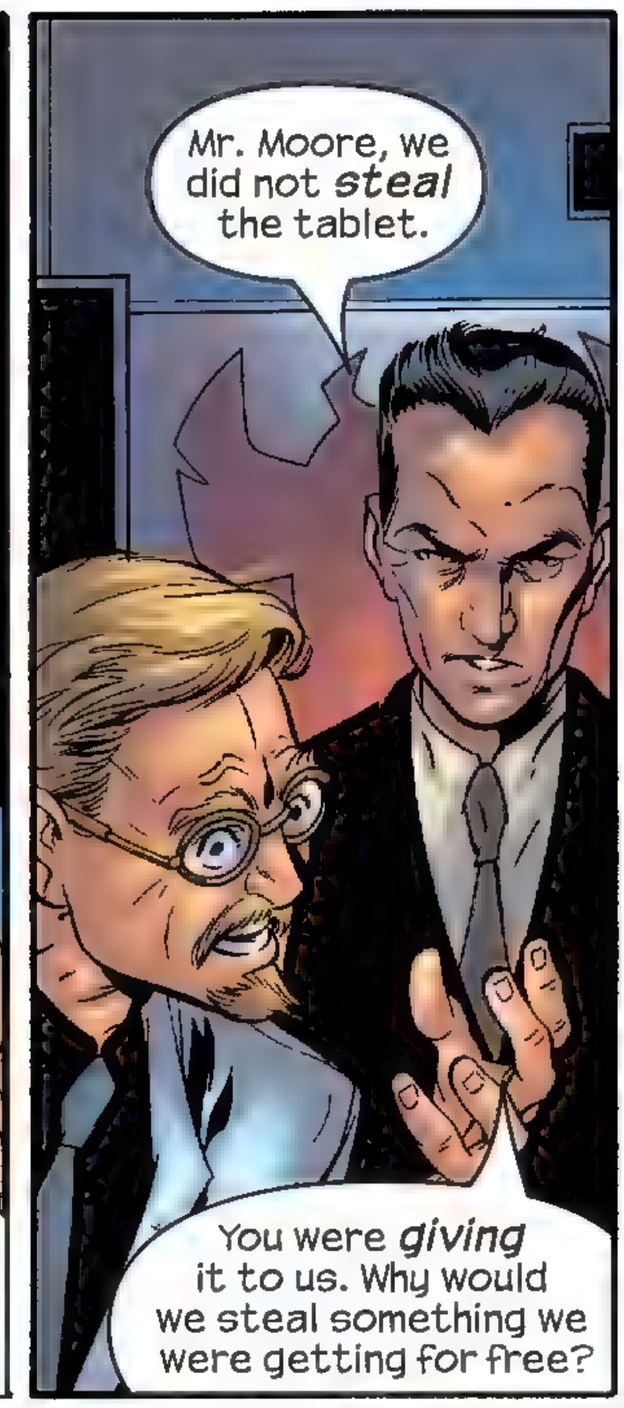
Well, what I am saying is, I tell you I am acquiring it.
Where and when.
I tell you that I will have it this week...
And now it's missing.


And?

And now it's missing!!
I tell you, and you only, that I would have the tablet piece and now I don't have it.
Now this Spider-Man-- I mean Spider-Man and some girl break into my office and steal it??

Are you insinuating--?

Insinuating? No, no!
Okay, yes!! Yes, of course.
See, I told no one about the tablet. No one but you and Mr. Fisk.
So, I mean, listen, let's call it what it is.
I have pretty heavy-duty custom security and these freaks just slid right past it like-- like I don't know what.

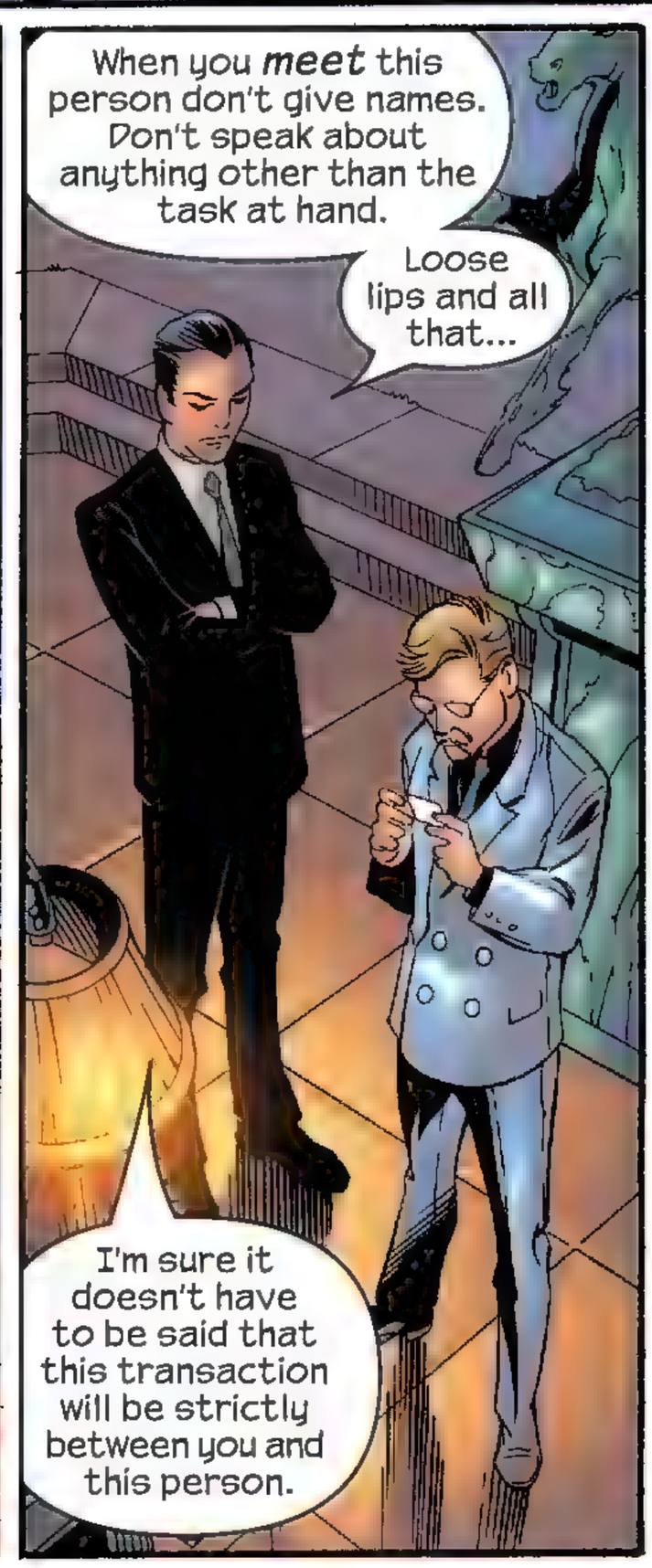

Mr. Moore, we did not steal the tablet.
You were giving it to us. Why would we steal something we were getting for free?

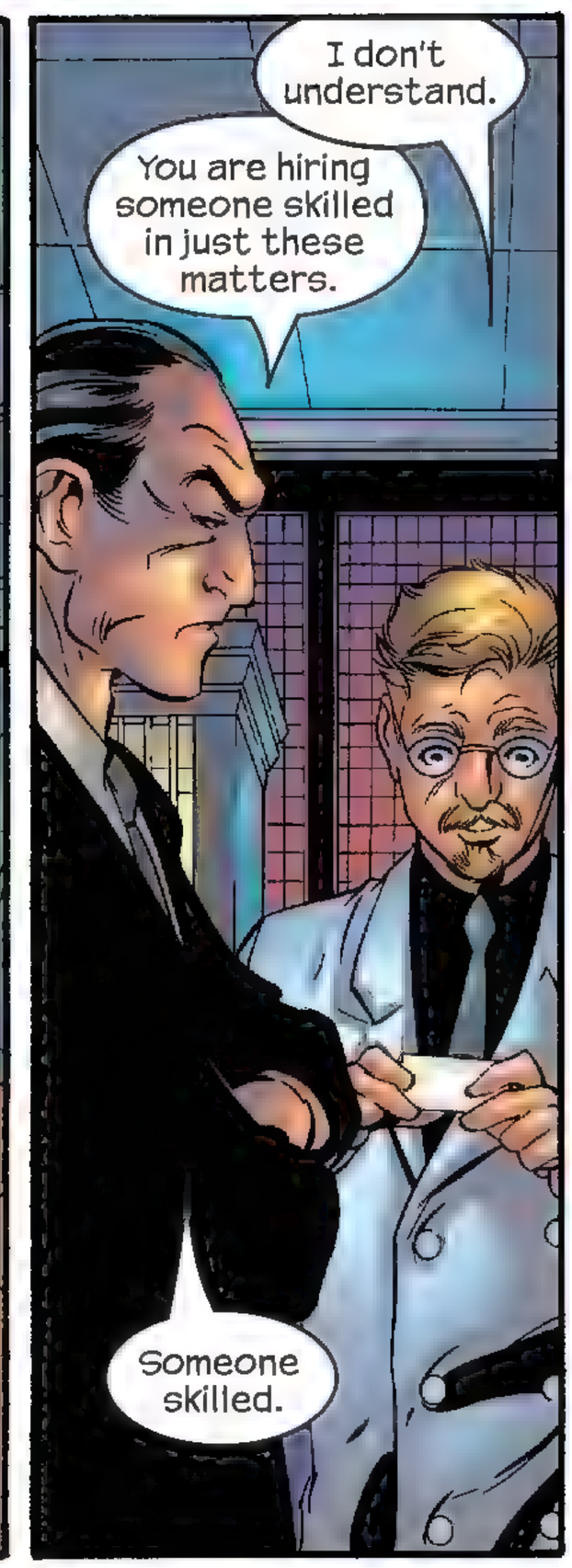
I don't know. Listen, you're the Kingp- you're Mr. Fisk's guy, you're the man.
I'm saying- I'm not necessarily saying you or-or Mr. Fisk did this to me...
I'm saying somebody in this organization...

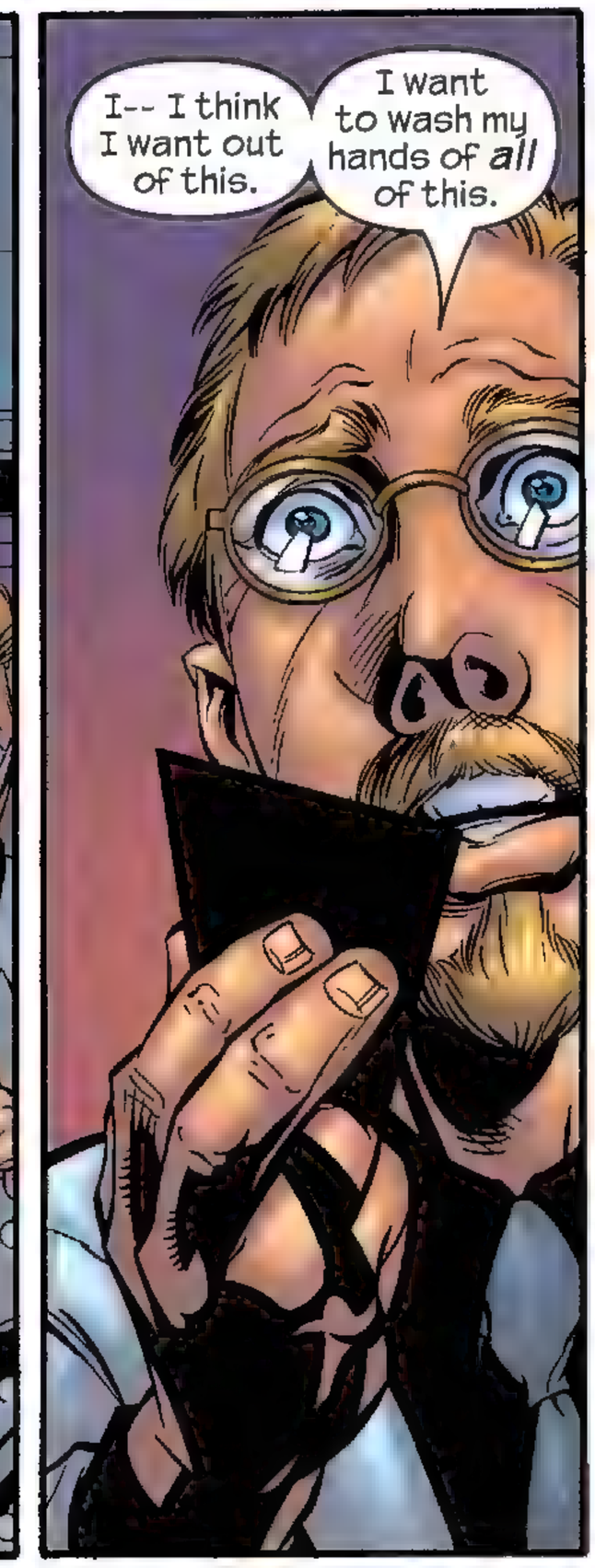
No one in this organization does anything unless told to.
Well, all I know is I told you and you only, and now it's gone.
And now you're all giving me the snake-eye like I did something wrong here.
Mr. Fisk wants the tablet piece, tonight, and he doesn't care how he gets it.

What am I supposed to do? I'm an investment banker who knows a guy at the museum who knows a guy.
That's it!!
I don't know anything about spider-men and cat burglars!!
I don't have a costume or mutant powers or the resources to--

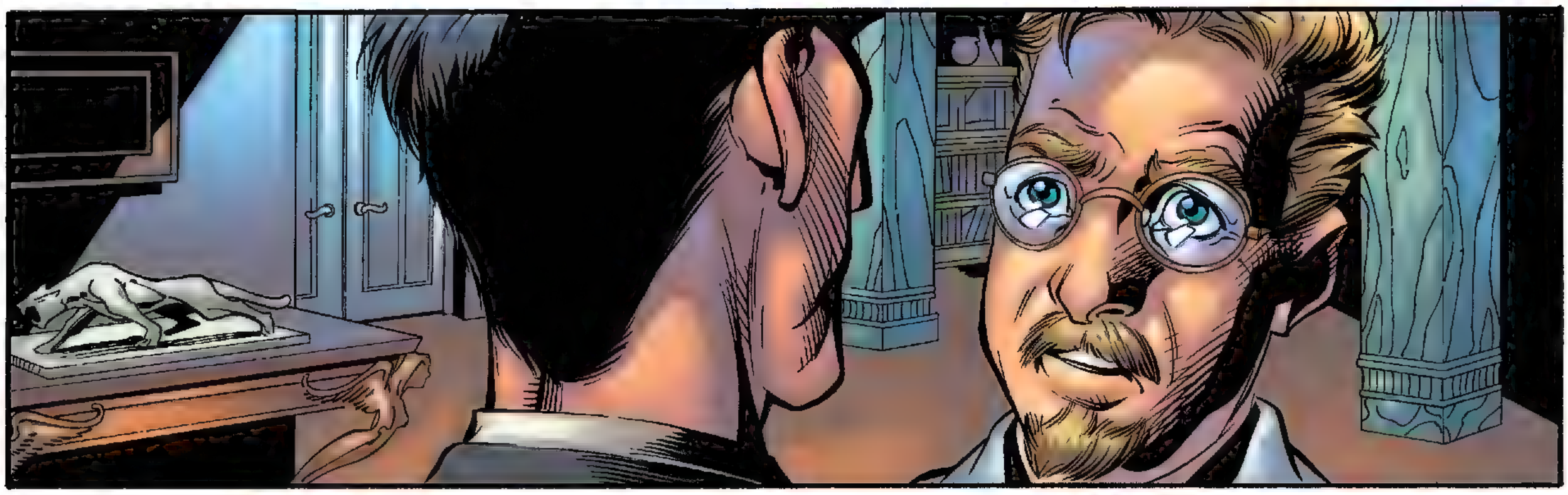
Call this number.
No one will answer. Leave a message.
Someone will call you back and name a place and time and tell you how much to bring.

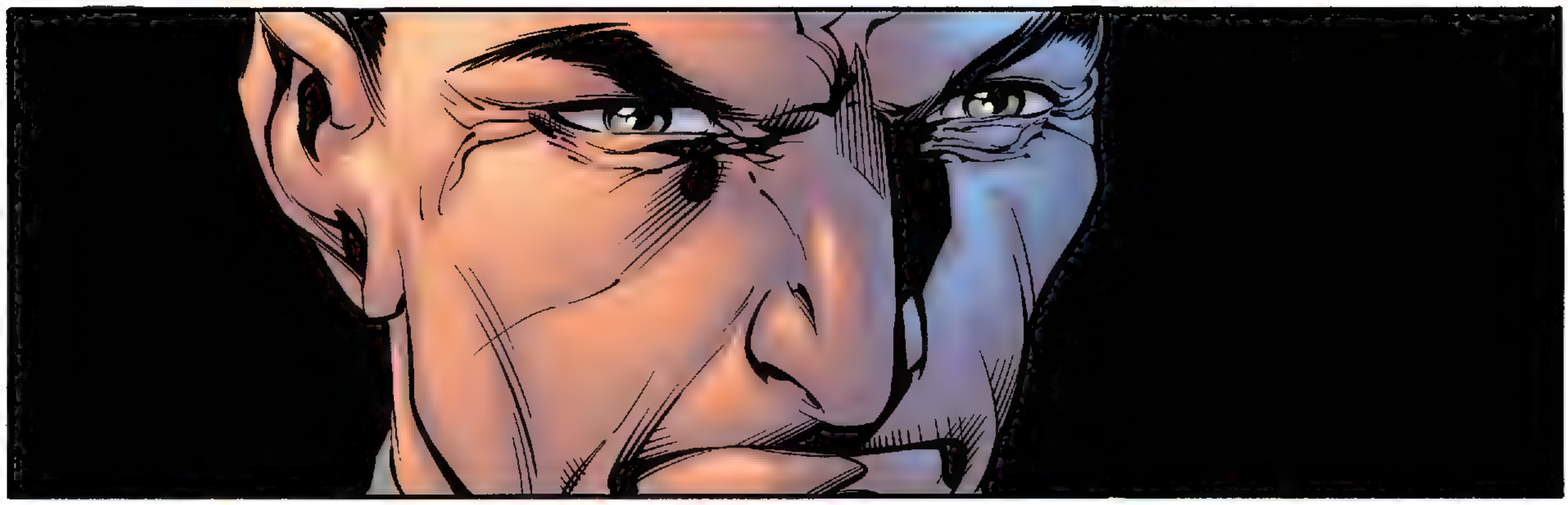

When you meet this person don't give names. Don't speak about anything other than the task at hand.
Loose lips and all that...
I'm sure it doesn't have to be said that this transaction will be strictly between you and this person.


I don't understand.
You are hiring someone skilled in just these matters.
Someone skilled.


I-- I think I want out of this.
I want to wash my hands of all of this.

You came to Mr. Fisk with a promise.
I think it best that you follow through with that promise.
As I am sure you have heard, he doesn't take well to disappointment.
I don't suppose you want to tell me what is so *important* about this *tablet* that all this crazy stuff is happening to me and my life.

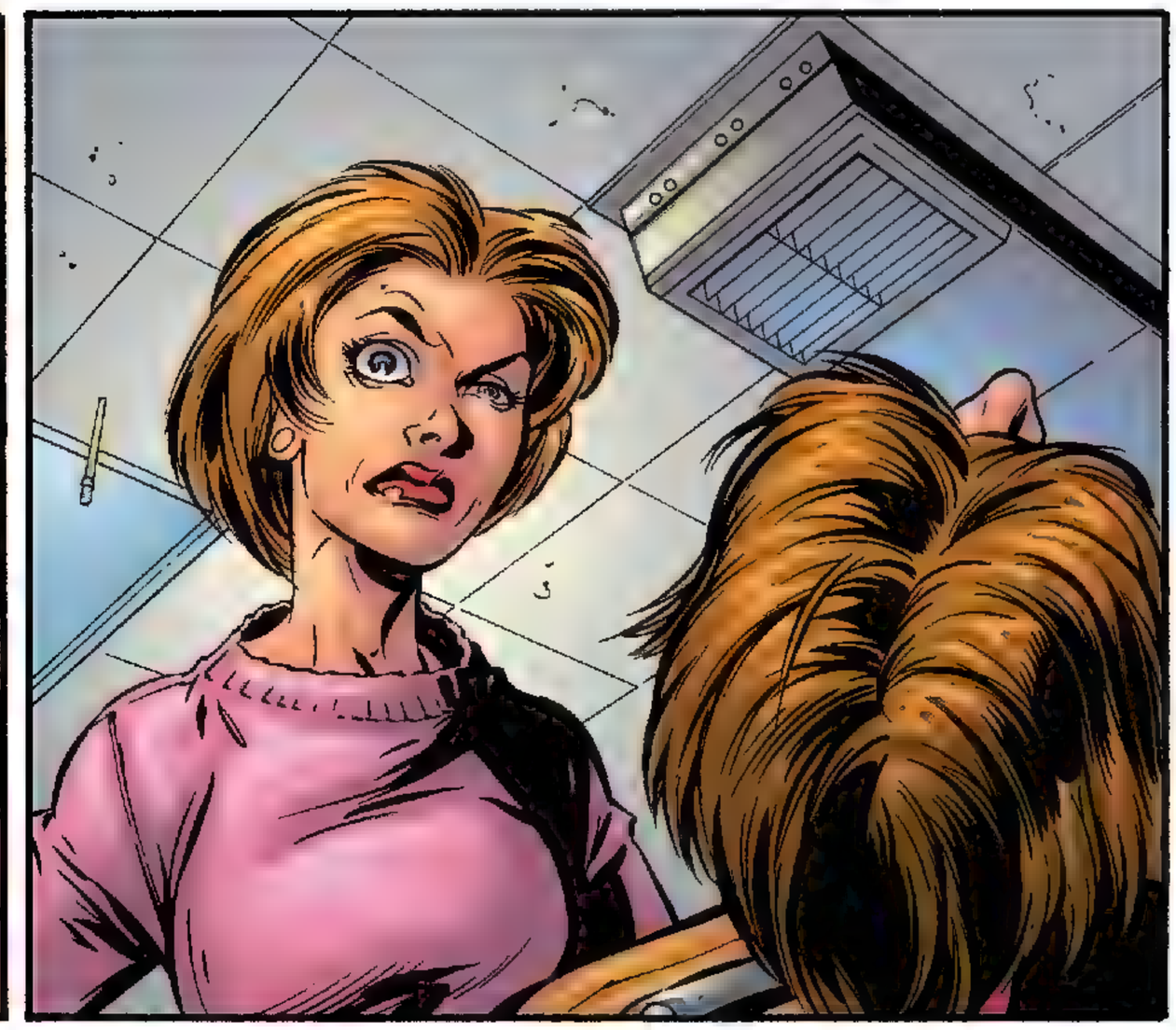




Well, I mean, is there anything you can tell me about this Spider-Man guy that will help me with this?

All I know about him is that as far as the Fisk organization is concerned...
...he is the most dangerous man on the face of the earth.

GGHHUUGGHH



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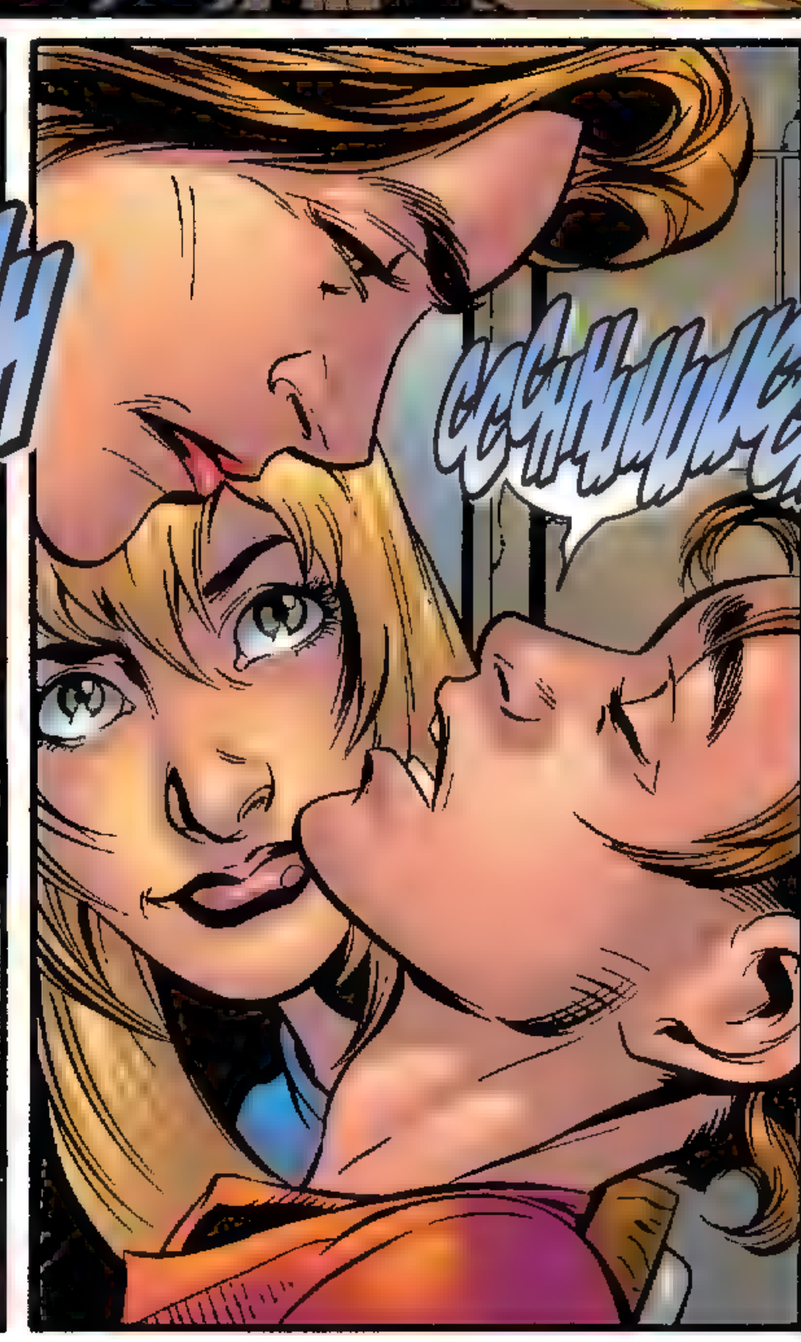
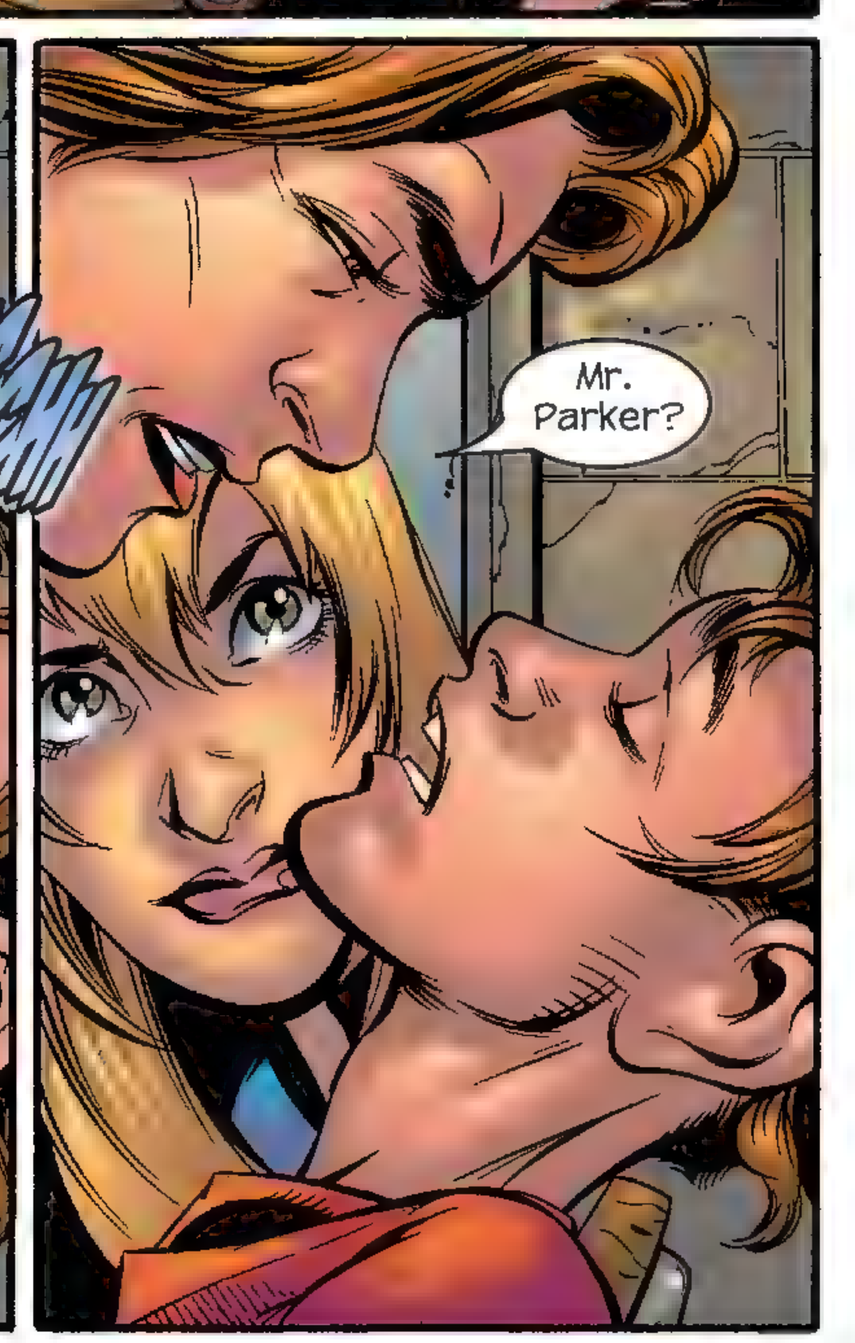
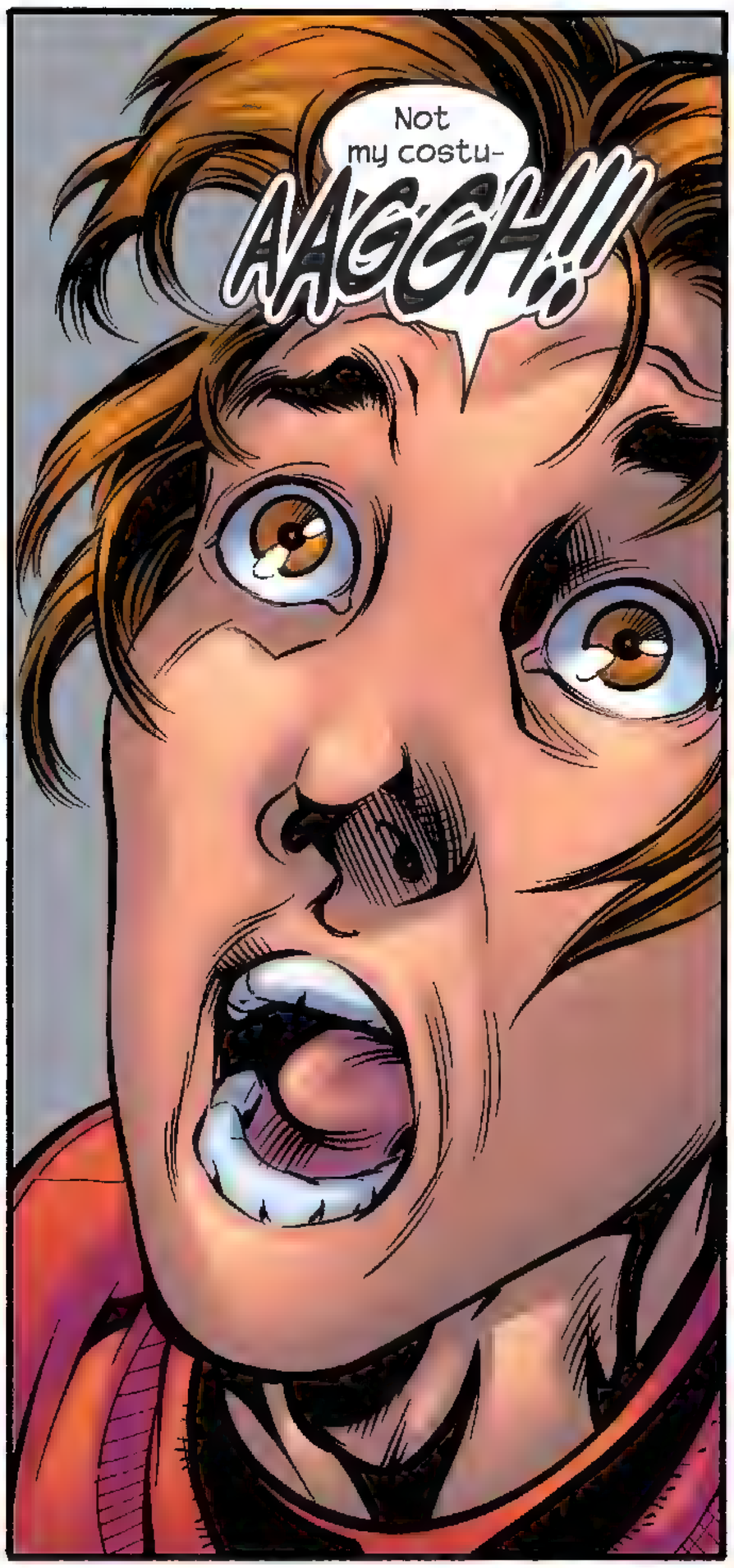

GGHHUUGGHH


Mr. Parker?

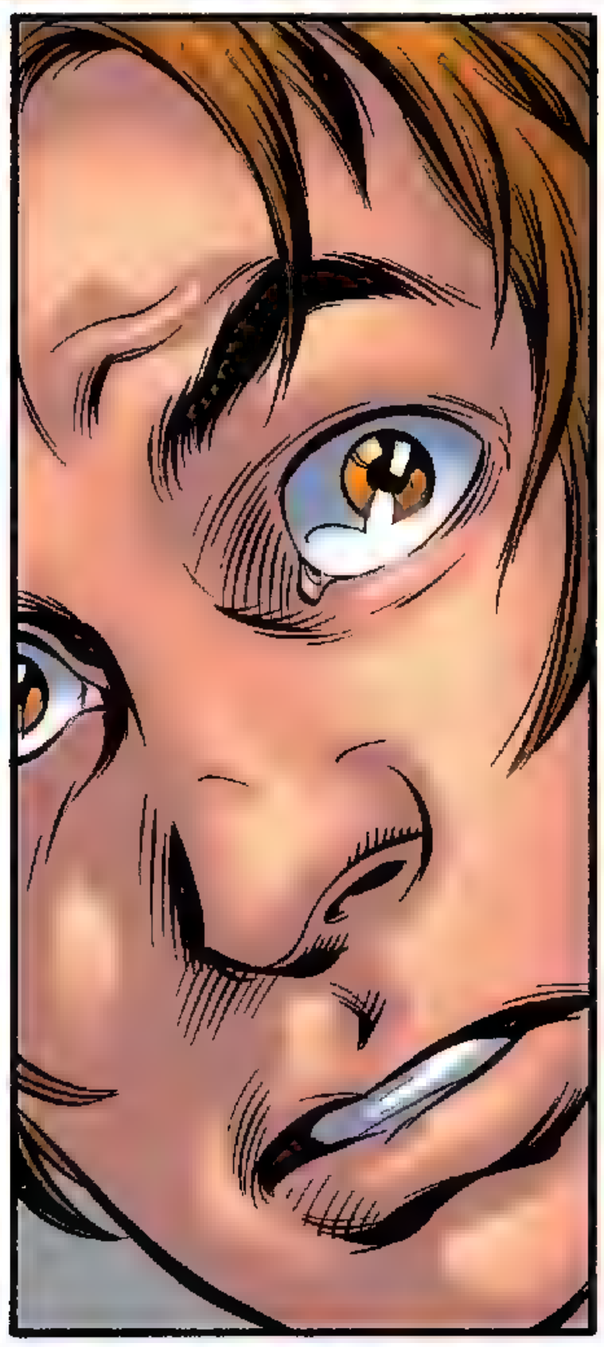

Not my costu-
AAGH!!

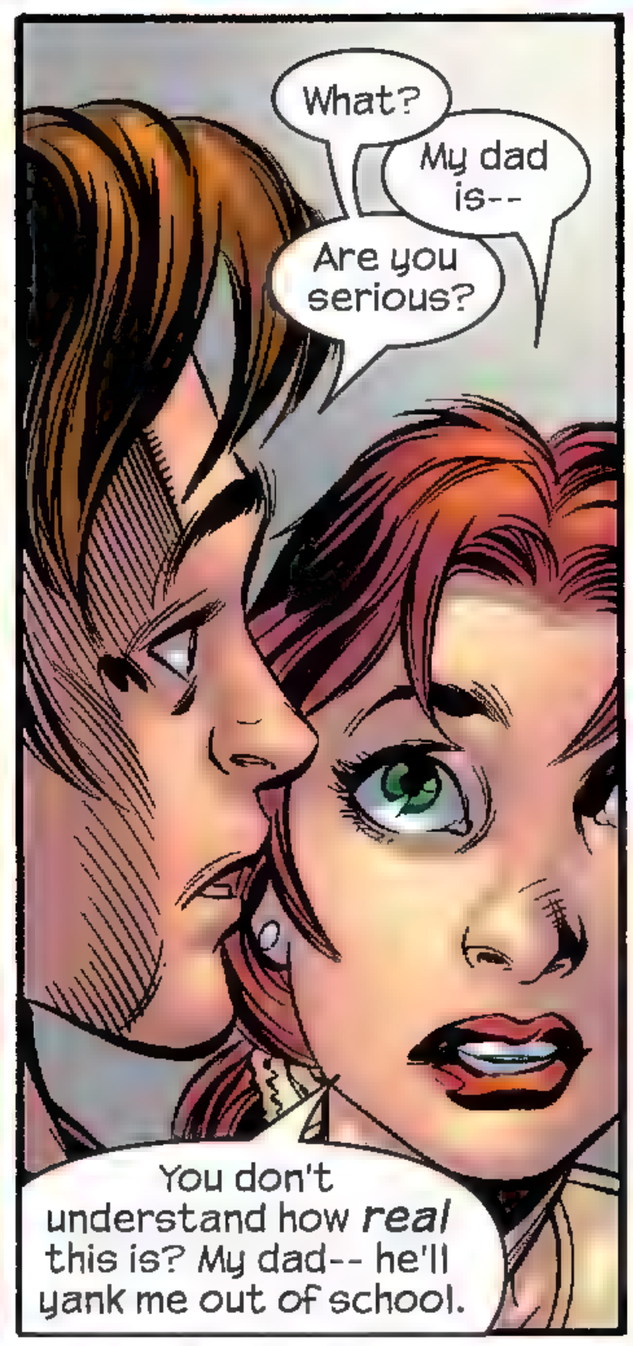
AGH!

Mr. Parker...
Cancel your plans for Saturday.
You have a date with detention.

Well, *that* was embarrassing,
I just could not get to *sleep* last night.
Did you *see* what was on TV about that burglary, MJ?
Did you see that?

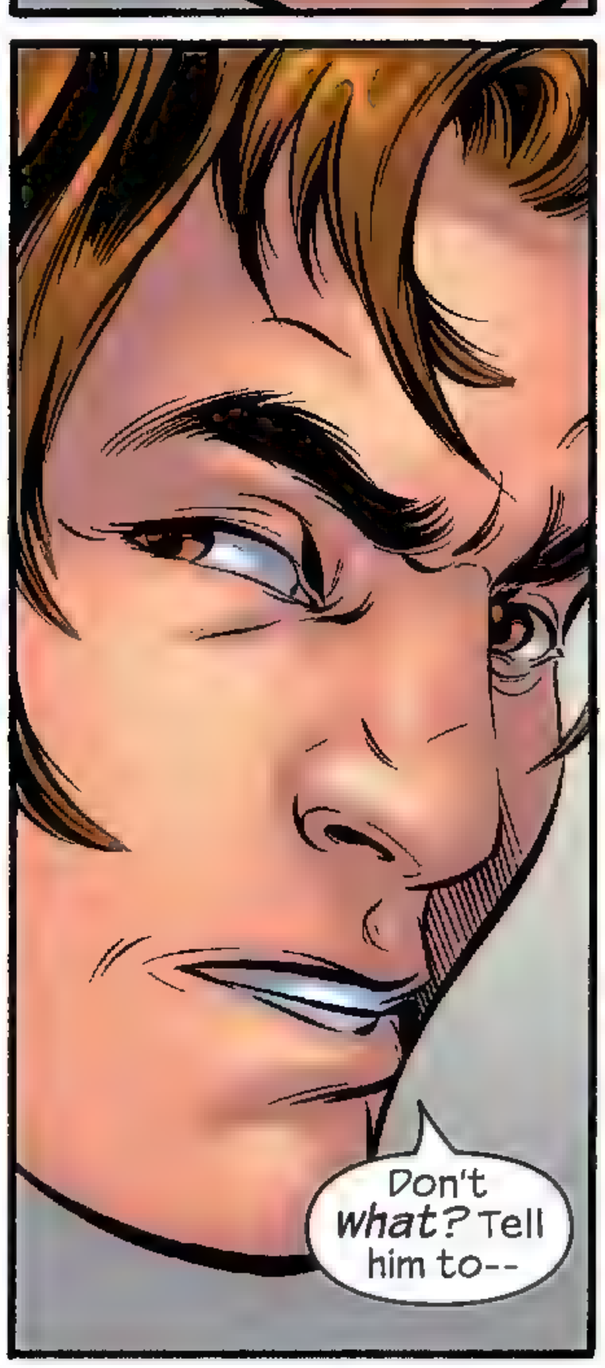
Now I'm a *cat burglar.*
I was trying to *stop* this crazy girl from-- what?
We shouldn't be talking.



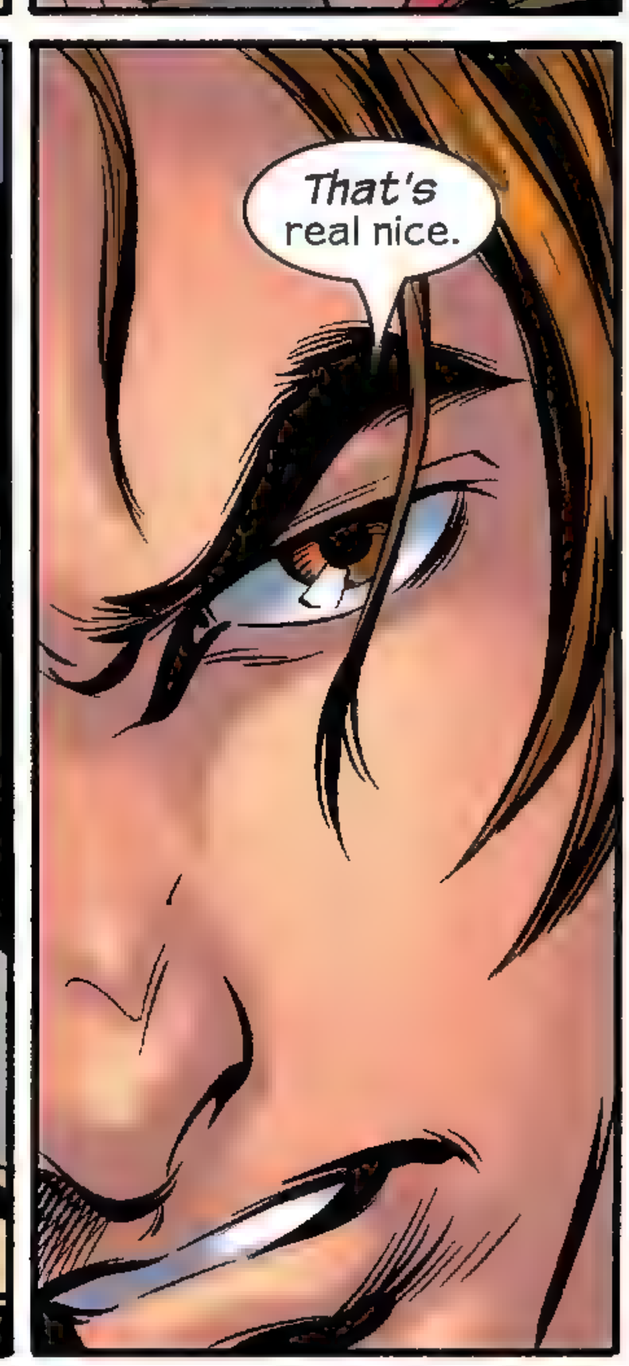

What?
My dad is--
Are you serious?
You don't understand how *real* this is? My dad-- he'll yank me out of school.

He's full of--
He's-- he's crazy.
This morning he was already on the phone to private schools--
He's bluffing you, MJ.

You don't *understand.*
I can't *believe* you.
You don't live how I live. You don't--

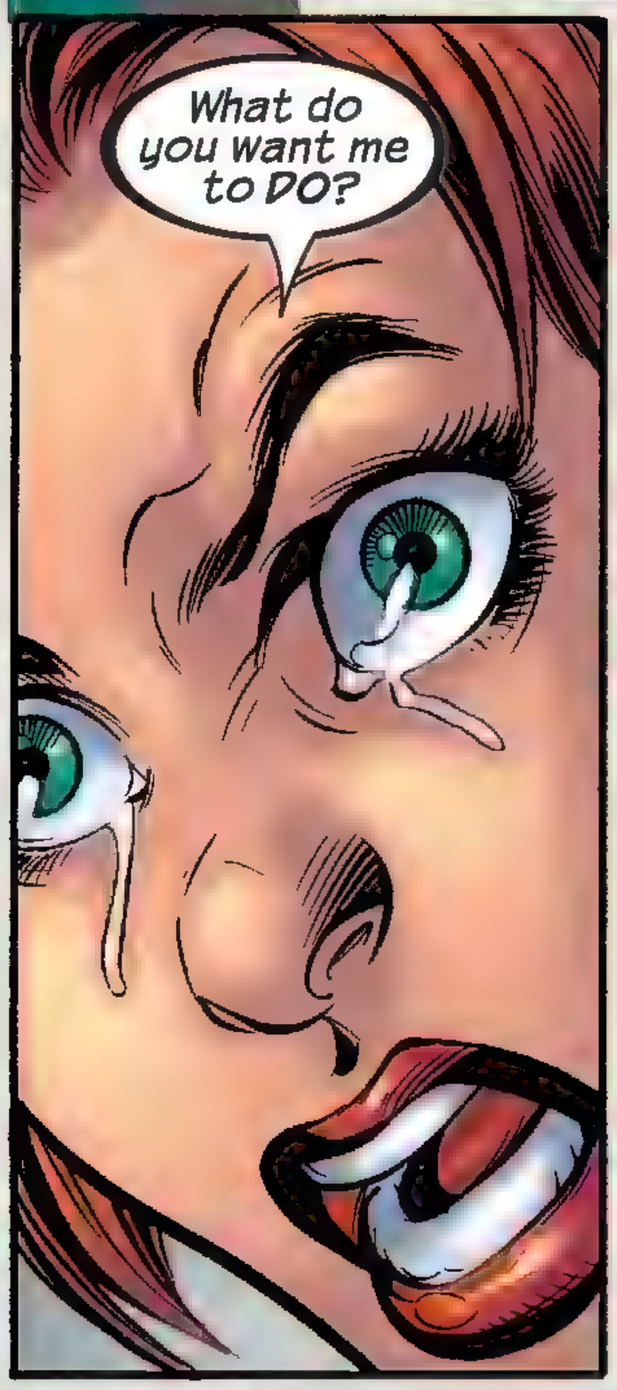

Don't *what?* Tell him to--

You don't have a *father.*
You don't understand the--

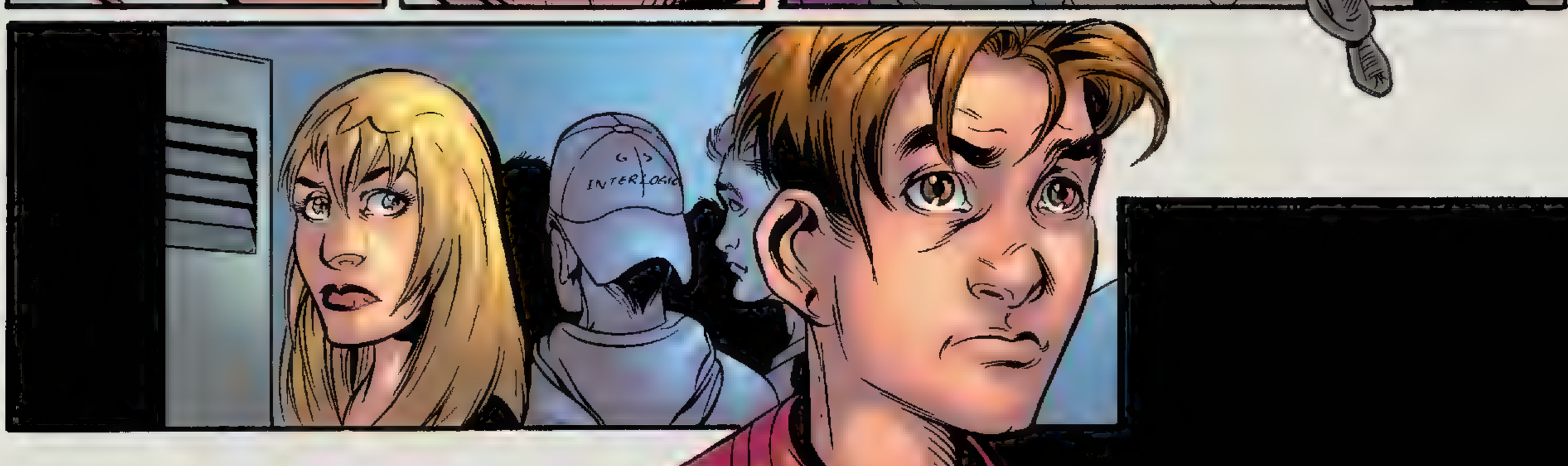

That's real nice.

No, no.
I'm sorry.

I can't believe you're letting this get *between* us like this. After all we've--
It's not me.
Well, it's not *me*.

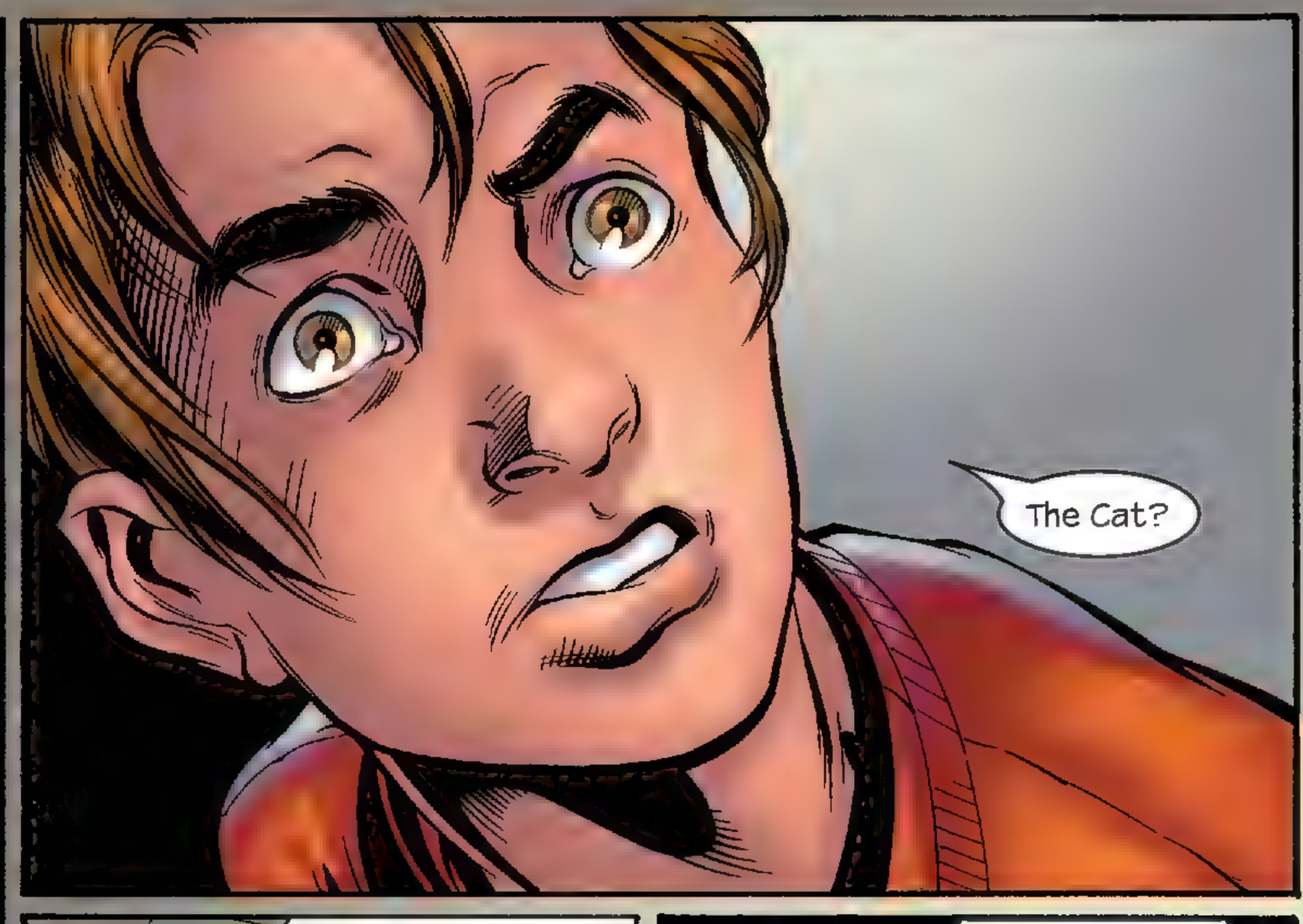

What do you want me to DO?

What do you want ME to do?

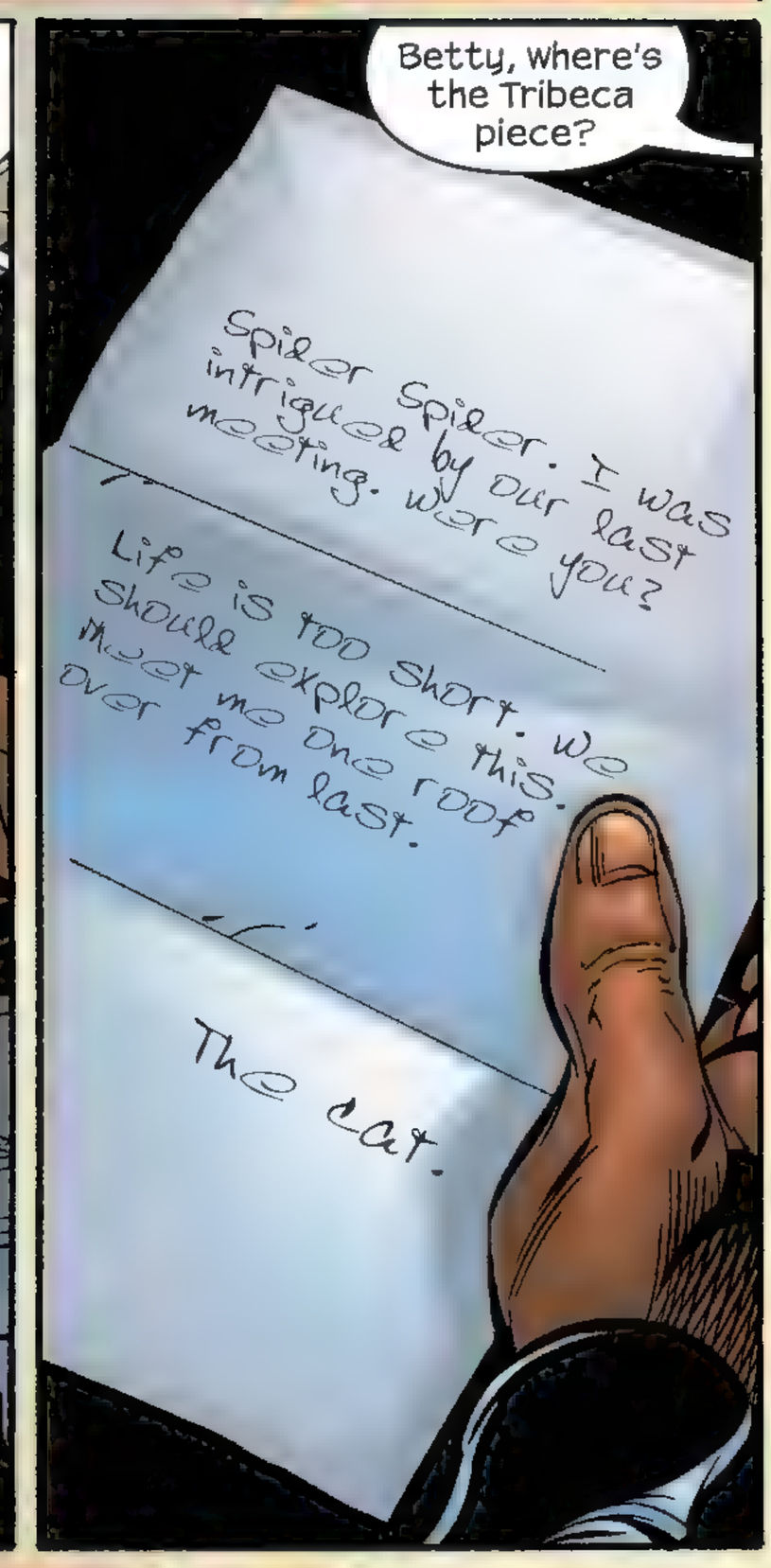

INTERLOGIC

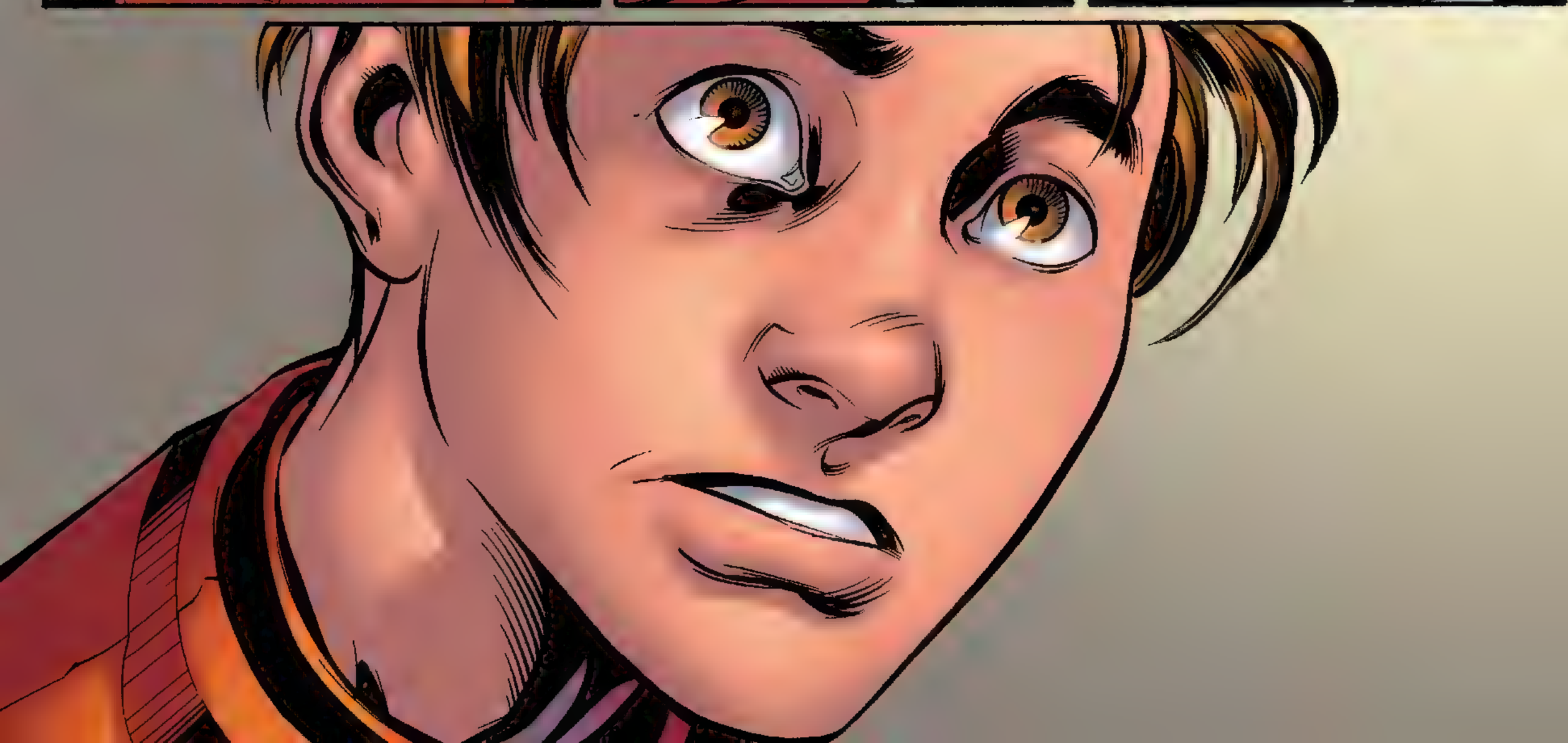
Daily Bugle Newsroom
Do you have nothing to do, Peter?
What? No, Mr. Robertson. No, I was just thinking.
Well, if you have nothing to do, log these onto the server.
What are these?
Sherrie is sick, so I need you to log in all the personal ads that came in by snail mail.
Personal ads? There's-- there's *money* in here.
Oh, *hmm*.
Some people pay cash. Guess they don't want any trace that it's them.
There's a *lot* of money in this one.
What is this?
For a half-page ad?

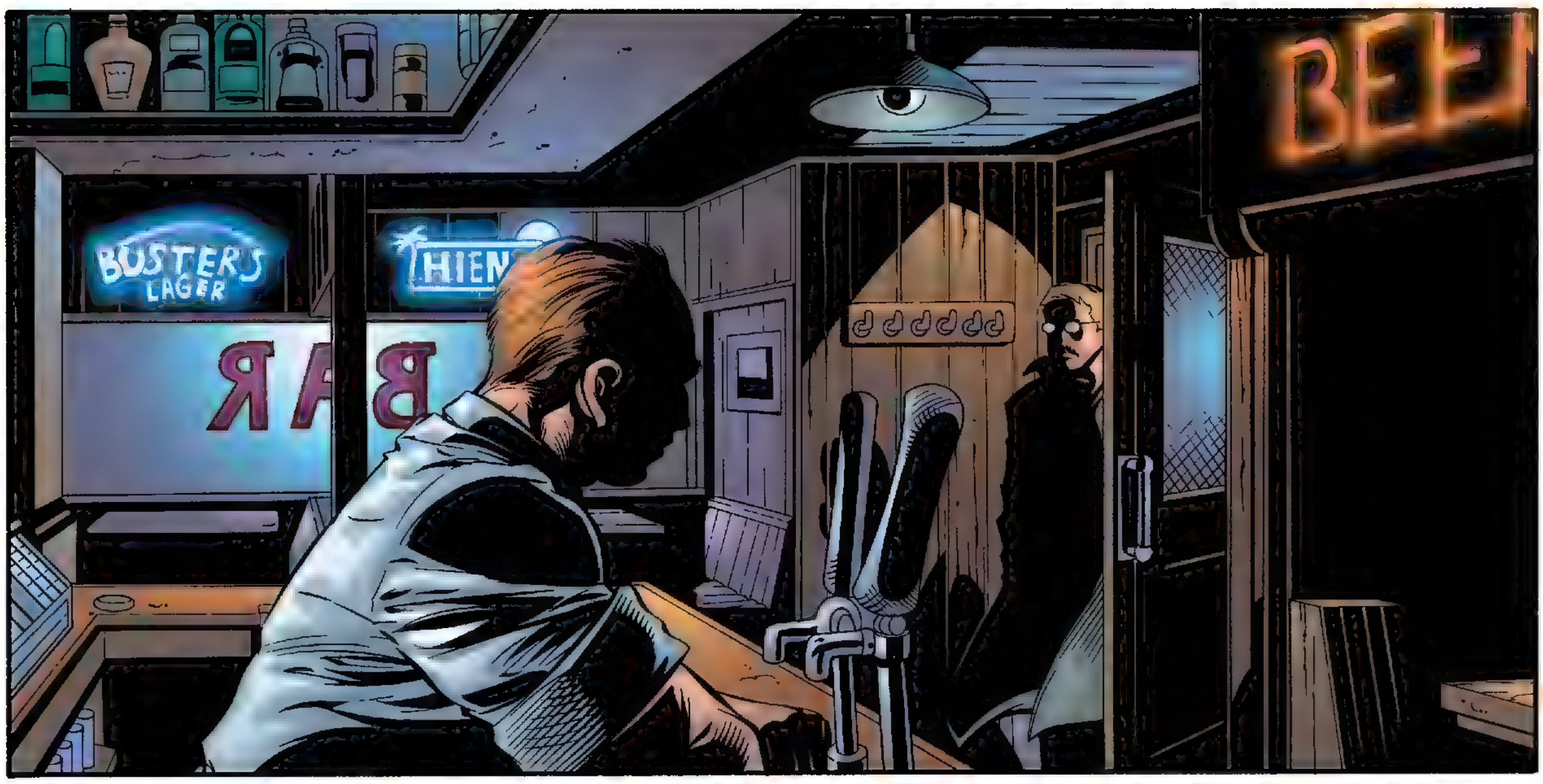
Half-page?
"Spider Spider. I was intrigued by our last meeting. Were you?
"Life is too short. We should explore this. Meet me one roof over from last.
"The Cat."

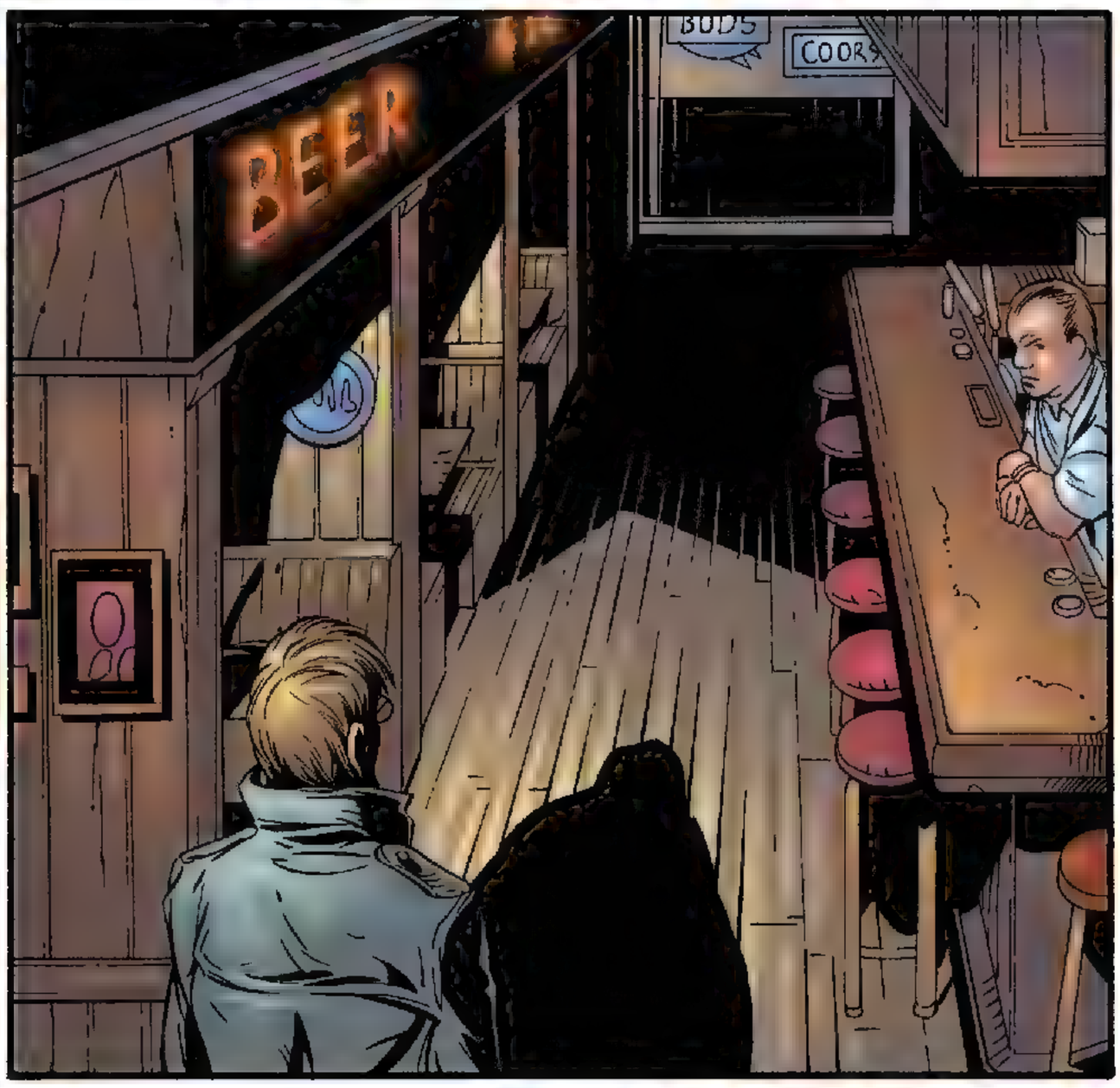

The Cat?

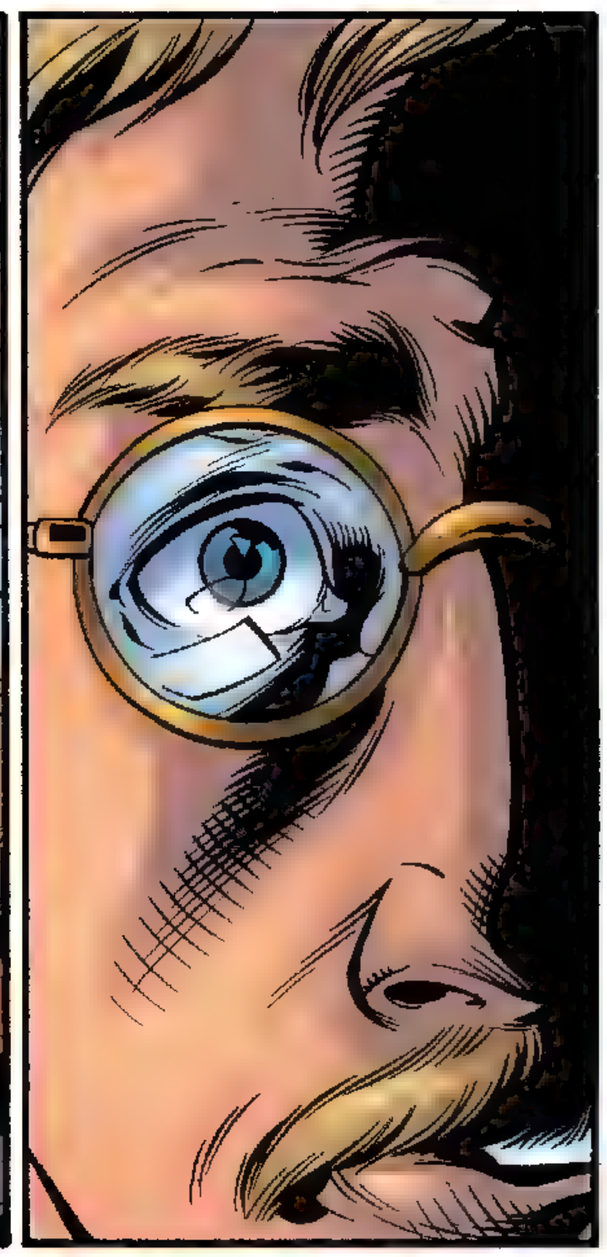
Just put the money in an envelope and bring it to my assistant.
THE CAT

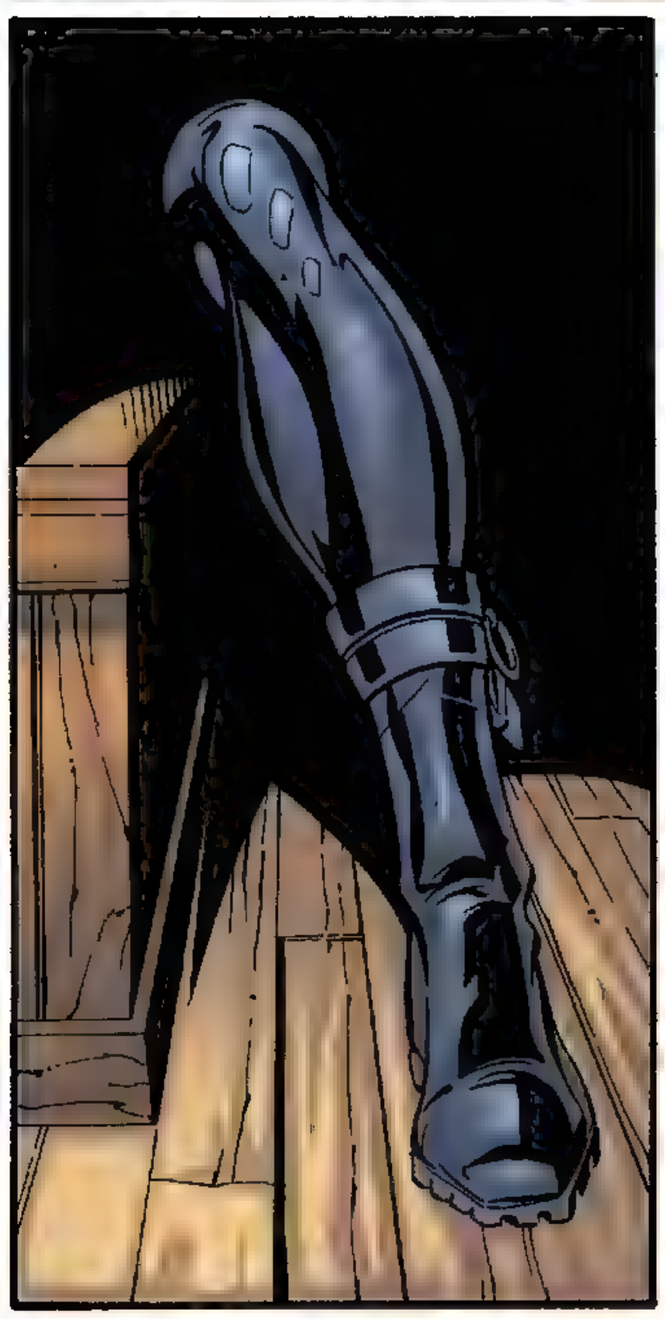

Betty, where's the Tribeca piece?
Spider Spider. I was intrigued by our last meeting. Were you?
Life is too short. We should explore this. Meet me one roof over from last.
The cat.




BUSTER'S LAGER
BEER


BEER
BUDS
COORS

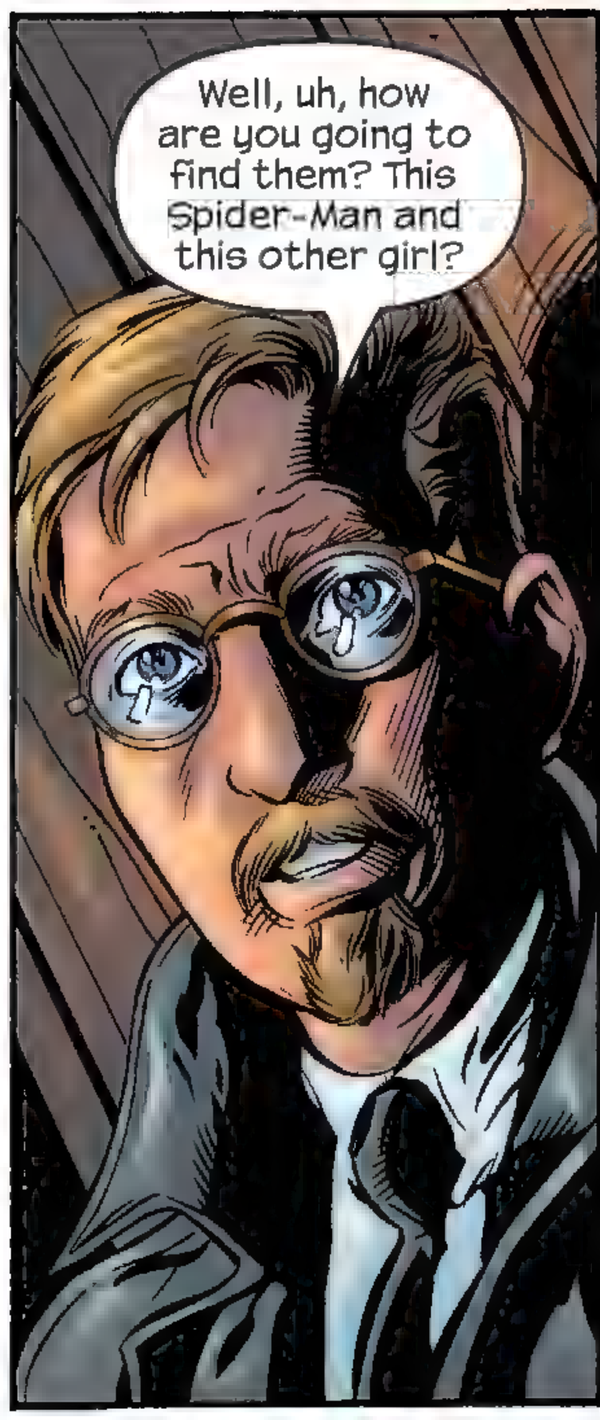




Um...
Sit down.
'Kay.

So, uh, I need you to...

I already know what the job is.

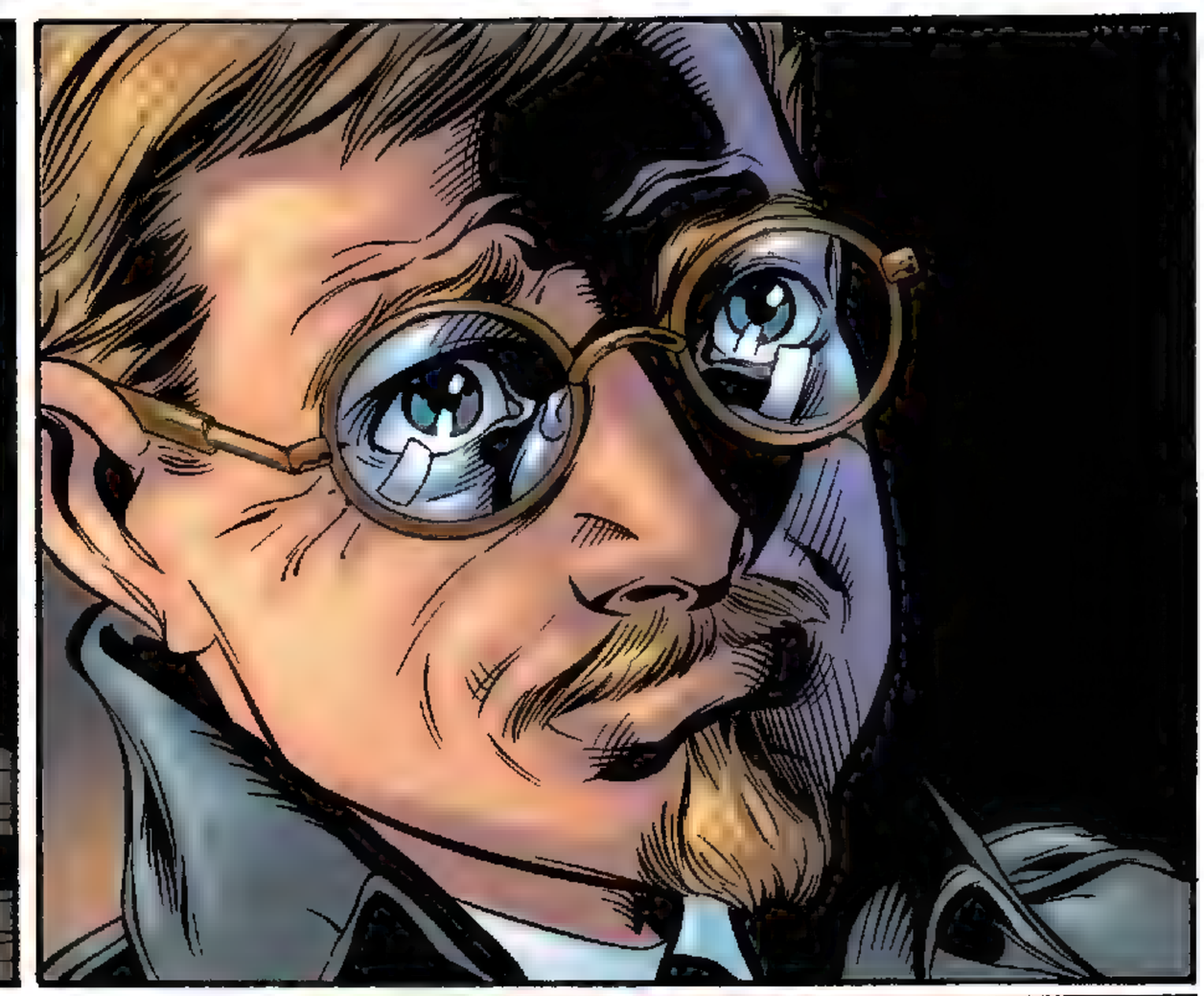

Well, uh, how are you going to find them? This Spider-Man and this other girl?

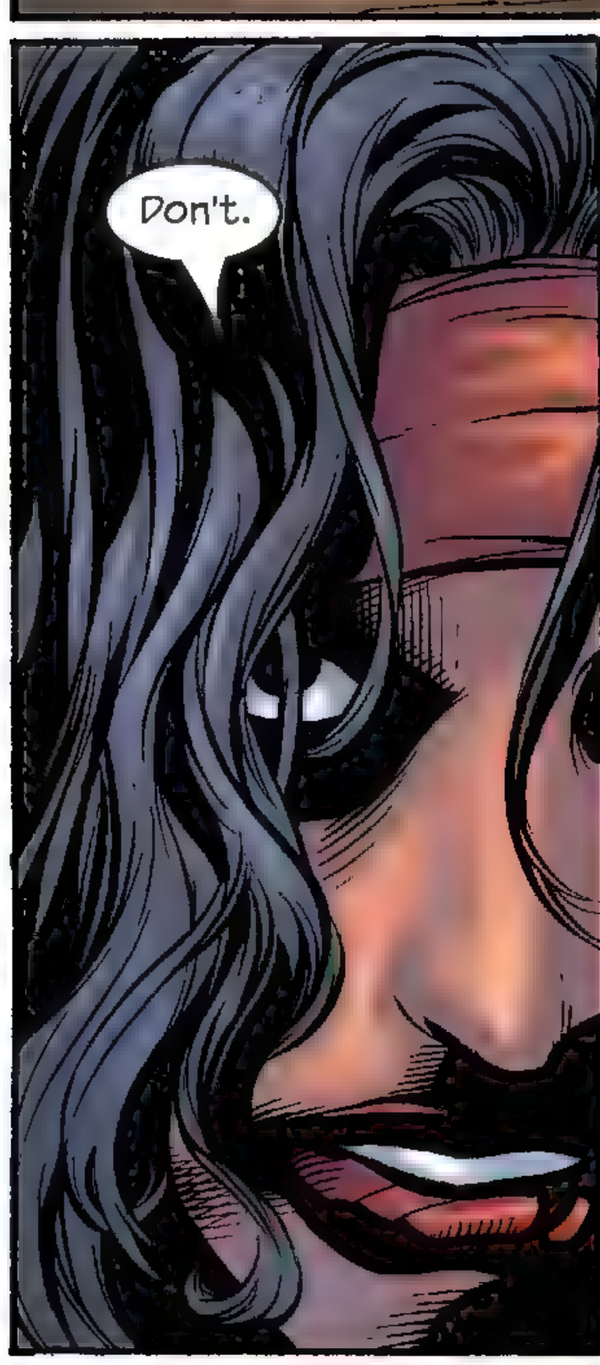
Did you bring the money?

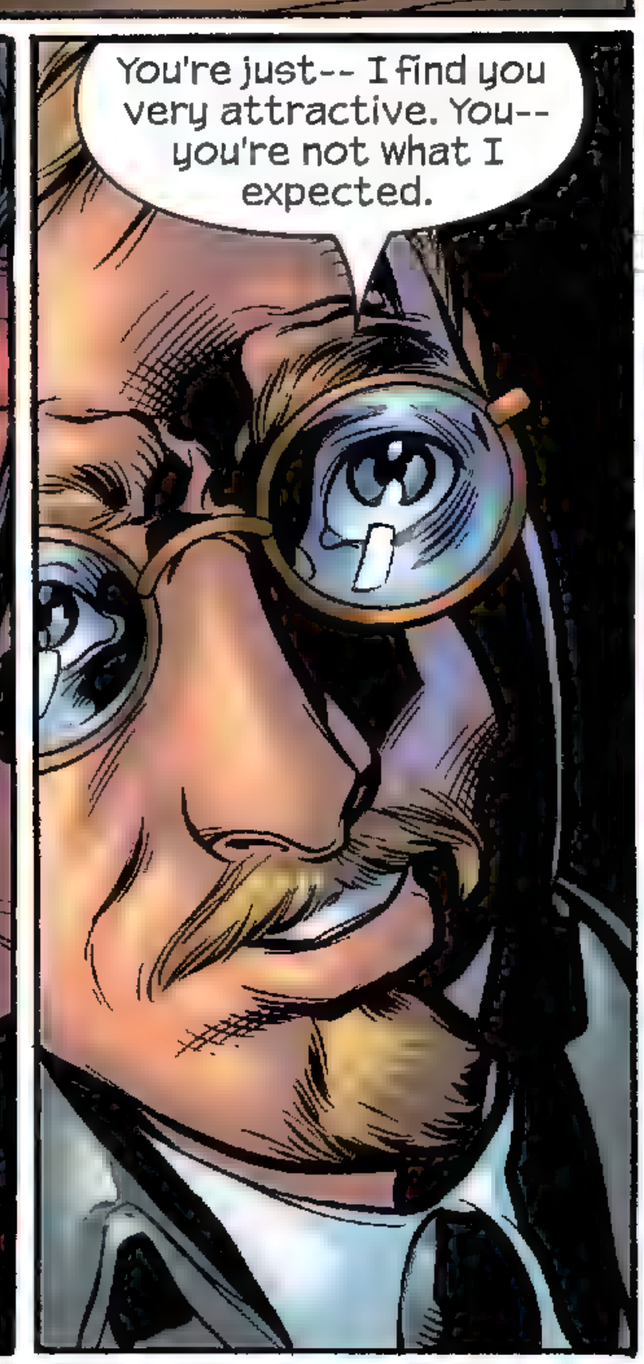
Yeah, oh, yeah.

Put it on the table.
(That's right.)

We're done for today.

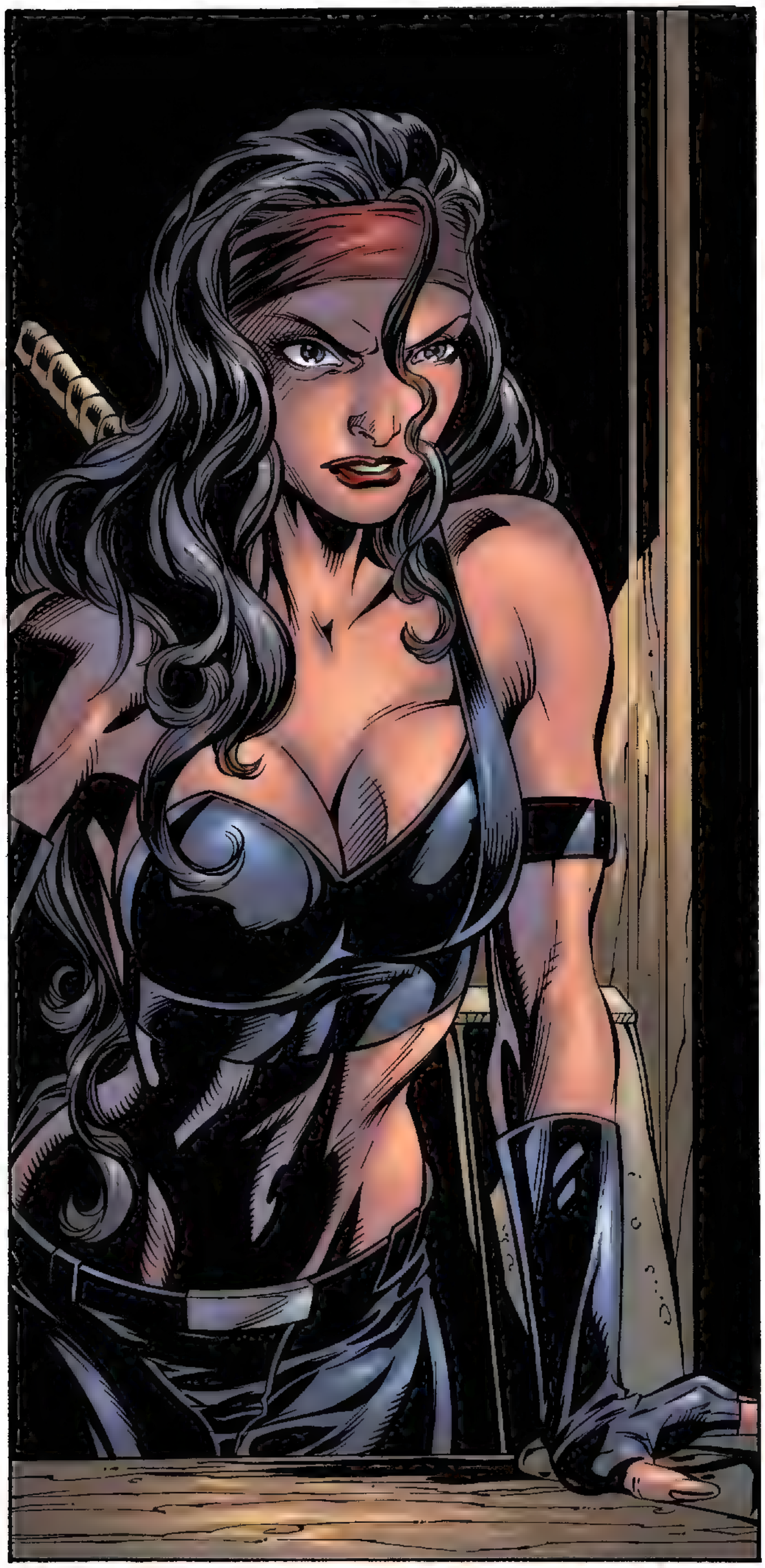


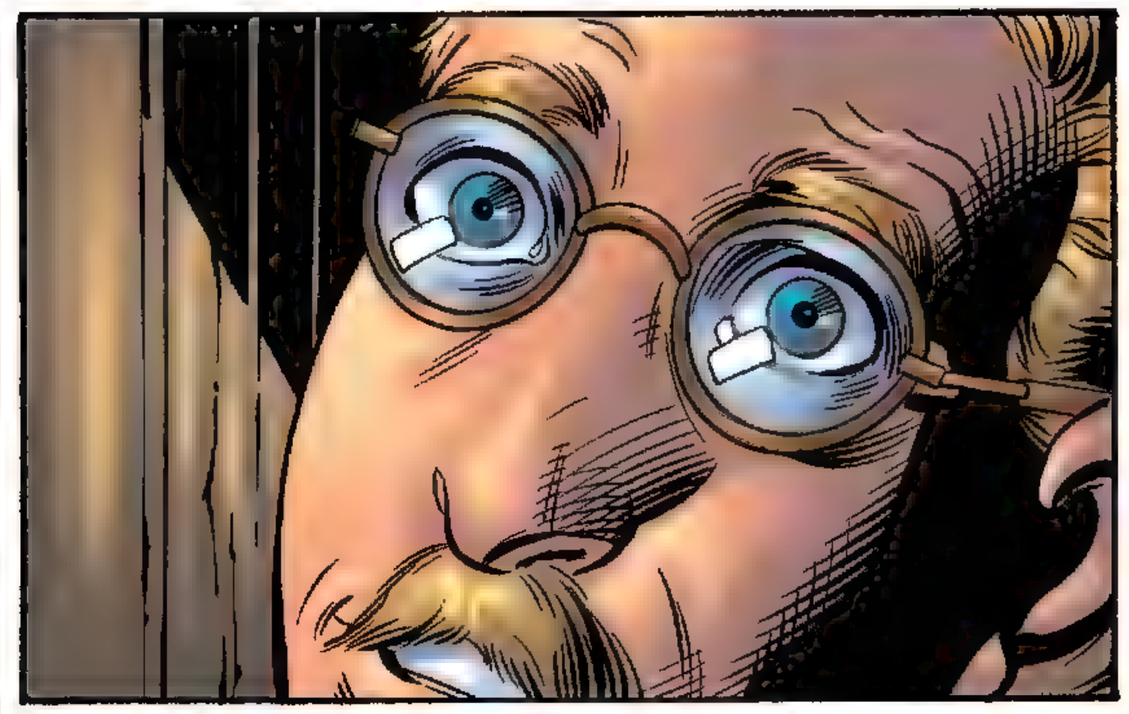

Don't.


You're just-- I find you very attractive. You-- you're not what I expected.

You can leave now.

Can-- can I at least get your name?



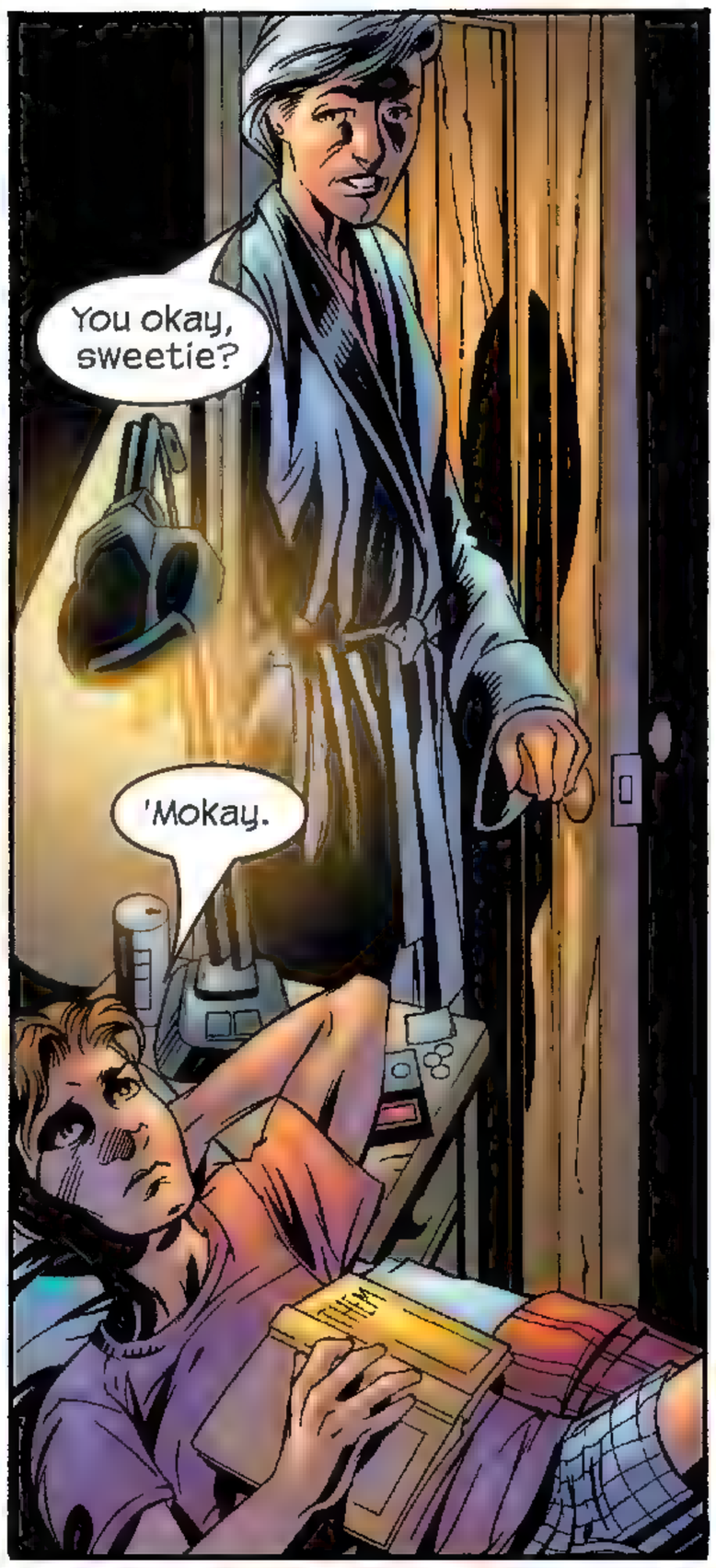


You'll call me... Elektra.

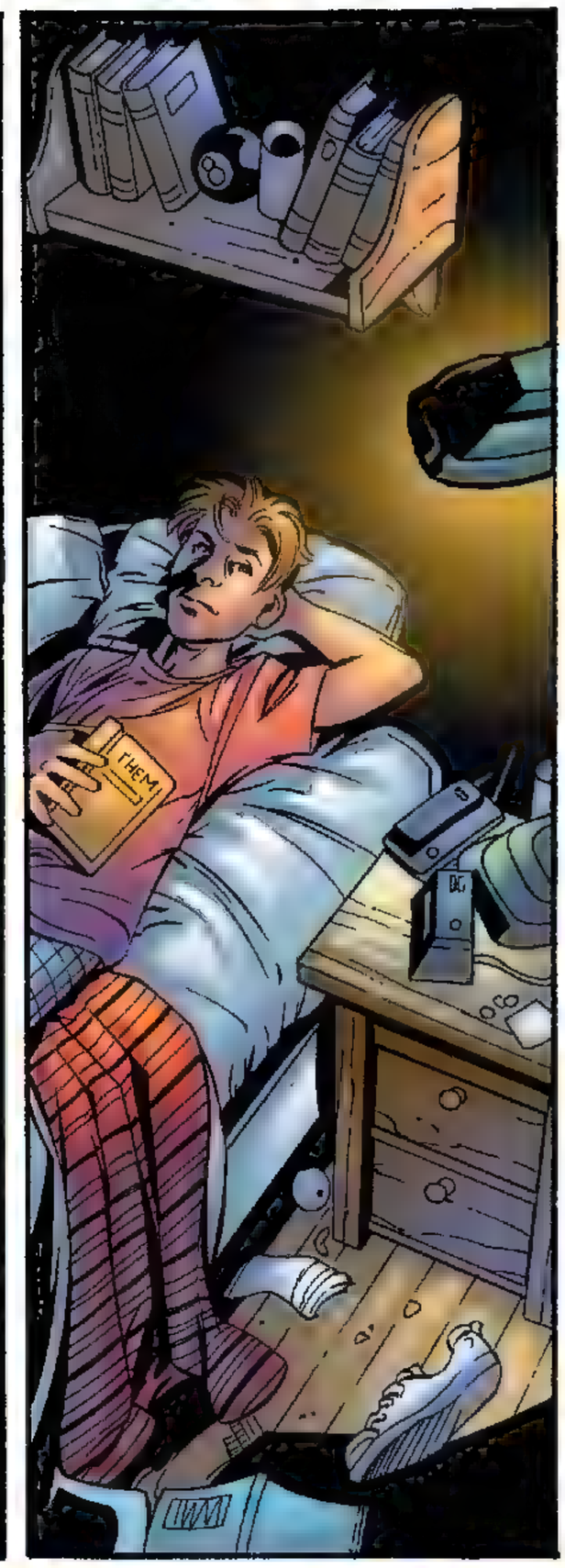
What is that?
Greek?

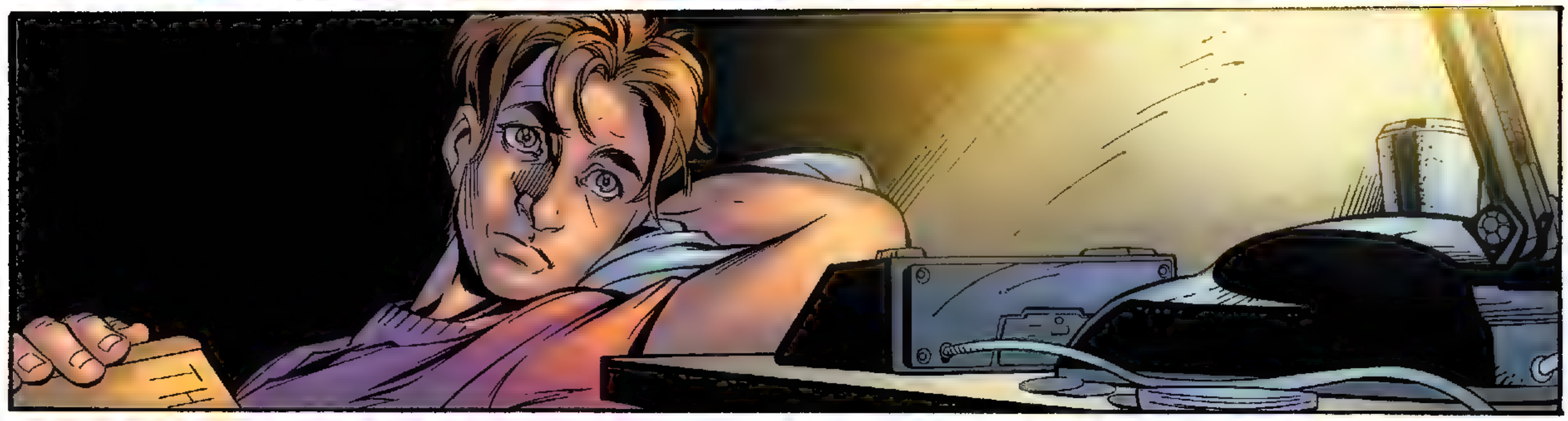
Leave.

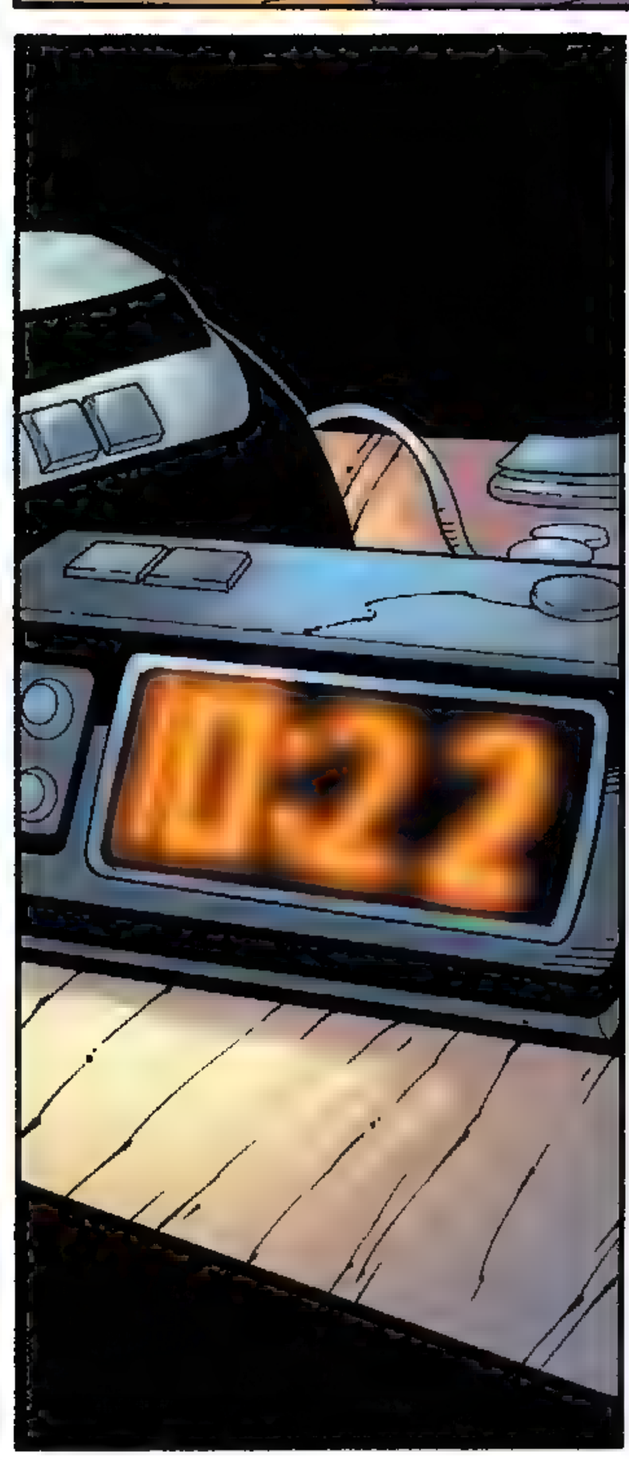
The Parker home


You okay, sweetie?
'Mokay.

Don't stay up too late, Peter.


THEM

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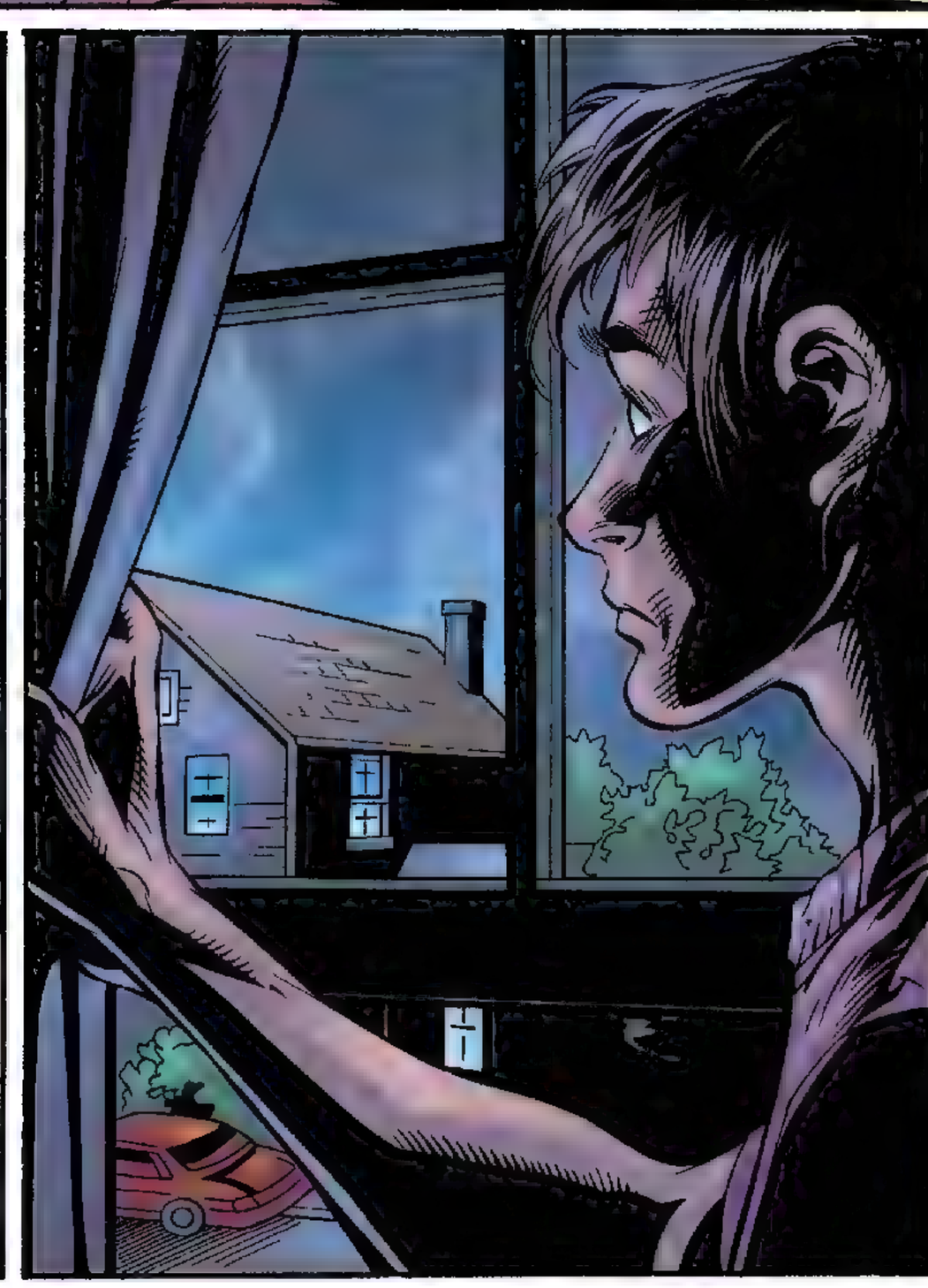
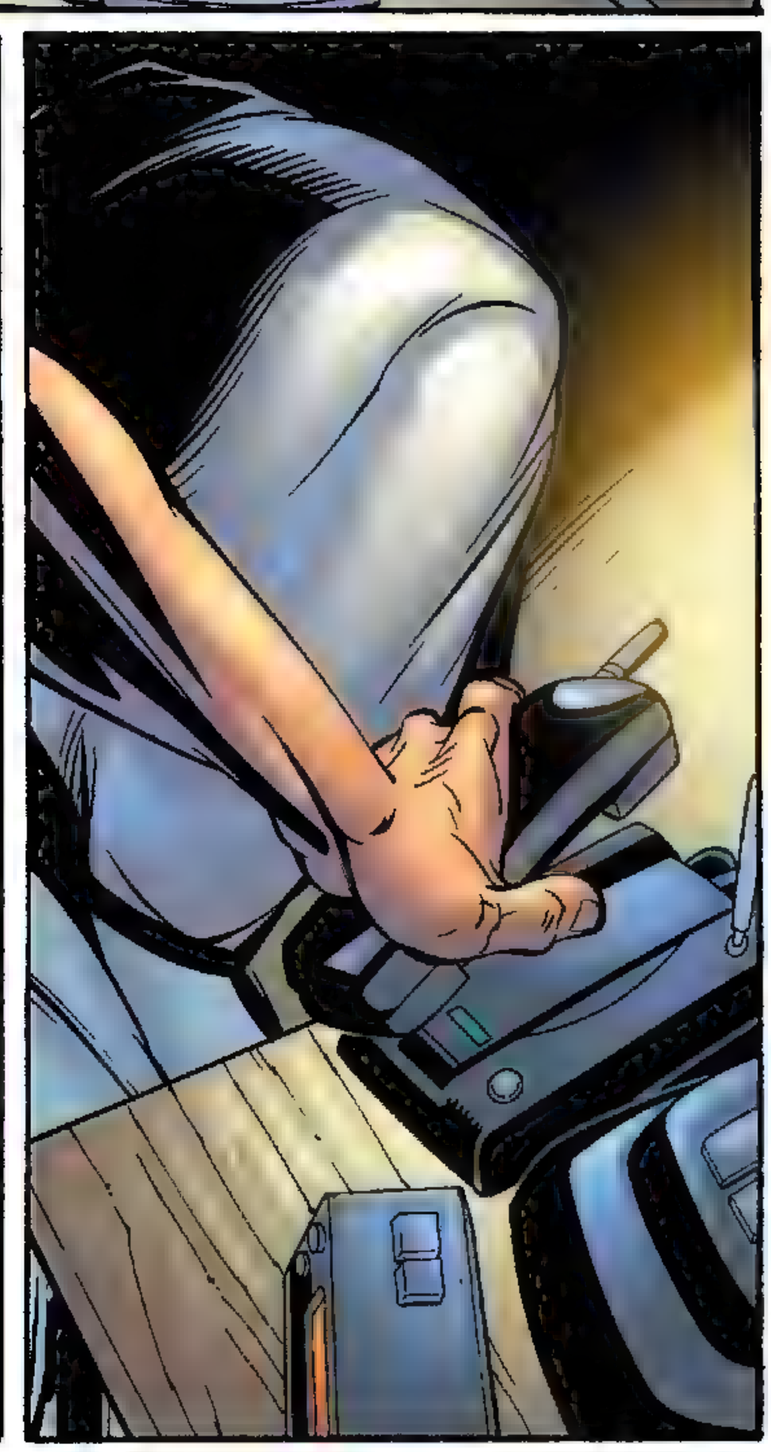
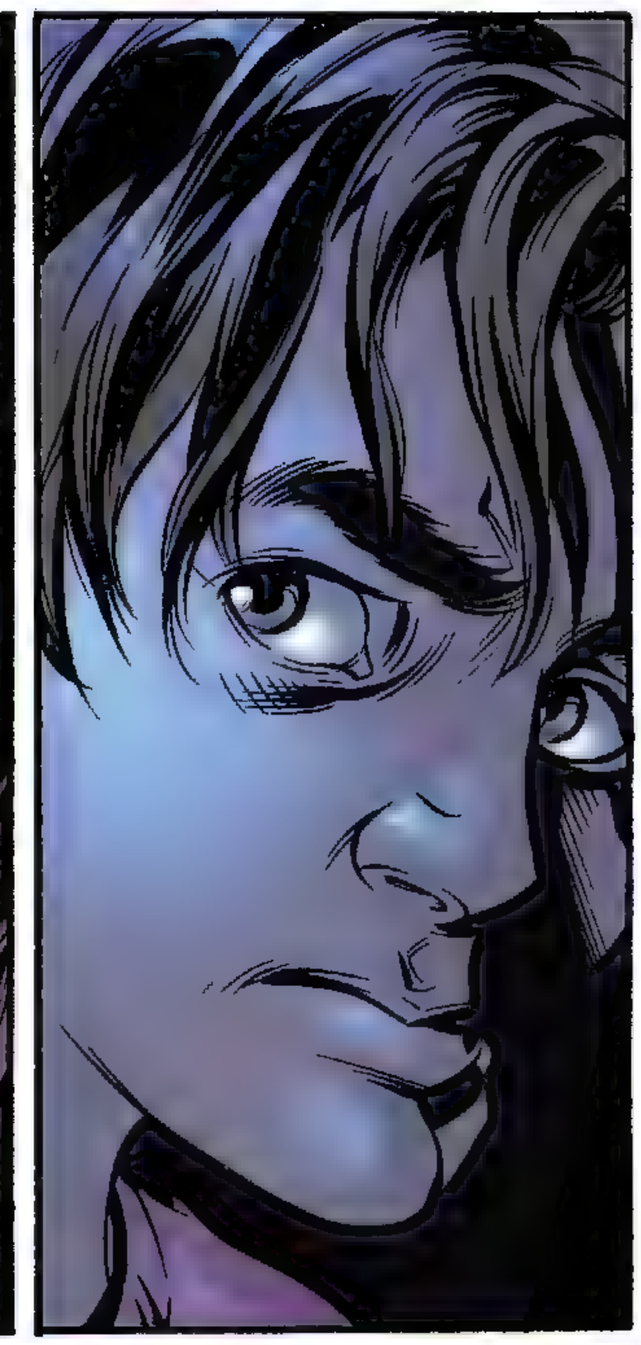
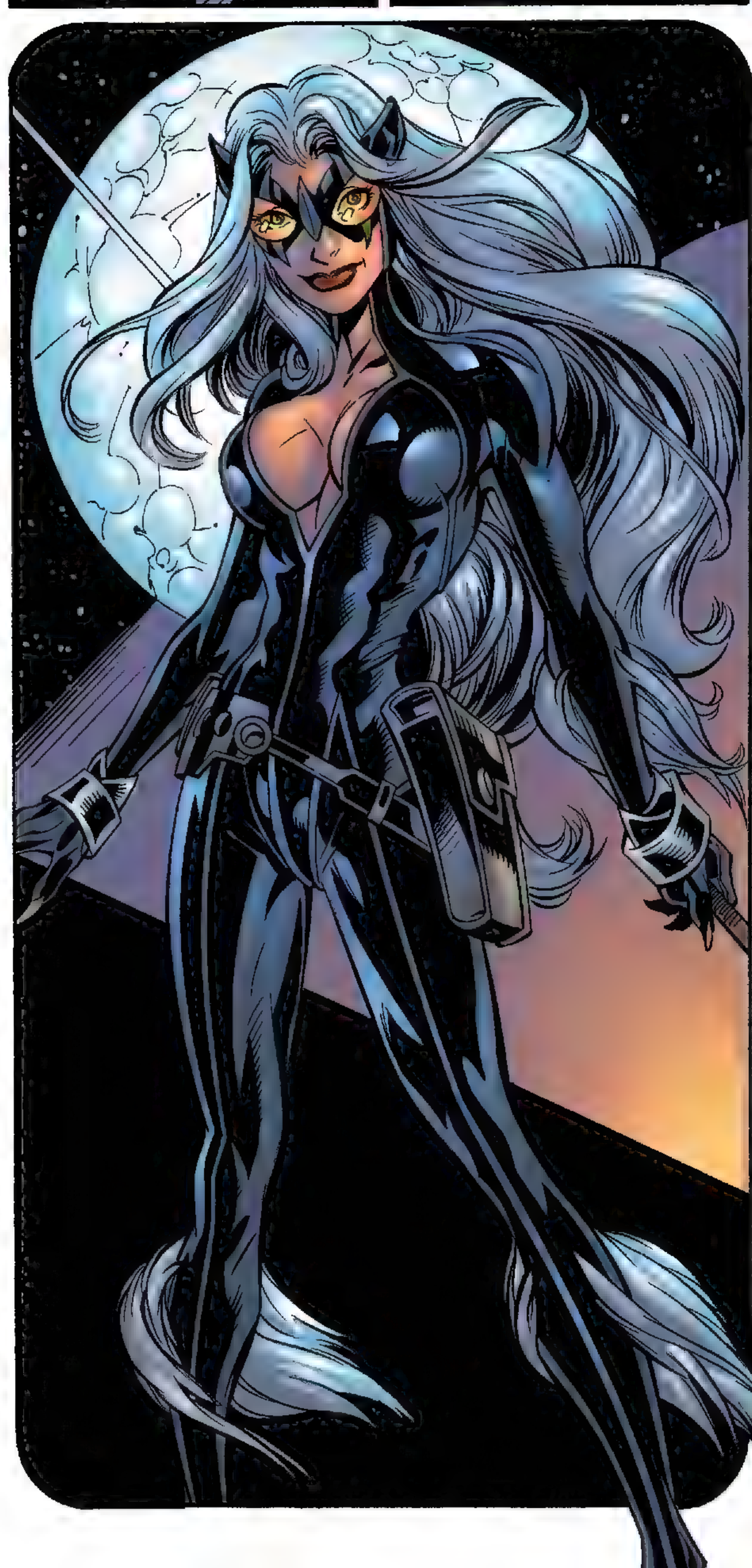
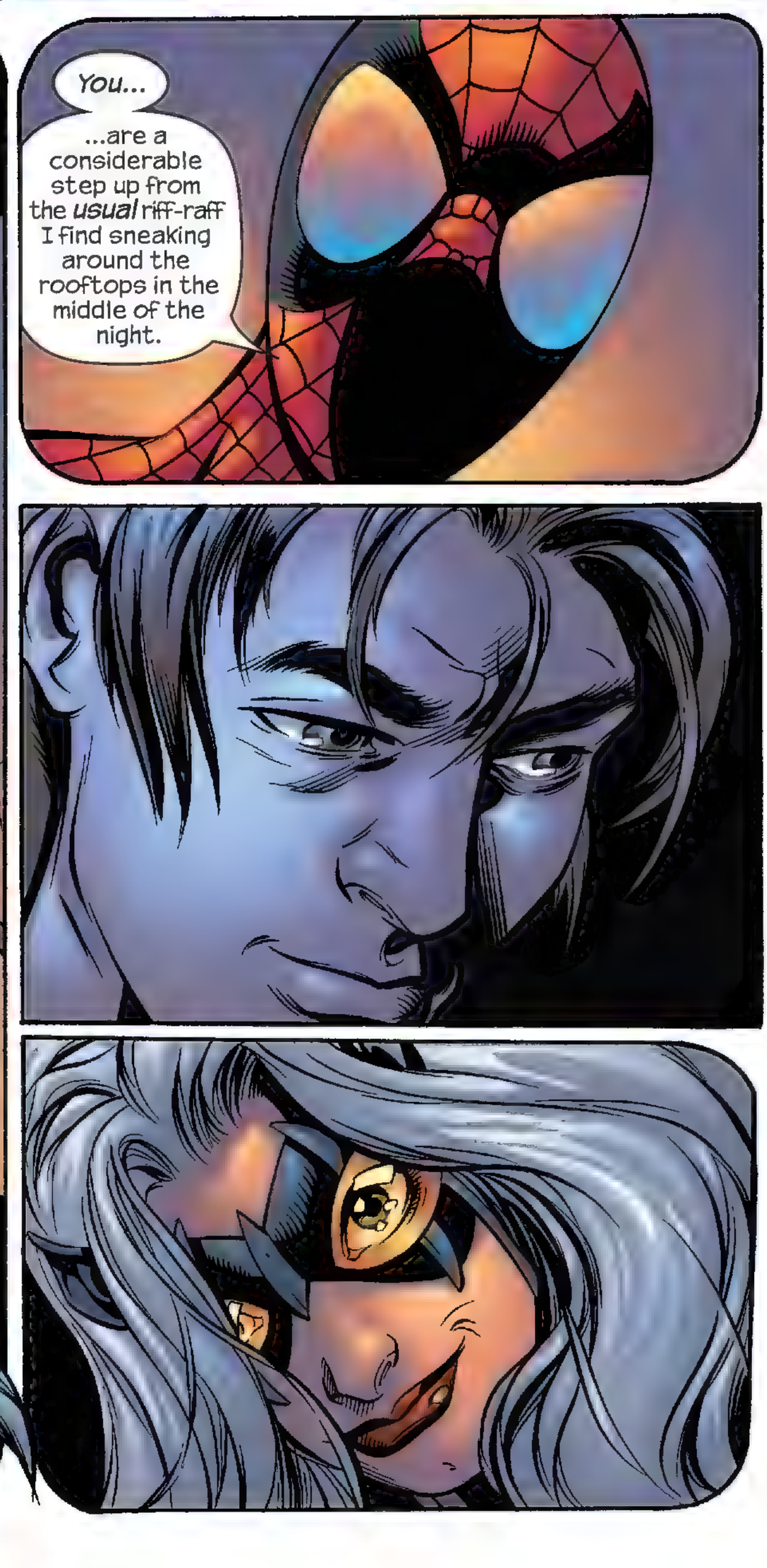




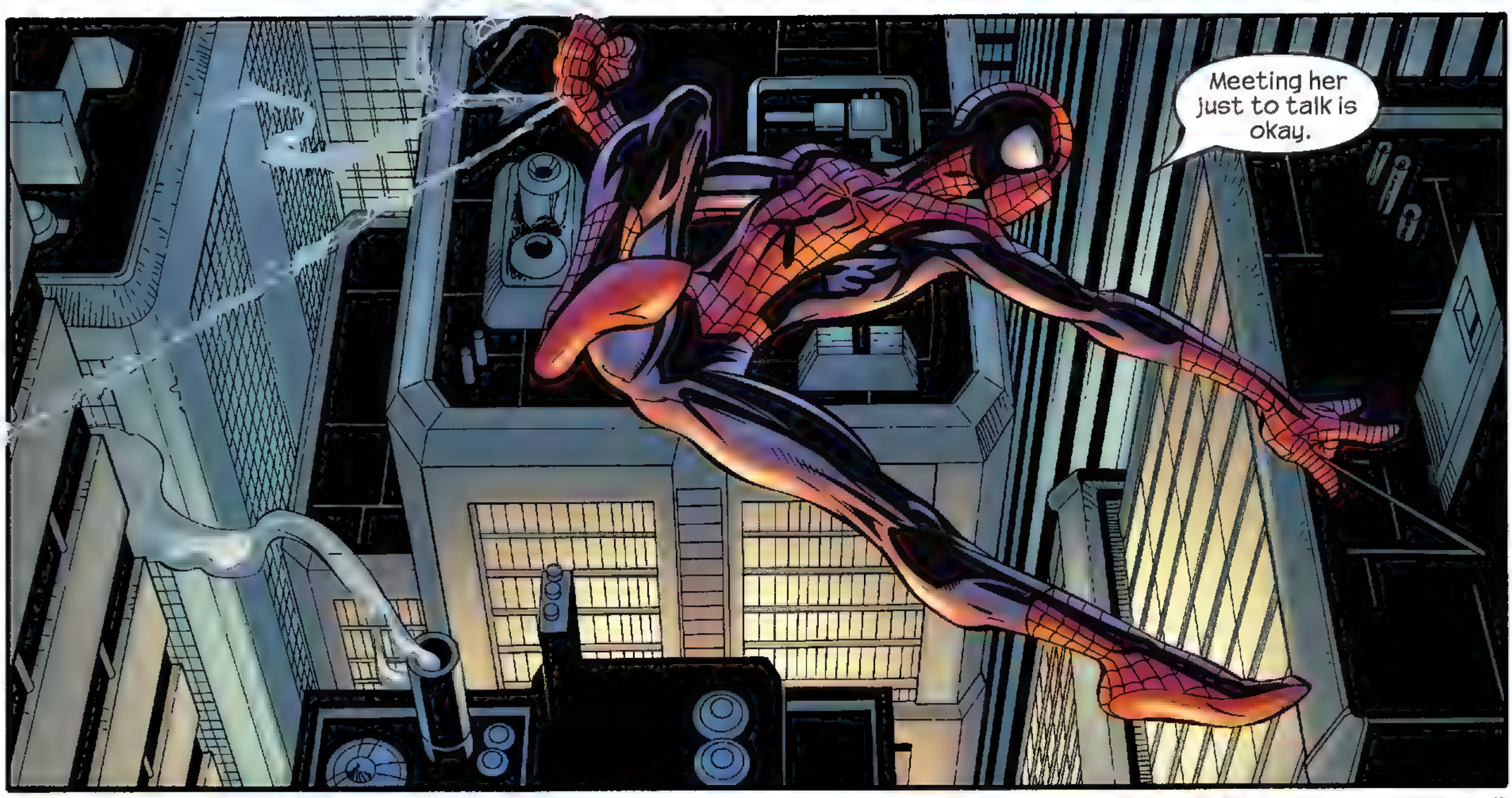
Watson's?



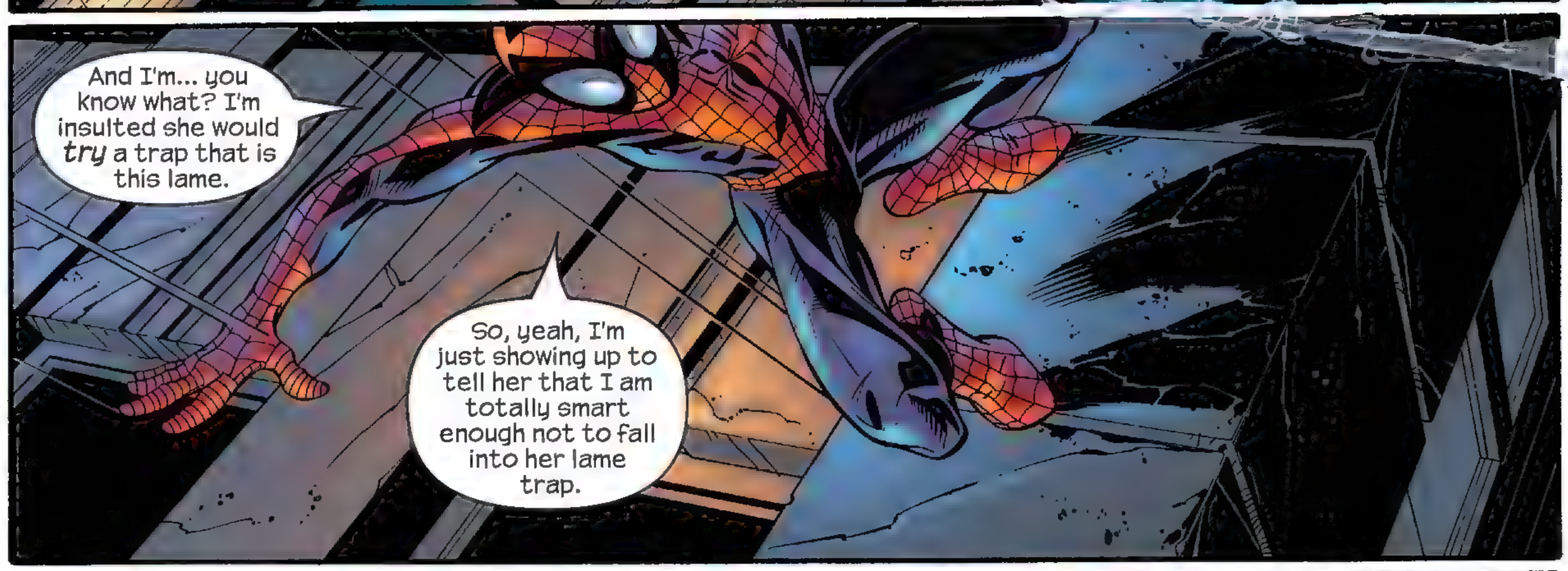


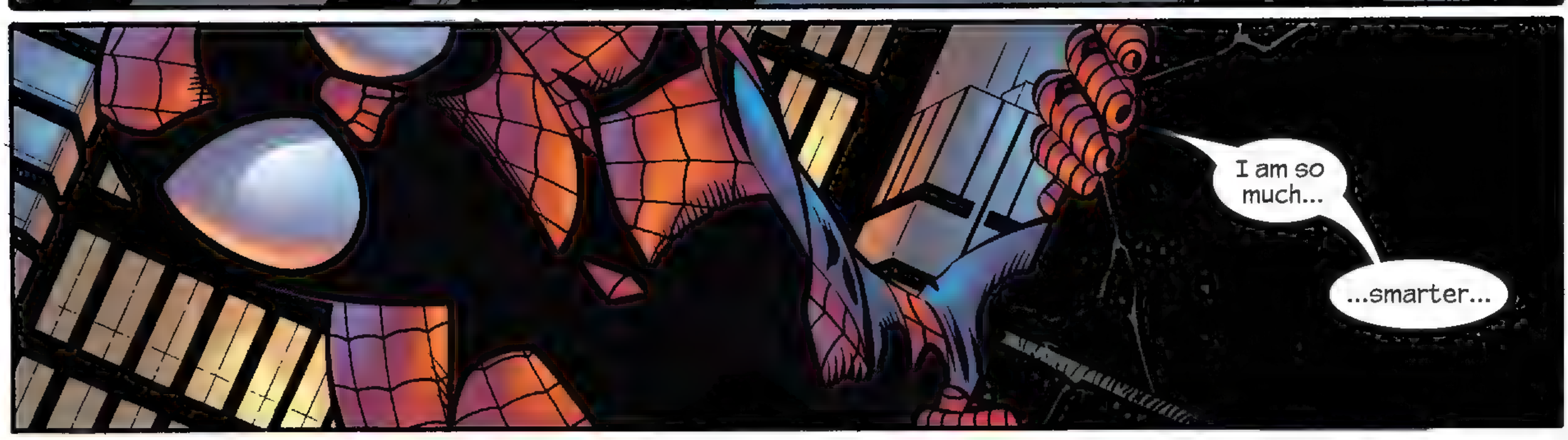

You...
...are a considerable step up from the *usual* riff-raff I find sneaking around the rooftops in the middle of the night.

"Spider Spider. I was intrigued by our last meeting. Were you?"
Life is too short.
We should explore this.
What I *should* do is meet her and just tell her that stealing is wrong.
I mean, that's-- yeah.
Sure.

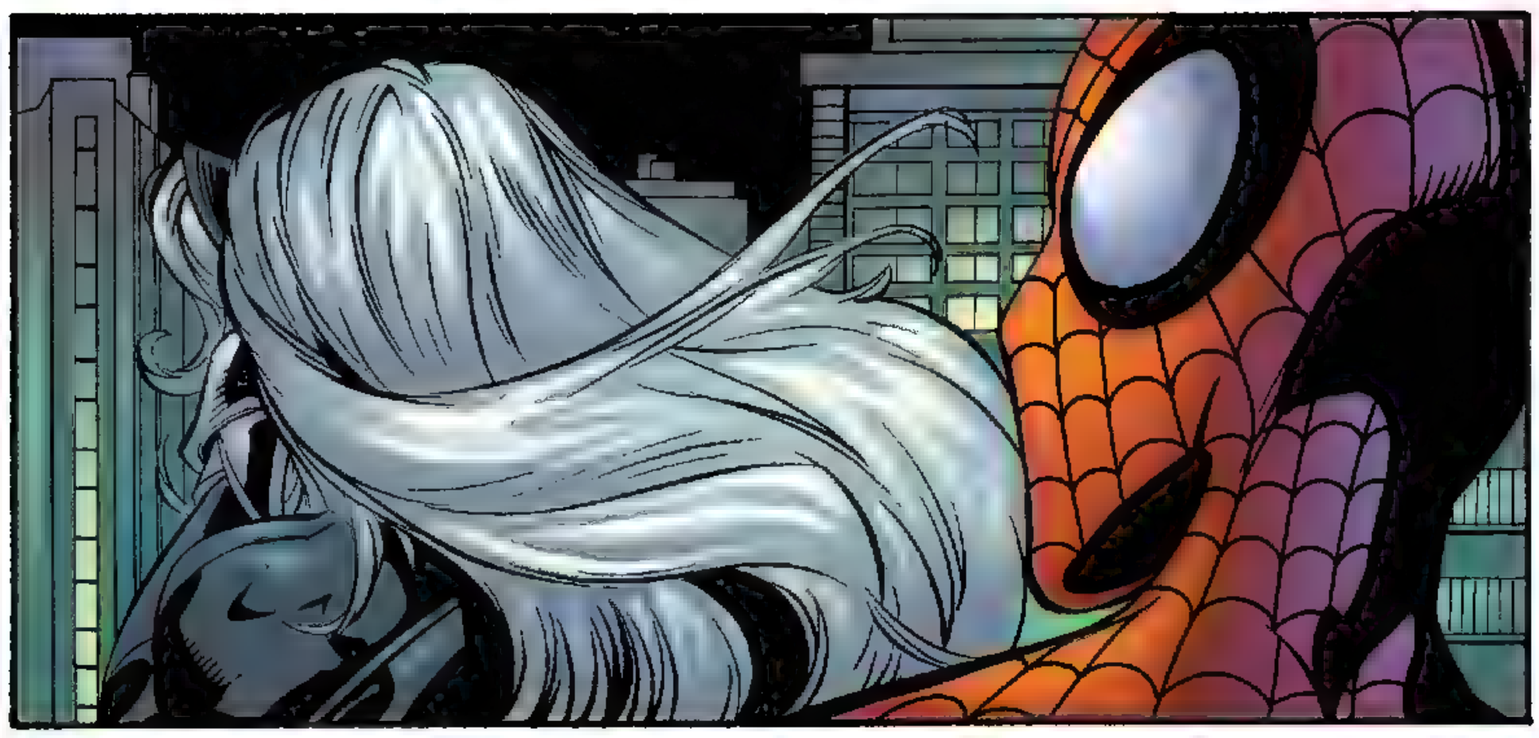

Meeting her just to talk is okay.

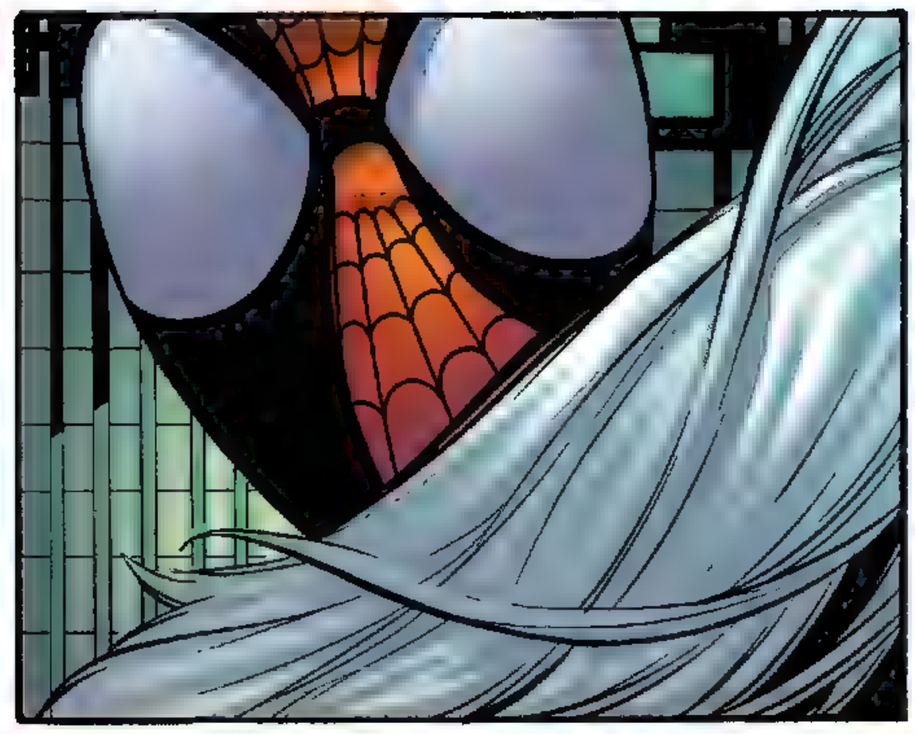
I mean, she's not even *there*, first of all.
It's just some big *joke* on me.
Or it's some big *trap!*

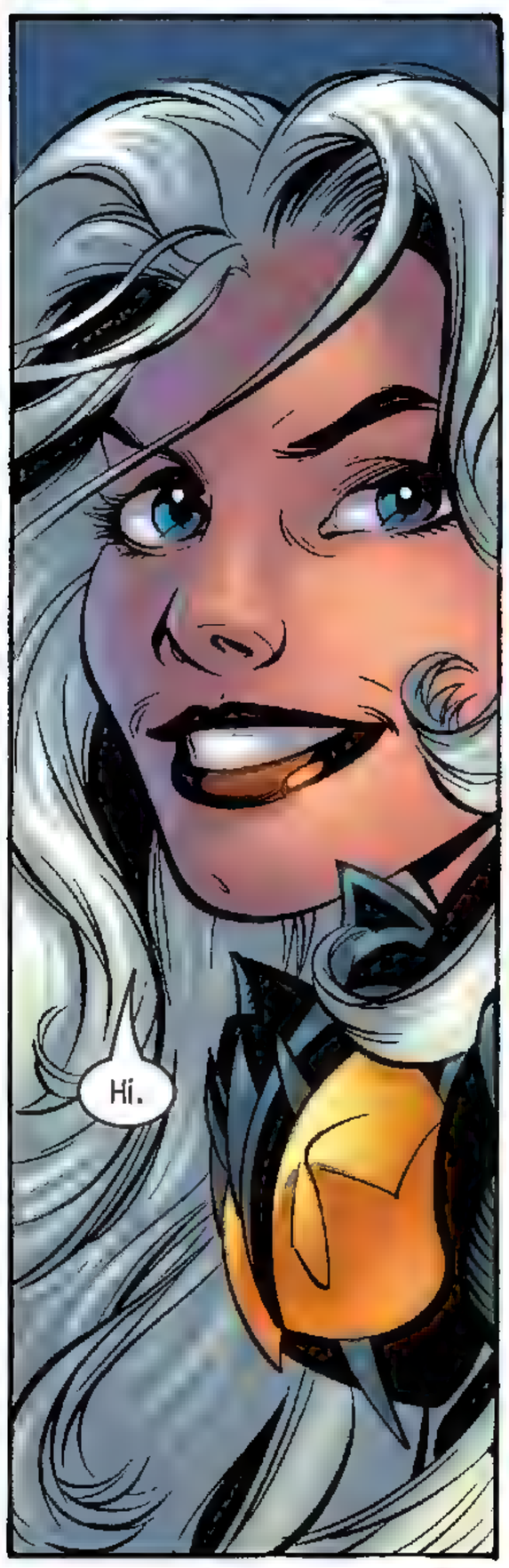

And I'm... you know what? I'm insulted she would *try* a trap that is this lame.
So, yeah, I'm just showing up to tell her that I am totally smart enough not to fall into her lame trap.

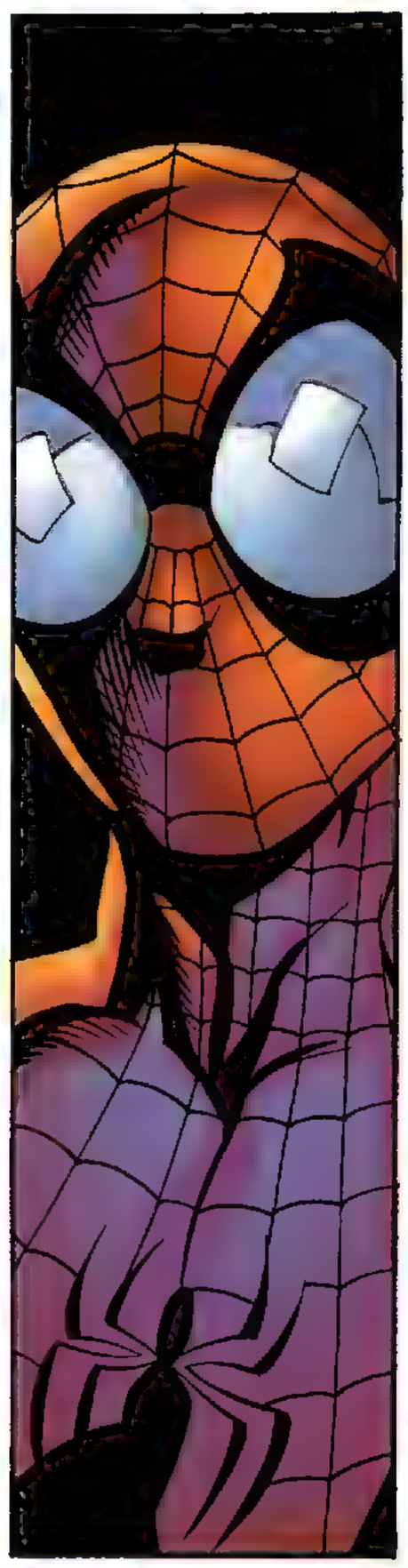

I am so much...
...smarter...

Well, *this* is something you don't see every day.
Oh, hey... you came.
What is this? What are you-- what are you *doing?*
I just thought-- I thought we could *talk.*
About what?
About life.
Are you serious?
I-- yeah. I don't meet that many interesting guys.
Uh--
I thought about you after the incident the other day. I thought we might have a thing or two in common. You saw one of my ads?
Uh, yeah.
I'm so glad. I brought some wine and cheese.
You *robbed* a guy's office...
Not a *nice* guy's office.
And then beat the snot out of me...
Knee jerk reaction.
And now you want to go on like what? A date with me?
Up here?
I brought wine.
Which was actually really hard to get all the way up here.
Is this some kind of joke? This has got to be--
I know I sound nuts. I didn't-- I just didn't know how else to do this though.
So, uh, are you *married?*
No.
Are you... Do you like girls?
No. Yes! I mean, yes.
Are you horribly disfigured under there?
Horribly? No.

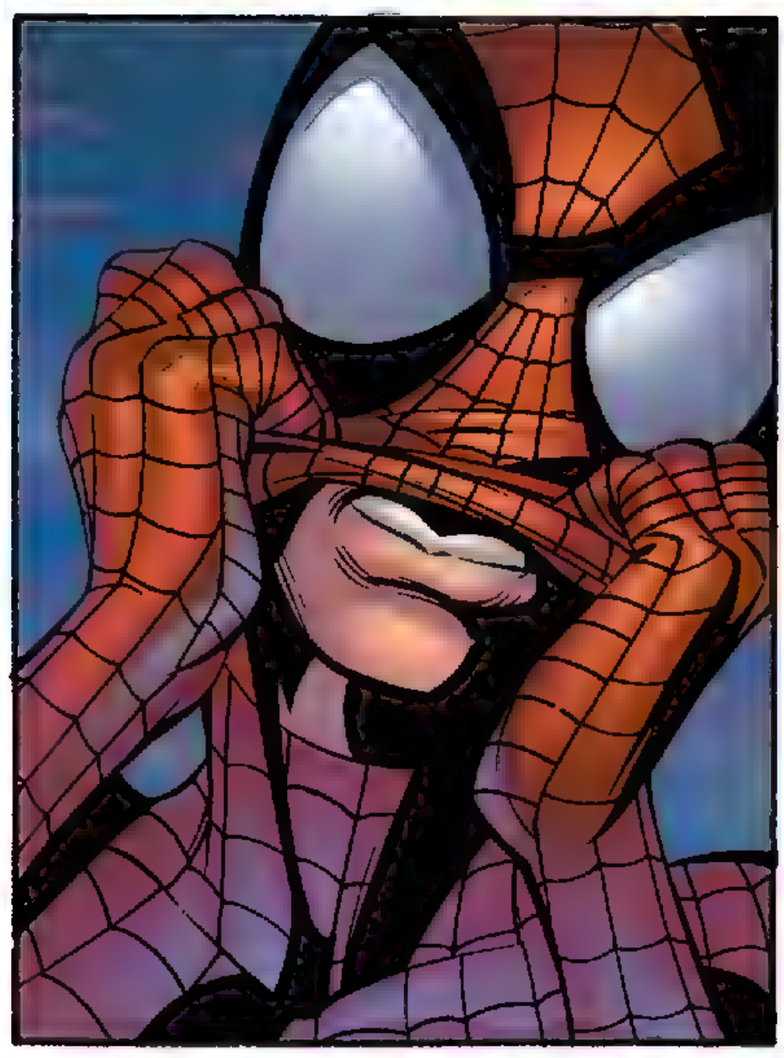


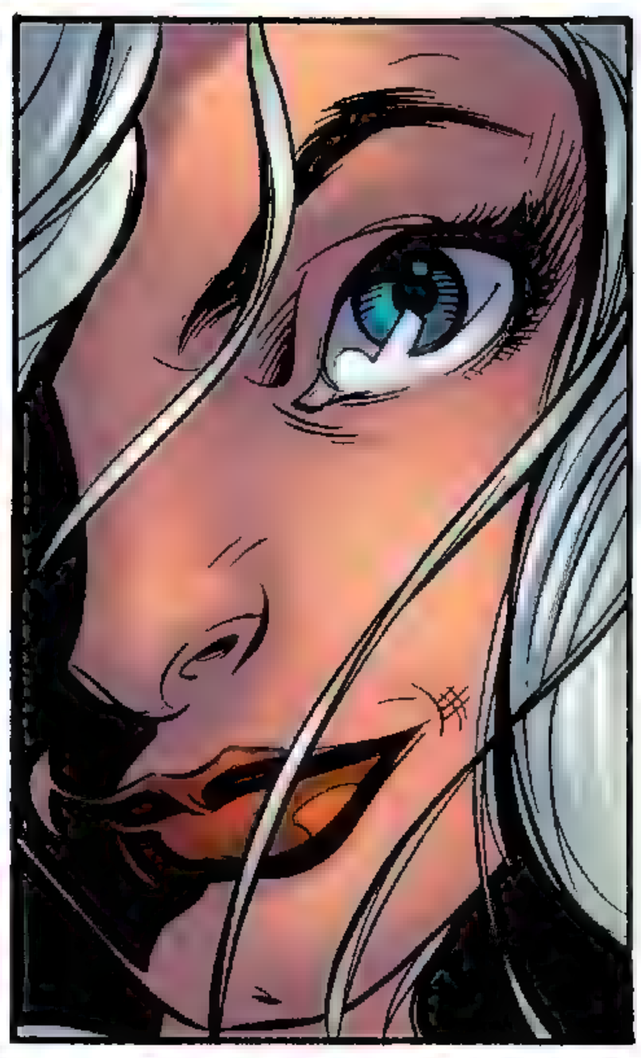



Hi.



Well, I guess I can stay for a *minute*.





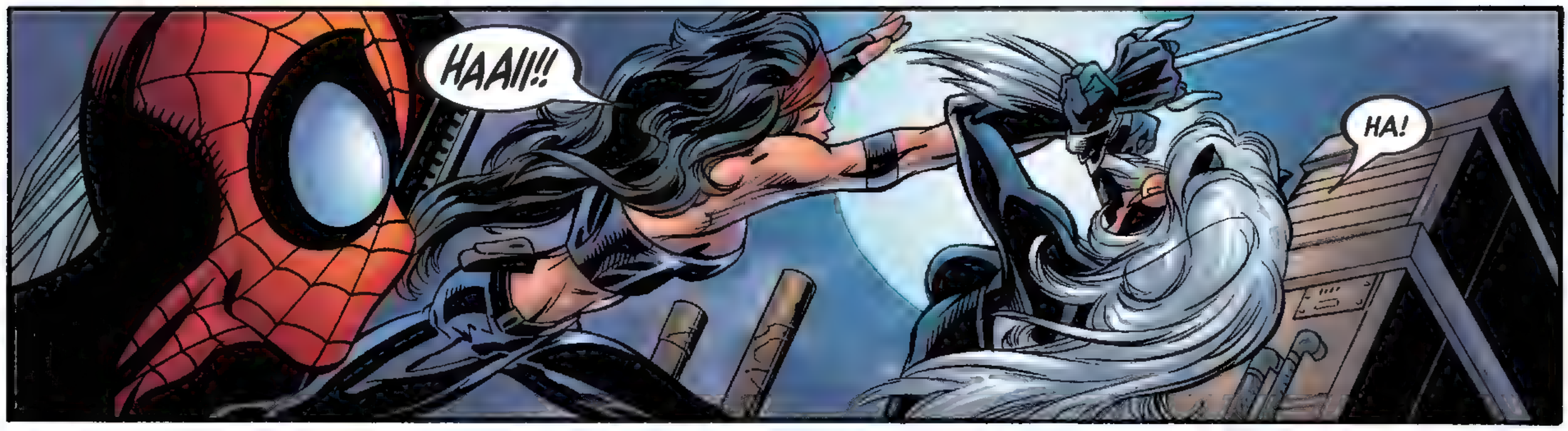
Cheers.

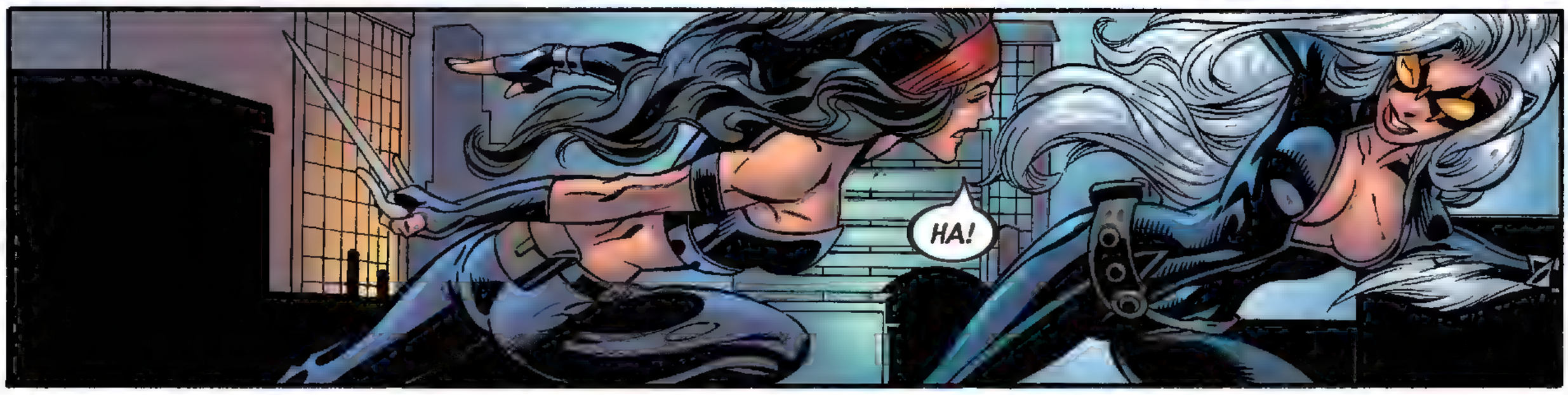
Uh-oh...
What are you--?

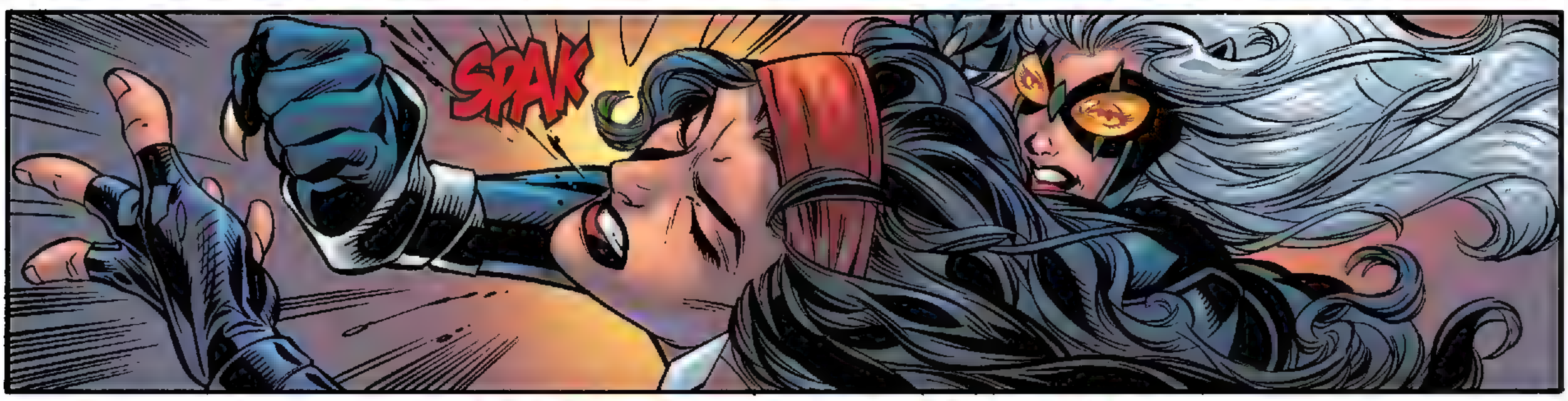
WHHHIZZZ
AAGGHH!

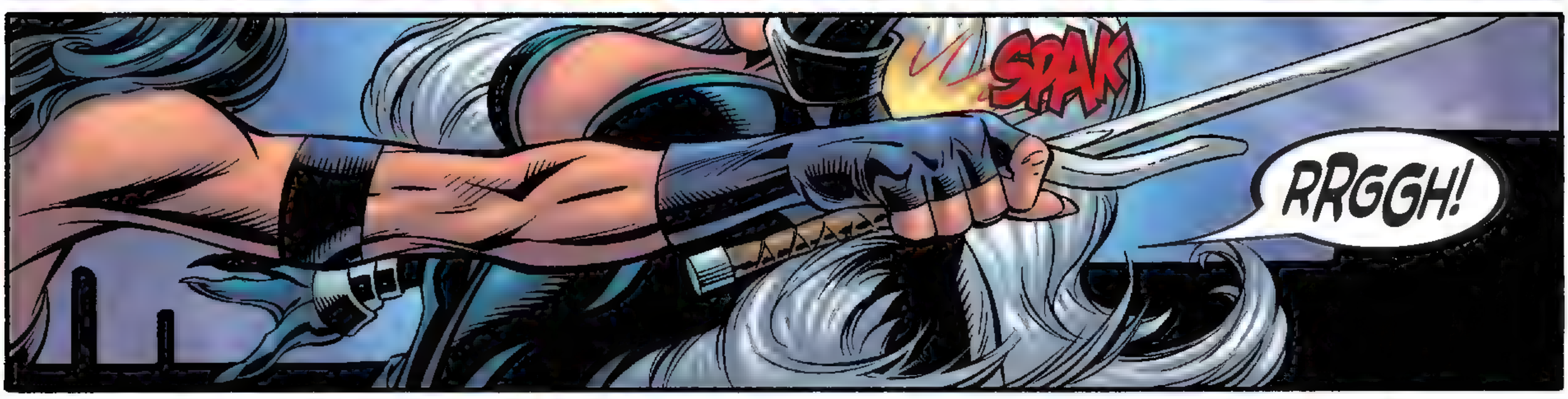
Fisk Towers
Mr. Fisk?
Mr. Fi--
What do you want, Mr. Dini?
Um, Elektra Natchios, a freelancer, has been assigned to the tablet situation.
I don't know who that is.
She's new. She's-- she's young.
But word is she's very talented and very eager to prove herself to you...
It's through a third party. It can't come back to any of us.
I thought under the circumstances that was...
I want this resolved tonight.
I understand.
Sir?
No, you don't.
Just get it done.
It's-- yes-- it's happening right now.

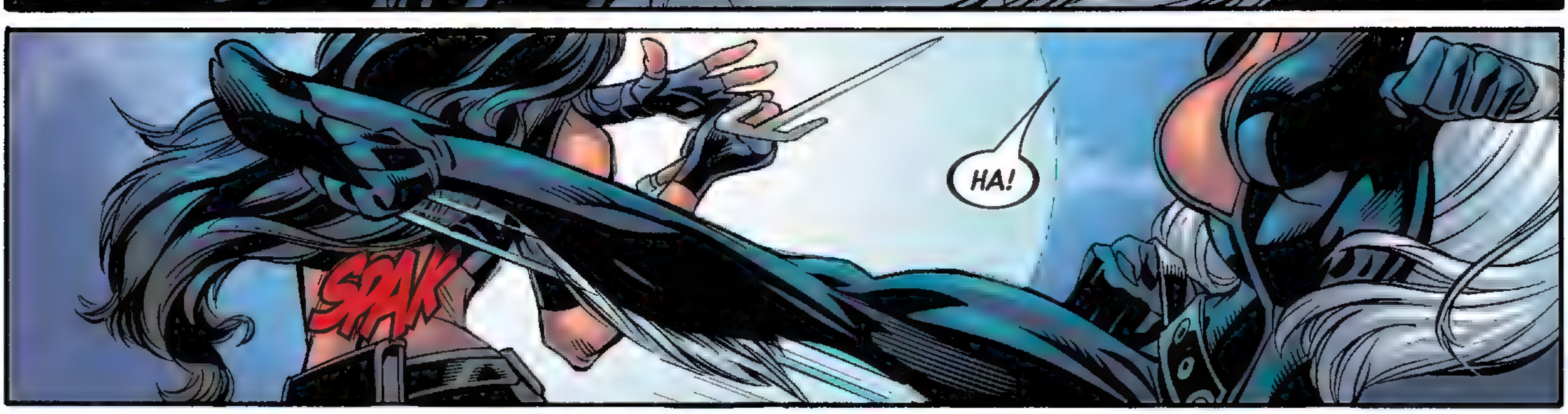
WHHIIZZZ
AAGGHH!!
WHHIIZZ
Oh, come on!
Oh, come on!
Not the costume!
I don't have another... OOF!
WHUMP

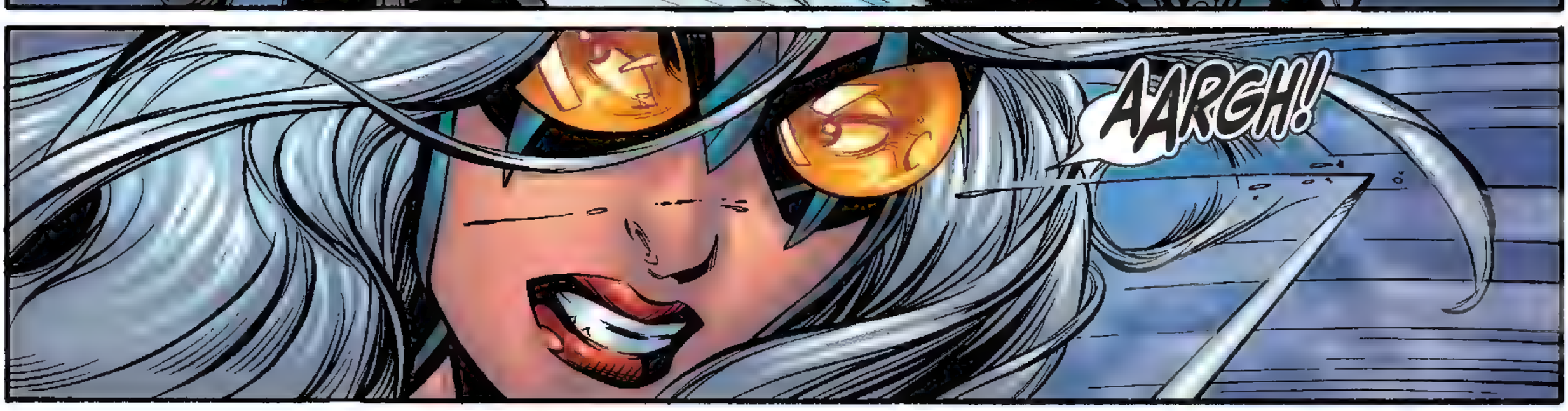

HAAII!!
HA!


HA!


SPAK


SPAK
RRGGH!

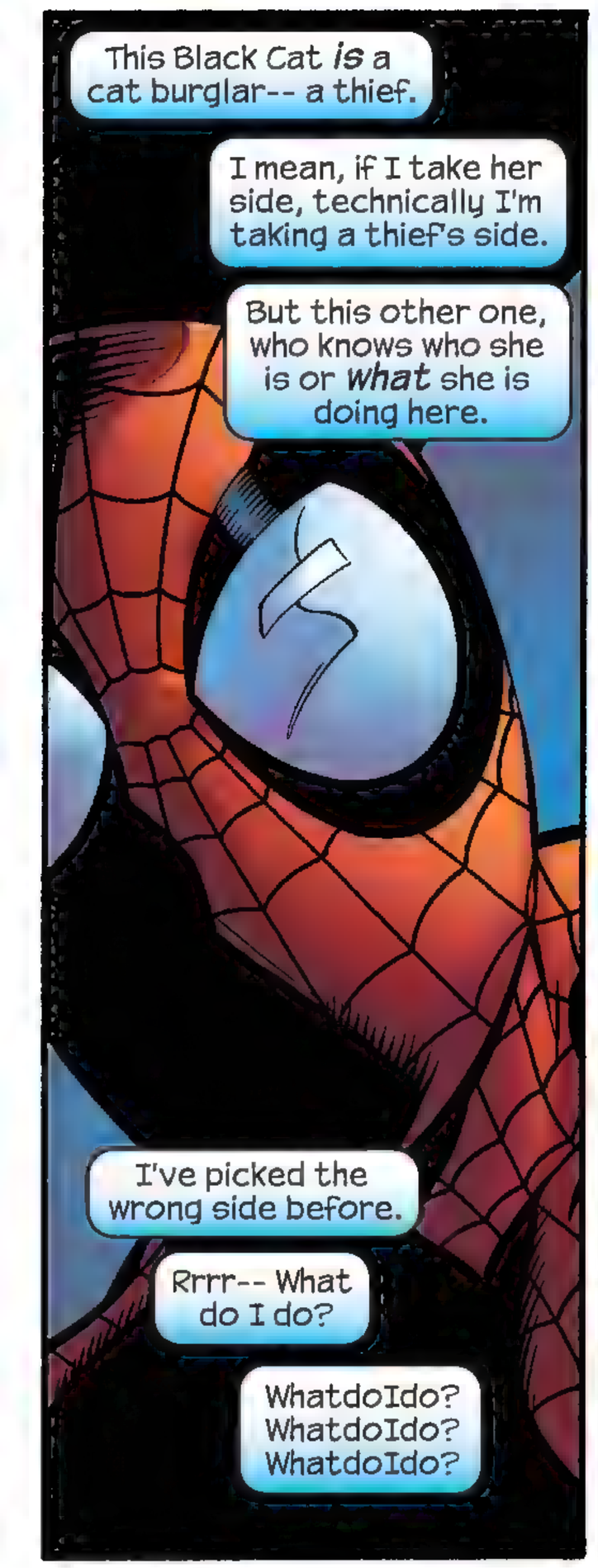

HA!
SPAK

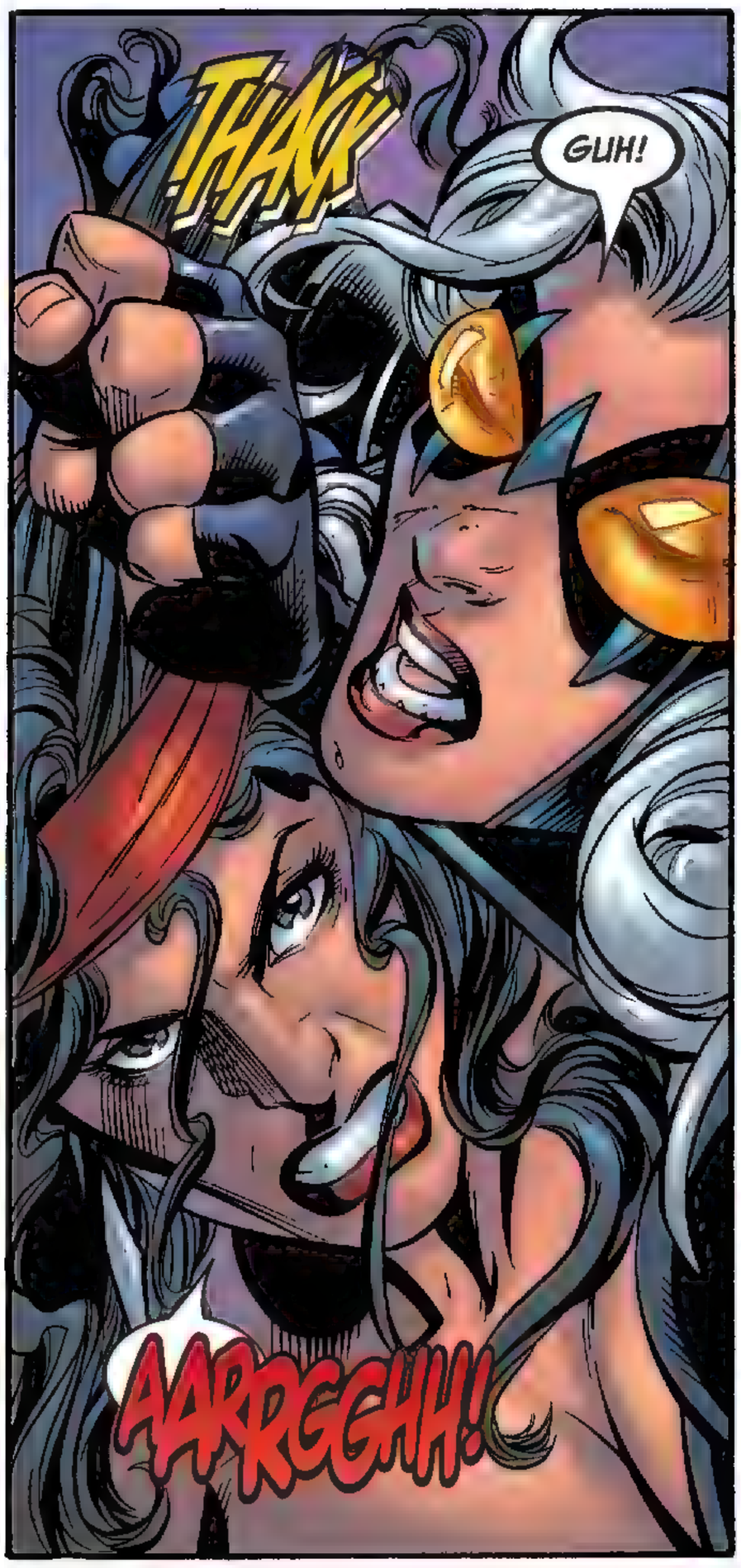

AARGH!

Nuts!
What do I do?

HAAII!
THACK
PACK

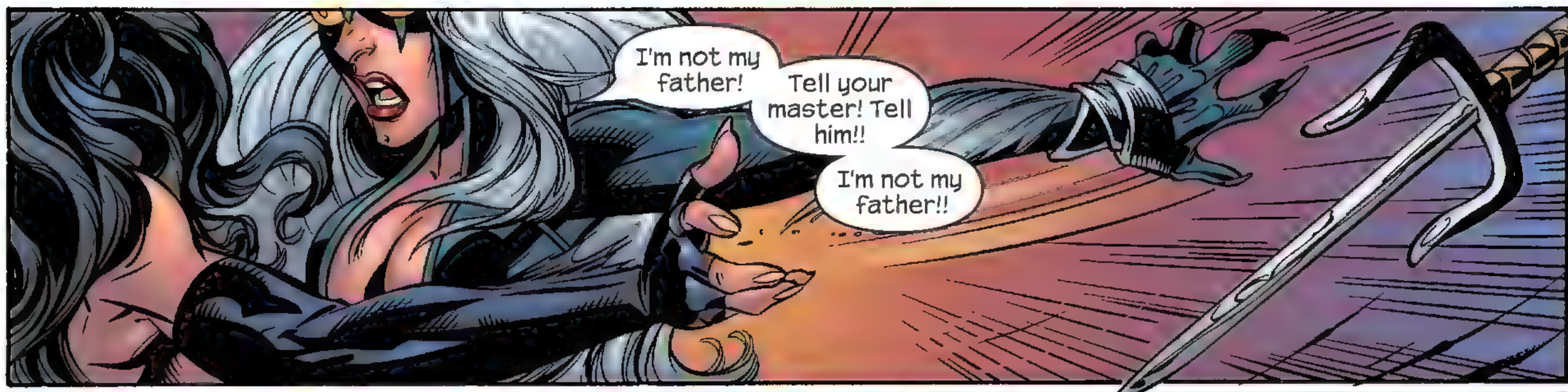
AAII!

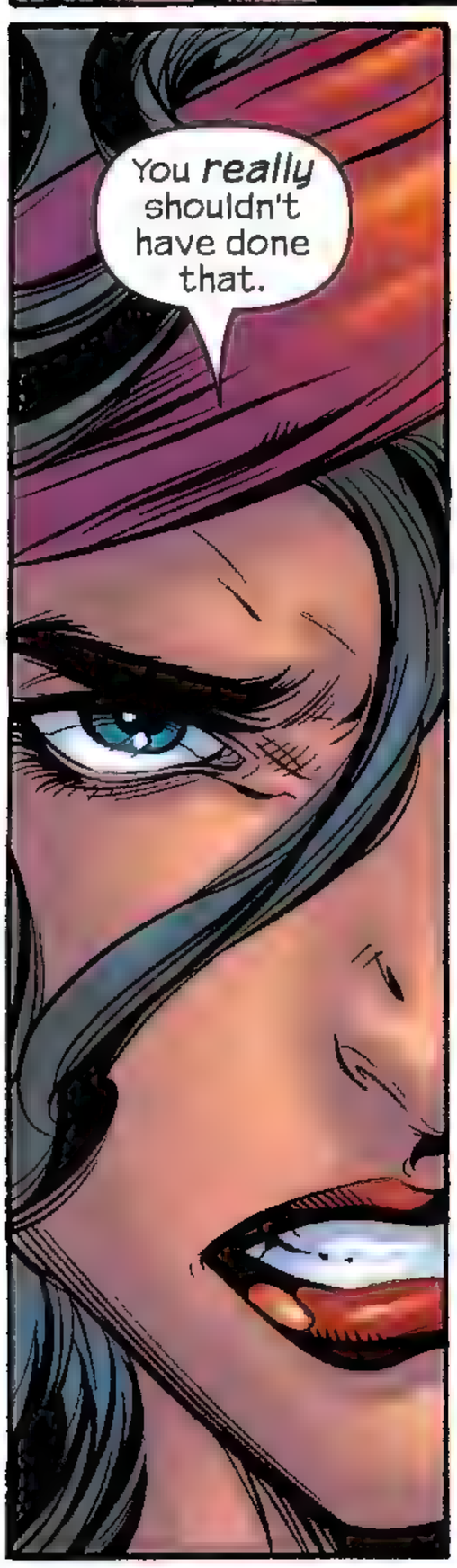

This Black Cat *is* a cat burglar-- a thief.
I mean, if I take her side, technically I'm taking a thief's side.
But this other one, who knows who she is or *what* she is doing here.
I've picked the wrong side before.
Rrrr-- What do I do?
WhatdoIdo? WhatdoIdo? WhatdoIdo?

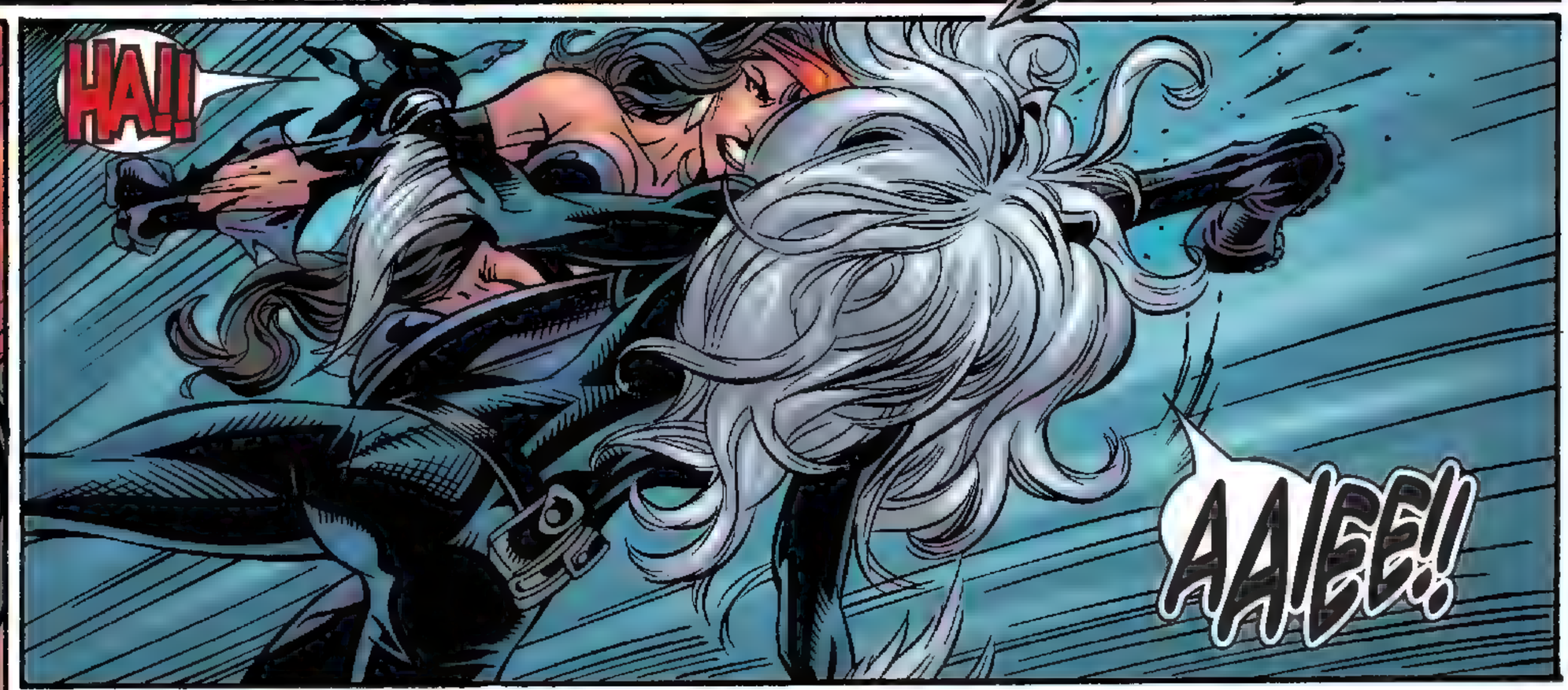

THAK
GUH!
AARRGHH!

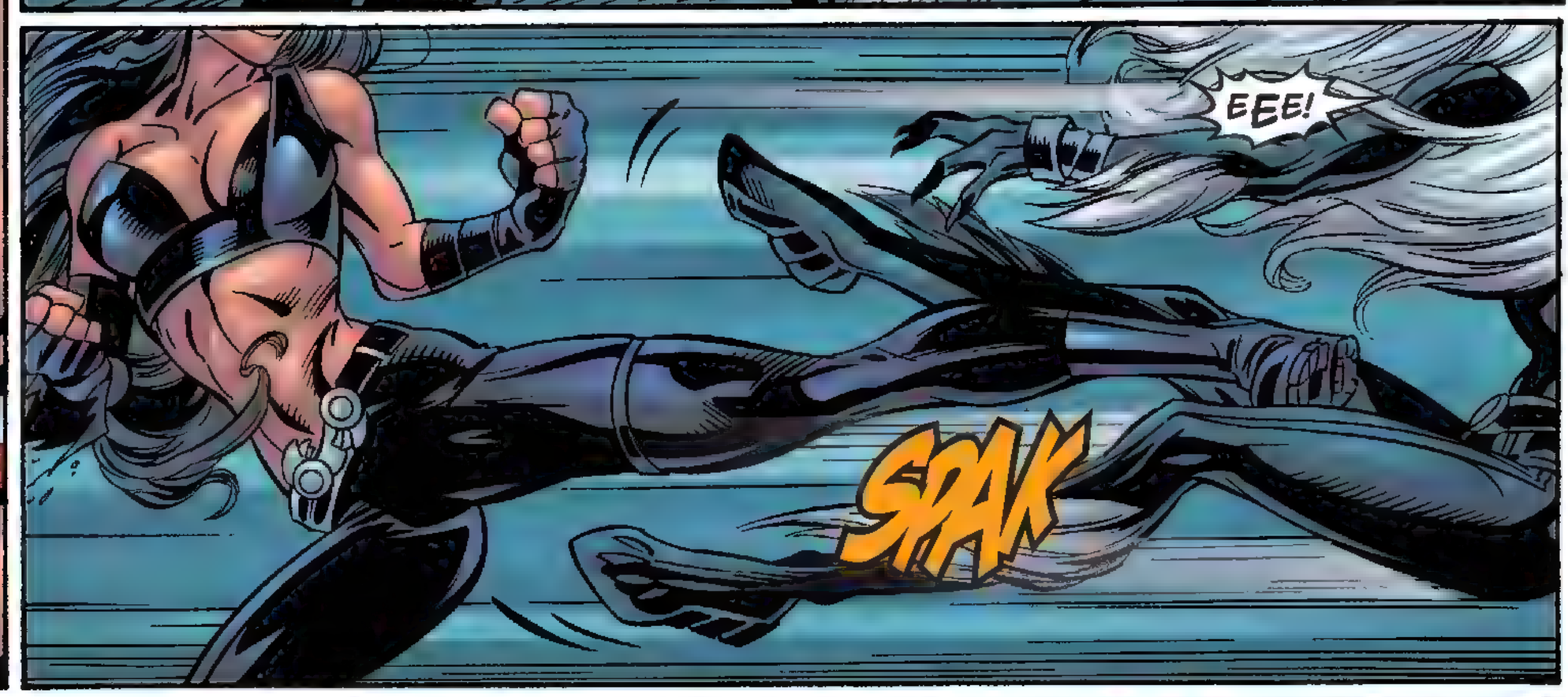
AAH!
EEGH!

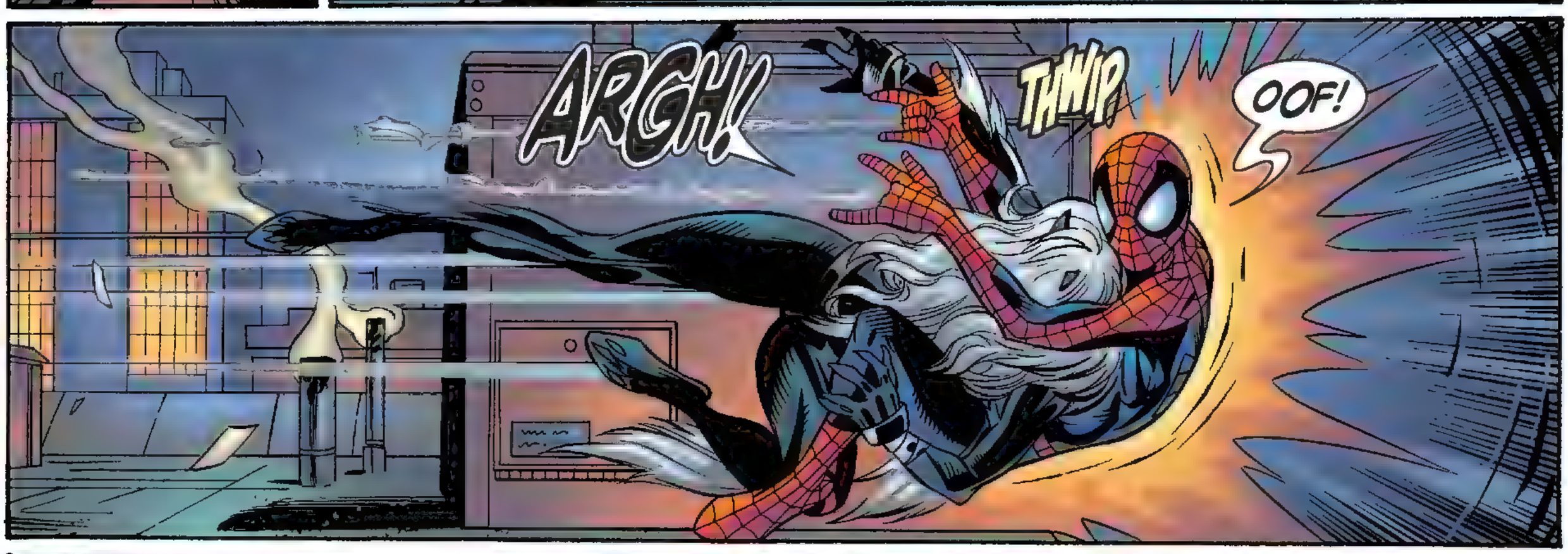
Oh, hey...
...catfight...
RRRRRR!
DIE!
RIPP
Give back what you stole!
Someone should stop this.

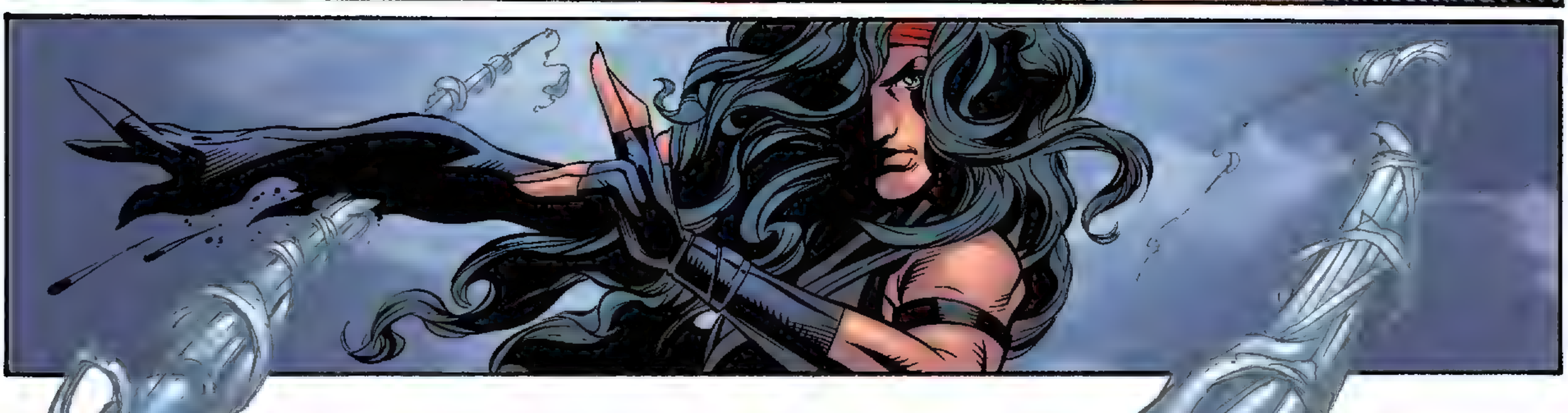

I'm not my father!
Tell your master! Tell him!!
I'm not my father!!


You really shouldn't have done that.

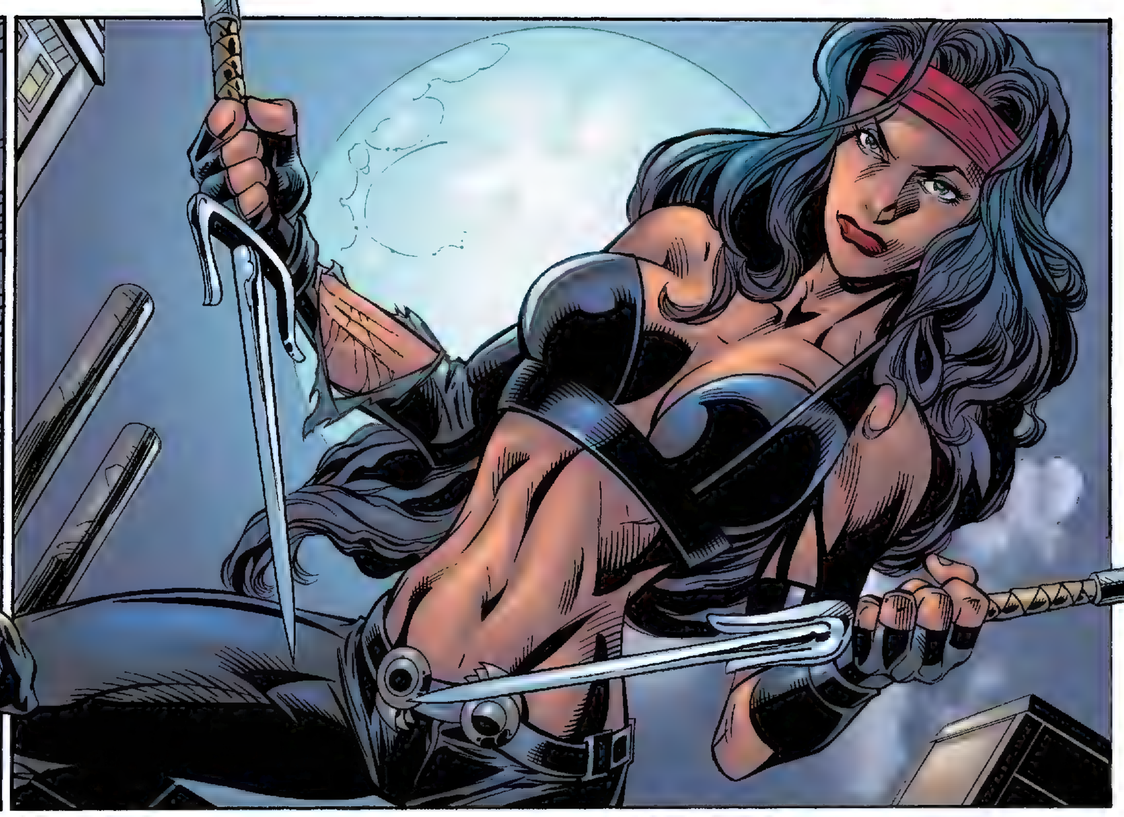

HA!!
AAIEE!!

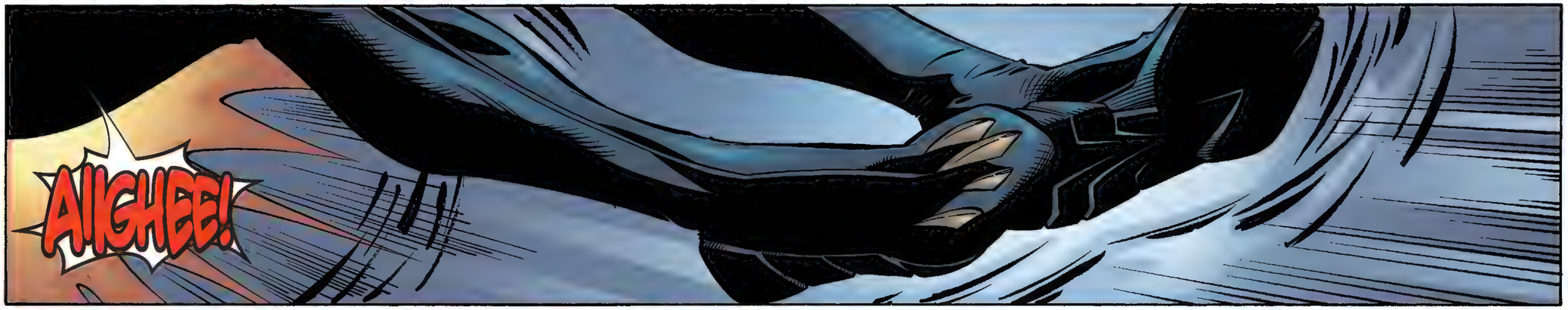

EEE!
SPAK


ARGH!
THWIP
OOF!



Let me take care of--
Get off me!! Get off!!



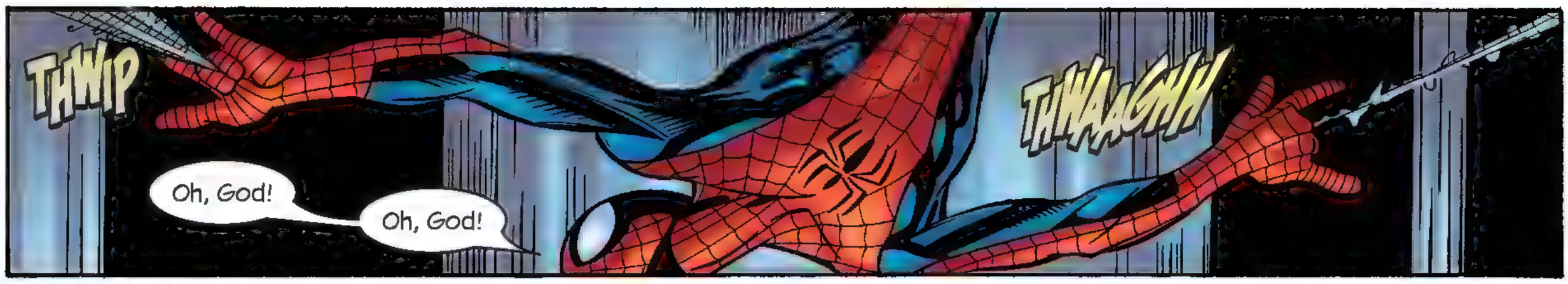

AIIGHEE!

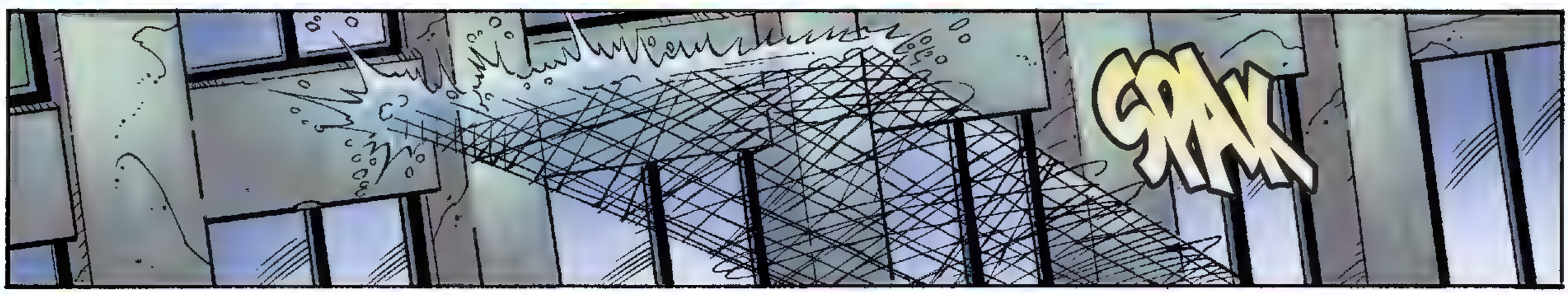
I said I'll take care of it.
Oof!

NO!
You need to have some quiet time.
No!
Okay now, you...
What exactly can we do to make you stop and go away?
Or would you at all be interested in calmly explaining who sent you and what exactly you want?

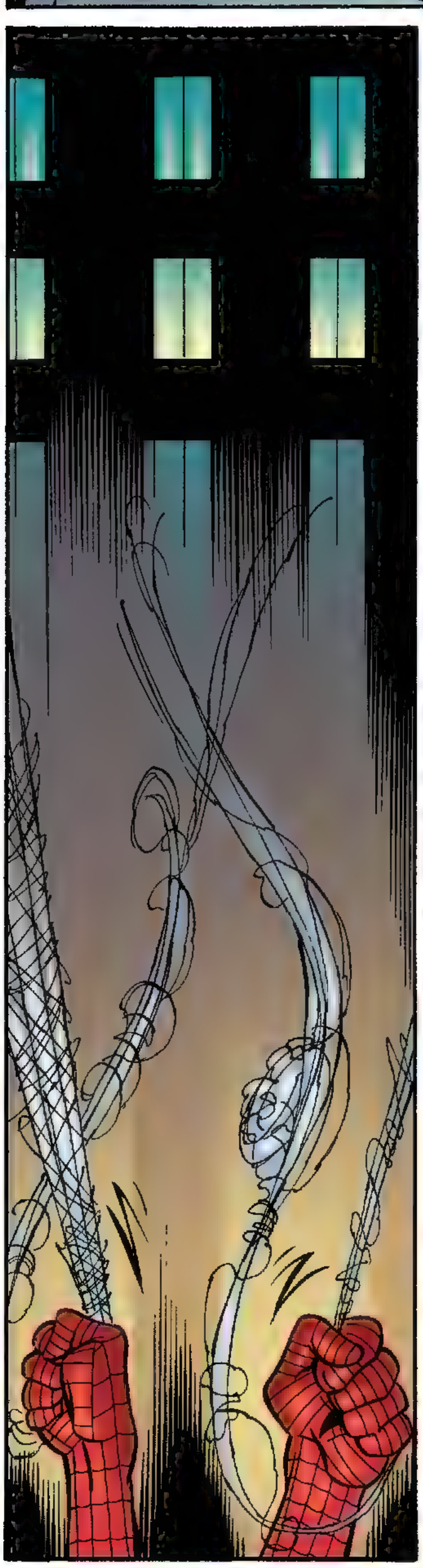
FHHH
So that's a no?
HA!
Hey!
HA!
Stop!
WHUMP
Ow!
HA!
AH!
Come on!
AAGGH!
FUMP
HAA!
Just--
AARGHH!
Will you just give me a second--
FUMP
AAGH!
FAX
AGH!
What is wrong--
--with--
AGH!
THWAP
AGH!
THUMP

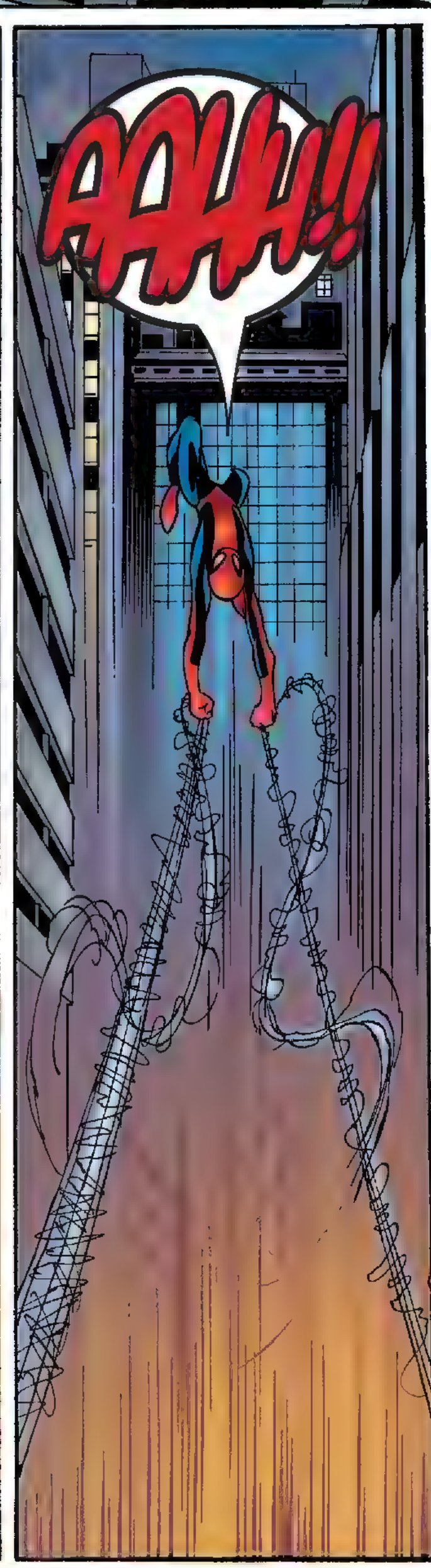
ADAMS
HO

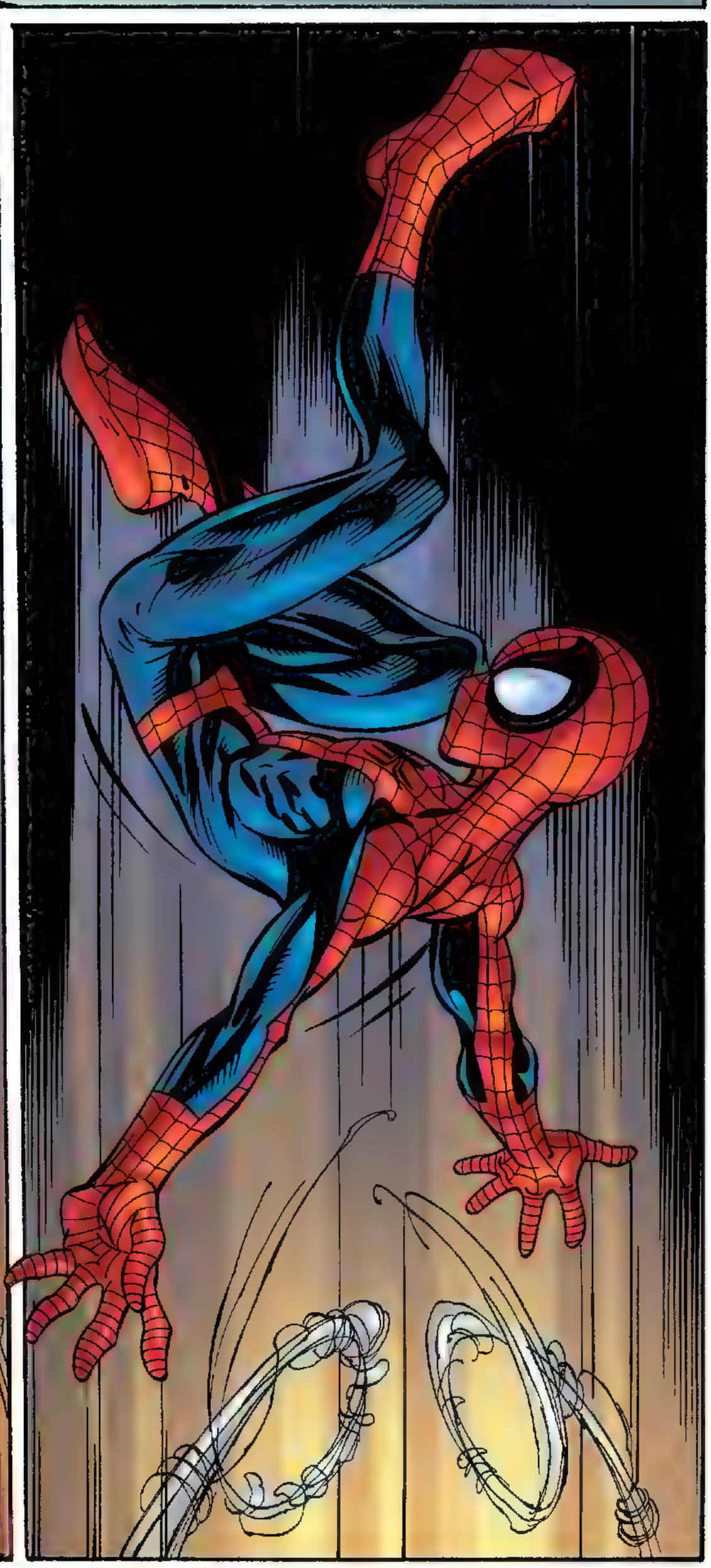

THWIP
Oh, God!
Oh, God!
THWAAGHH


SPAAK

SPACK

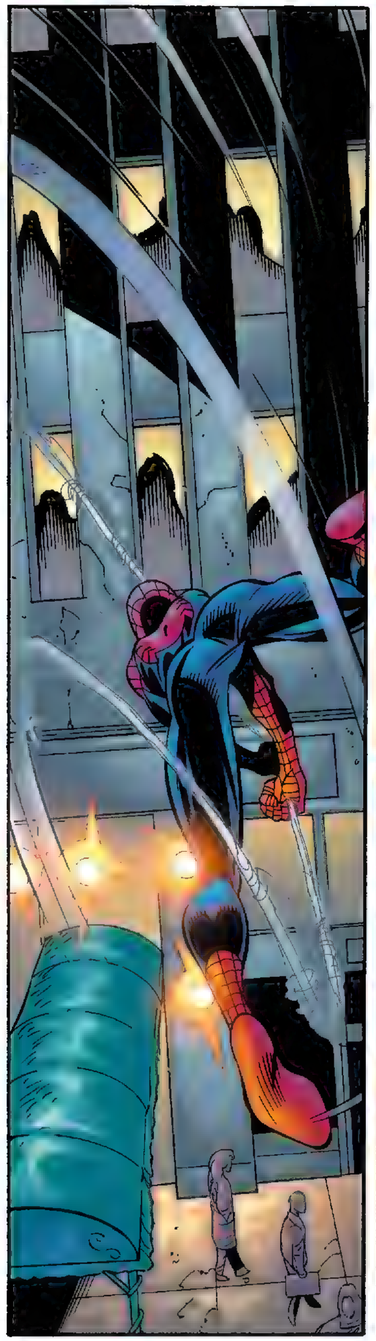


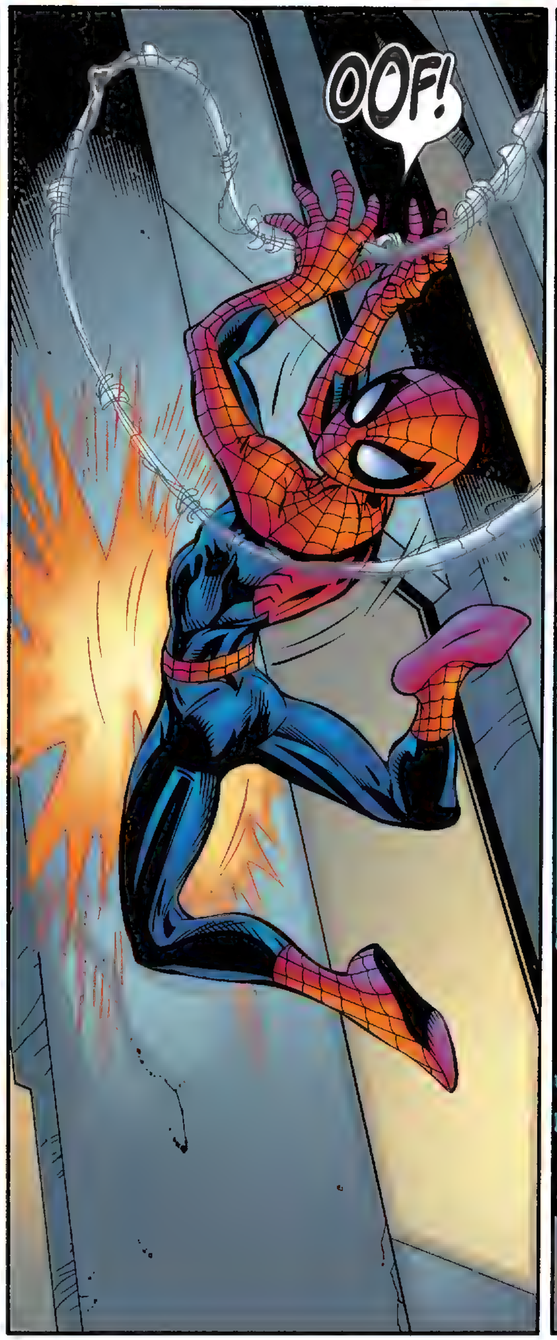

AAAH!!

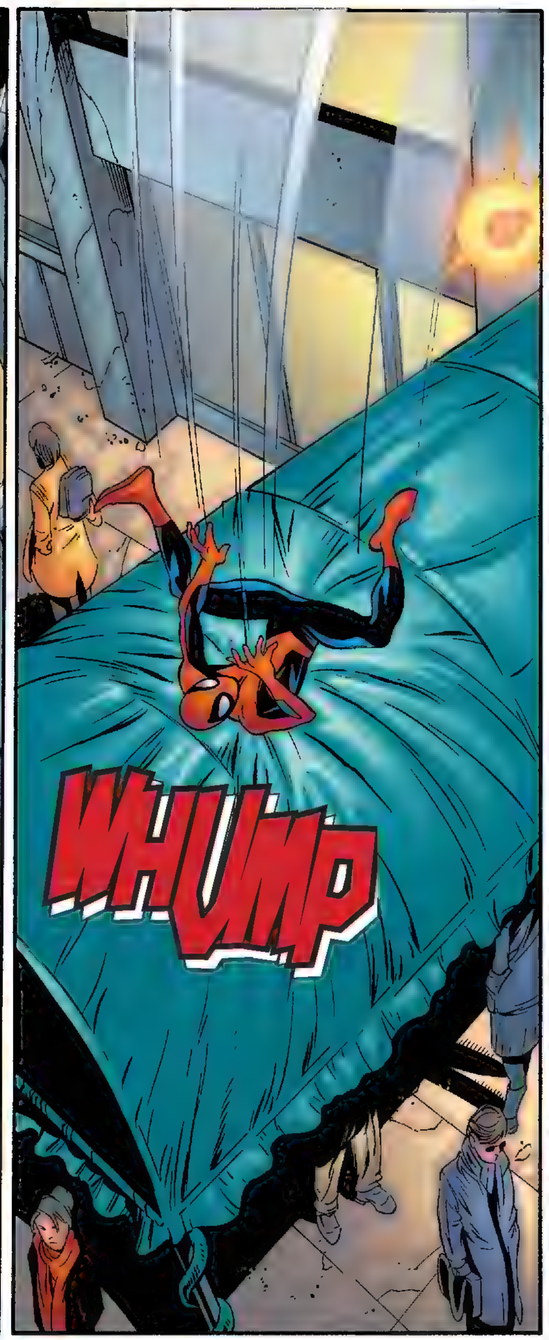


THWIP

AGH!

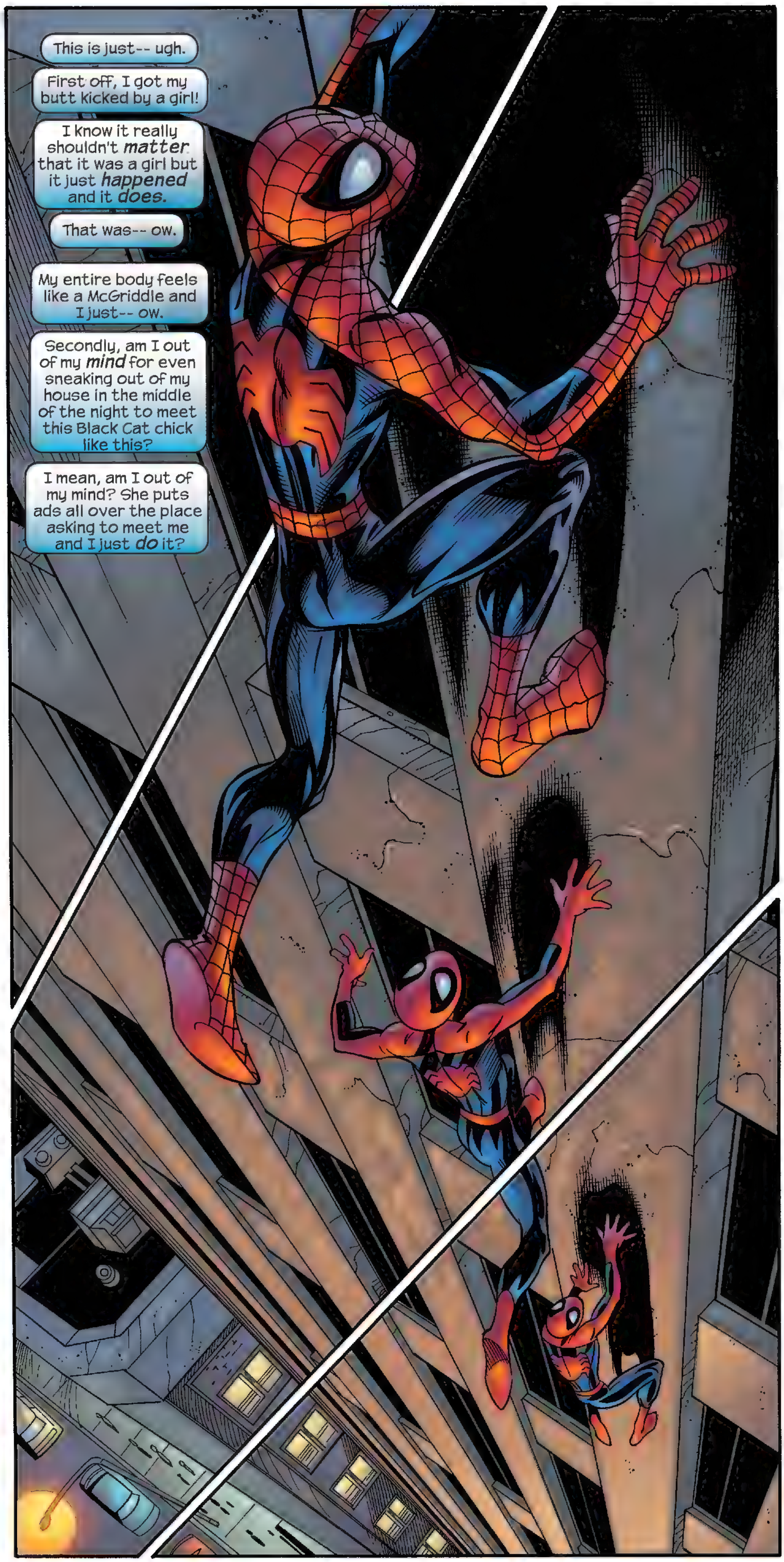



OOF!


WHUMP

Uugghh...

Well, I'm not dead.
So that's something.



She's some big cat burglar and I am meeting her in the middle of the night?

How is it she's smart enough to be a cat burglar but she's so stupid that she puts ads in the paper telling everyone with half a brain *where* she is going to be?

I mean, she stole from people, it's all over the news...

And she puts ads out everywhere announcing where she wants to meet me? She's an *idiot!*

No, I'm an idiot for *coming* here.

Got my tuchas kicked so bad.

What is wrong with me? I agree to sit down with her and make all nice-nice.

I *have* a girlfriend!!

And although Mary Jane is clearly as crazy as this girl... I do *have* a girlfriend!

I am just disgusted with myself for getting sucked into all of this to begin with.

I mean, am I actually the lame-o kind of guy who can forget that she's a crazy thief because she looks hot in black leather or whatever that shiny material is?

Well, clearly I *am* that kind of guy! But that is *really* disappointing to find out.

And I have a girlfriend!

What was she thinking? What was I thinking?

And I don't know what I am going to do when I get back up to this roof.

It's not like I have any fight left in me. My arm is throbbing. I think I pulled a leg out of its socket.

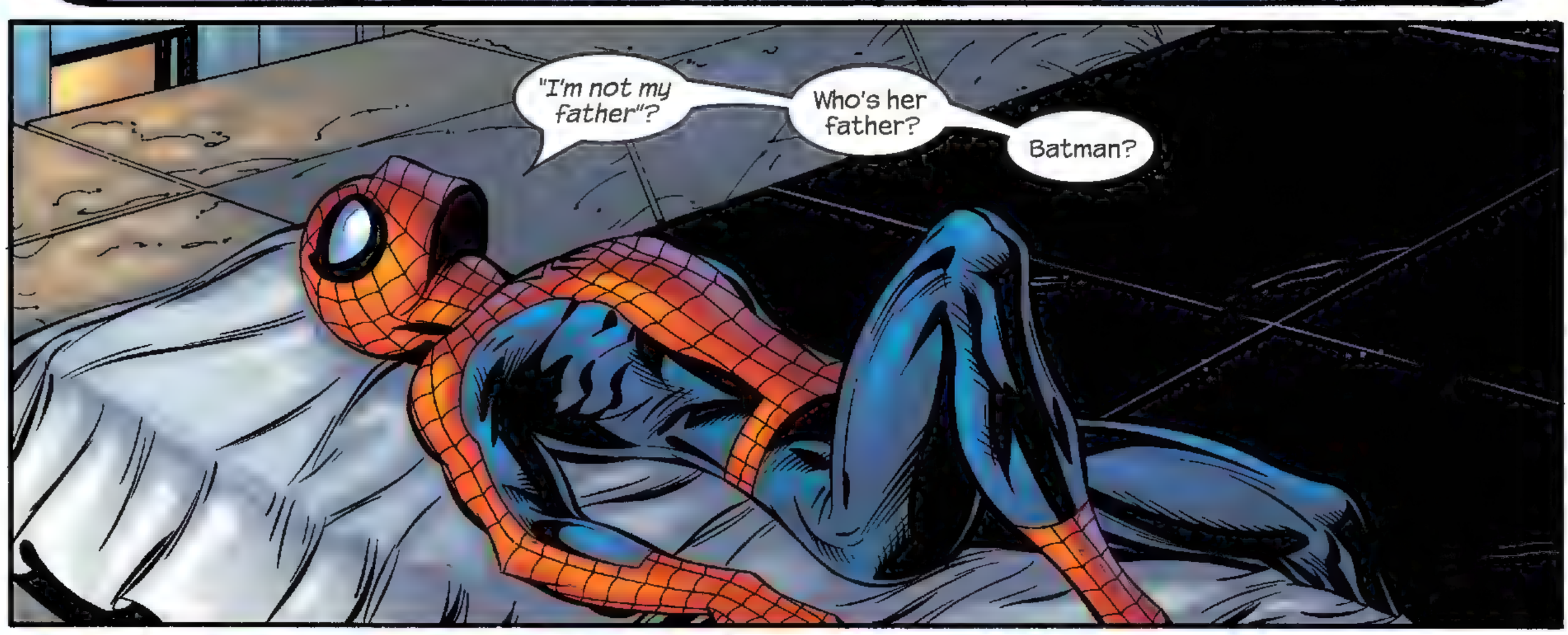
My nose is bleeding, or my mouth. Something on my face is bleeding. I bent my pinky. I bit my tongue.

And those two probably *killed* each other already or they decided to team up and kill *me* and are just waiting for me to get back up so they can...

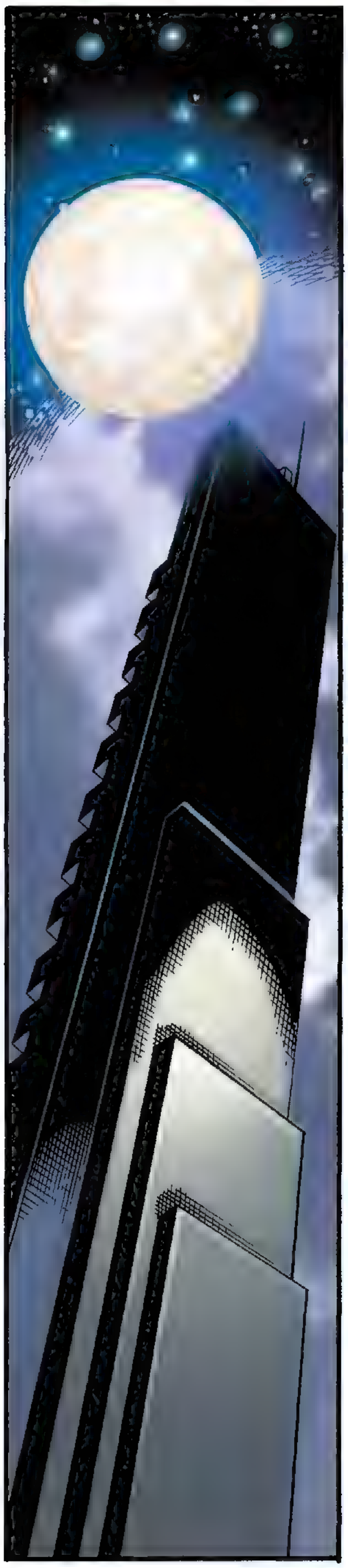
Either way I have nothing left to give to this little...
Well, that's just great.
Now, I miss them.
I need professional help.
Hello?
Crazy ladies?
Yes?
No?
Aaggh...
Aaggh...
Ah...
This is nice.
Sleepy time is nice.

What did she say...?

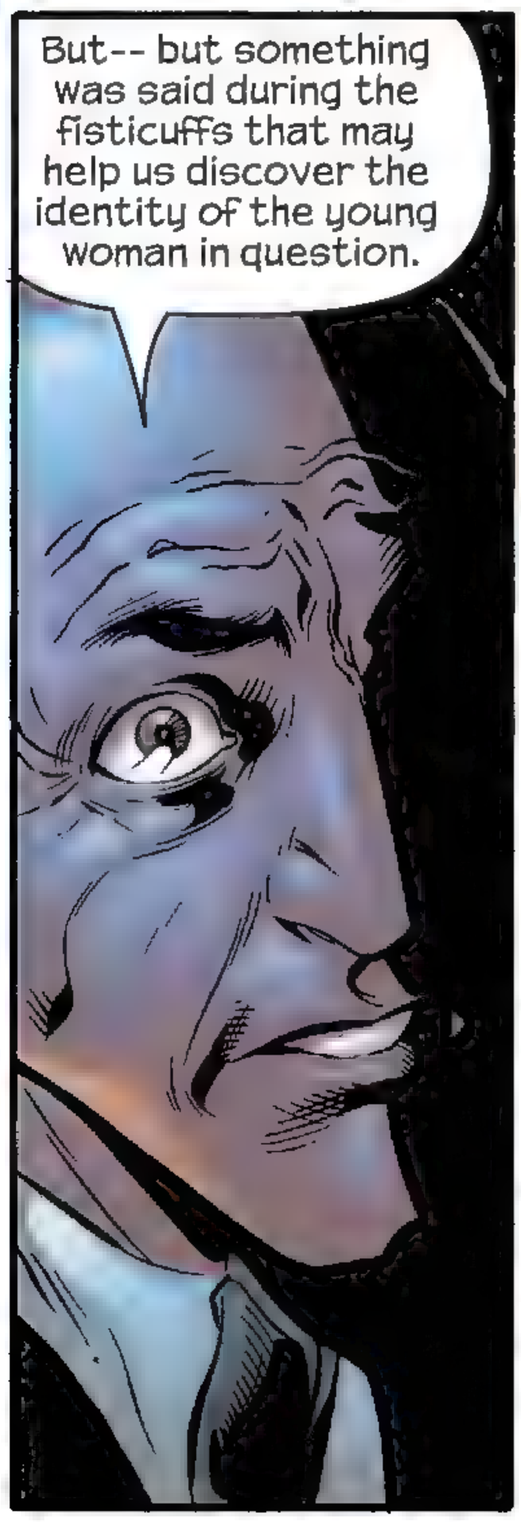
I'm not my father!
Tell your master! Tell him!!
I'm not my father!!


"I'm not my father"?
Who's her father?
Batman?

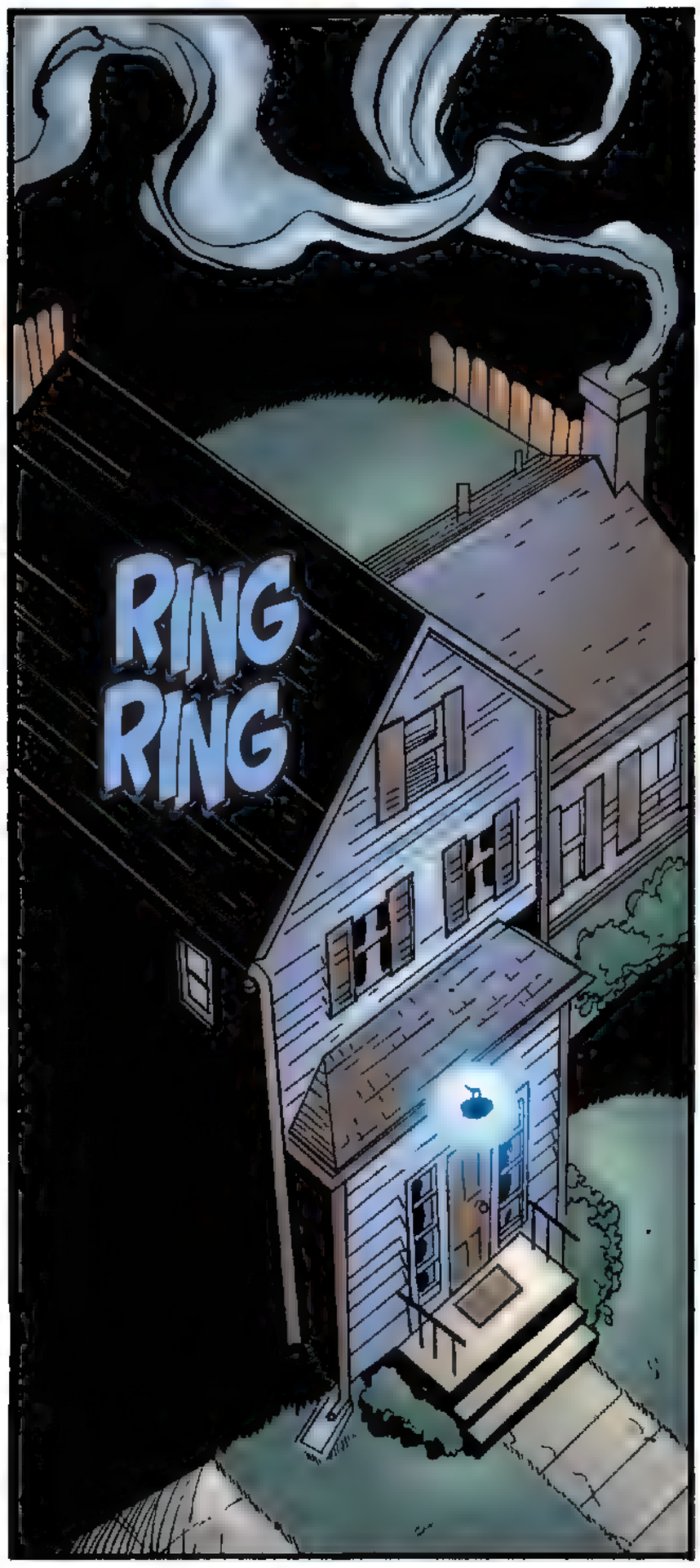
CLACK
Uh...
Oh, my God!!
Sshh, I'm thinking.

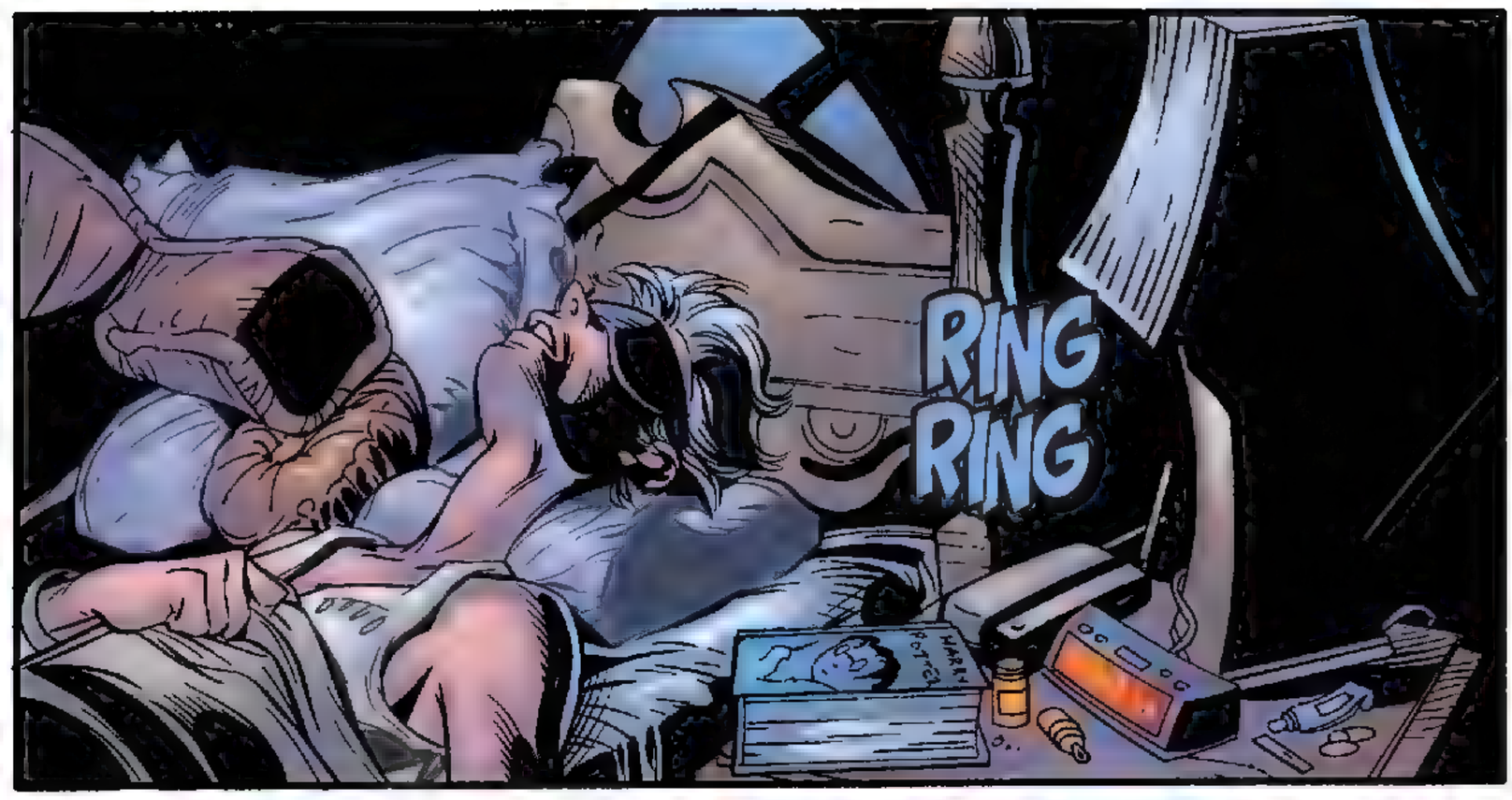


Mr. Fisk?
Is it done?
Elektra was unsuccessful.


But-- but something was said during the fisticuffs that may help us discover the identity of the young woman in question.

Yes, sir.


RING
RING


RING
RING

Hullo?
May? May?
Whoziz?
It's Mary Watson. Down the street!!
What happened?
MJ is gone!

MJ!! Mary Jane is gone!!
I just-- I just ch-checked her room and she's not there!!
She's gone!!
I-I-I think she packed a bag. I think she ran away!!
She ran away!! She's not here. Her money is gone and some of her clothes.
Is-- is P-Peter there? I'm dying here!! I don't know what to do!
I don't know where she is!! She could be dead lying in the street.
Is Peter there?
I'll-- I'll go wake him up.
To be continued...

53

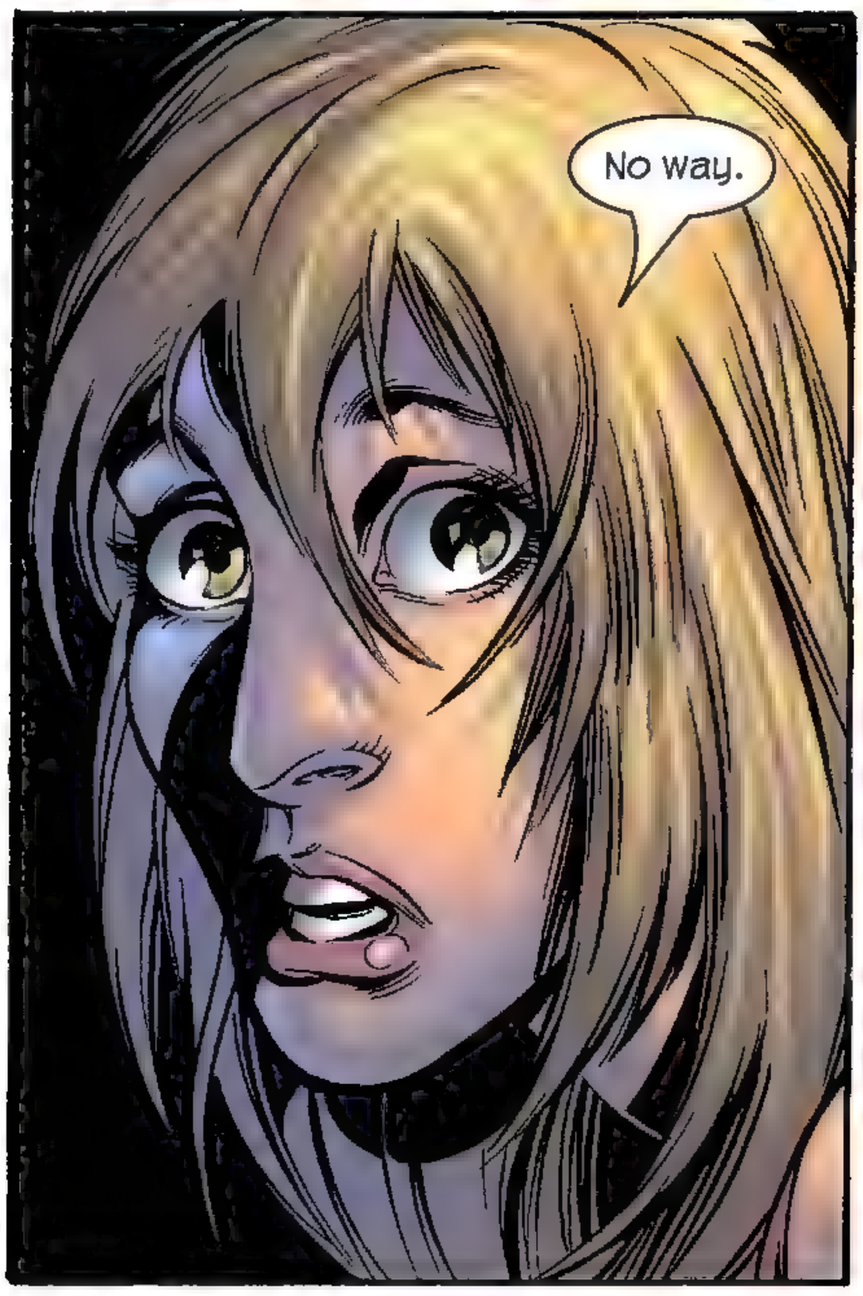
PETER!
Peter, wake up!

MJ ran away from home! We need to...
...help the Watsons...

Gwen?? Gwen??
KNOCK KNOCK

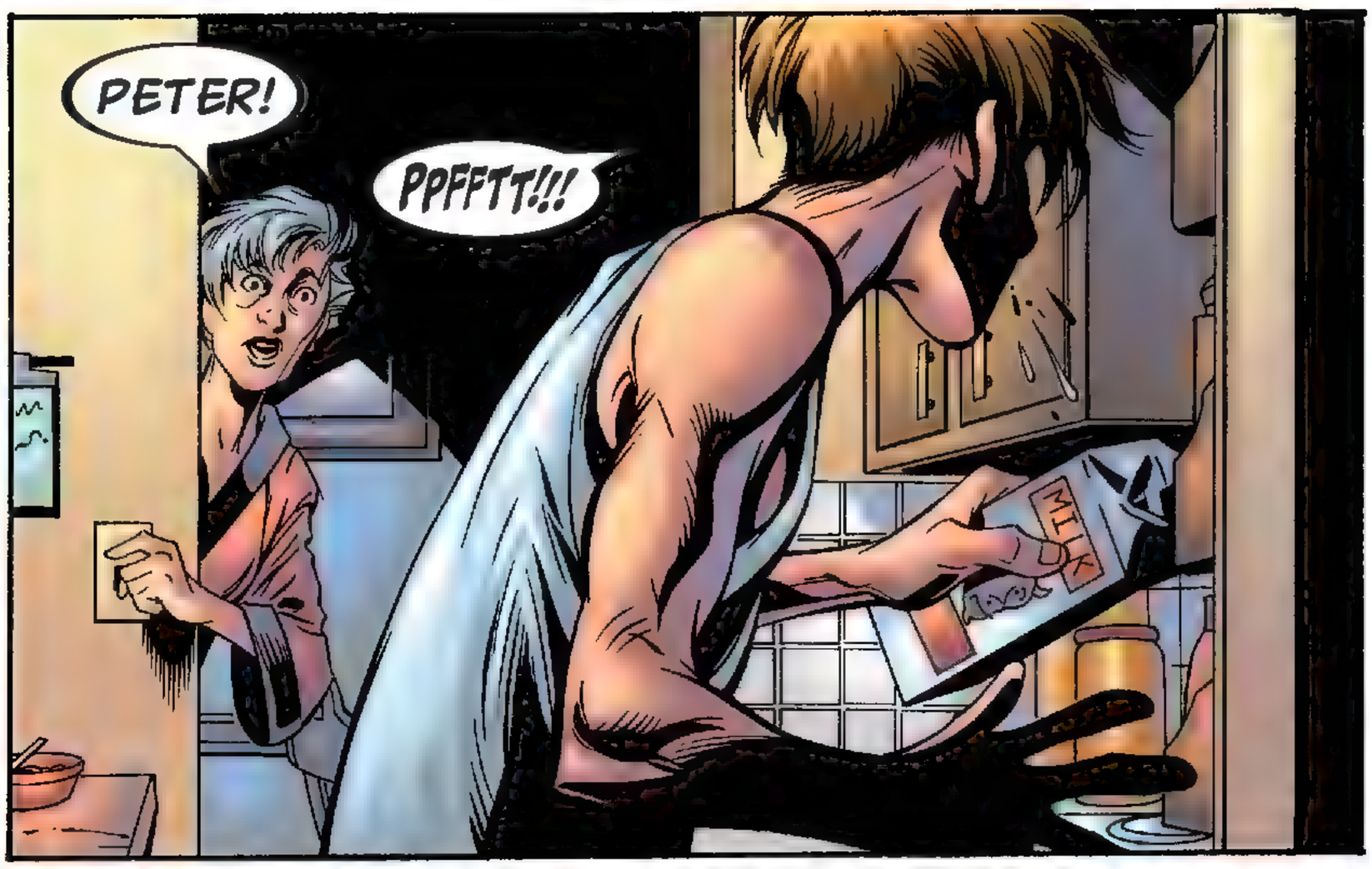
Sssgoin' on?
Gwen, where's Peter?
Dunno.
Where is he?
Dunno ssgoin' on?

I think Peter and MJ have run away.

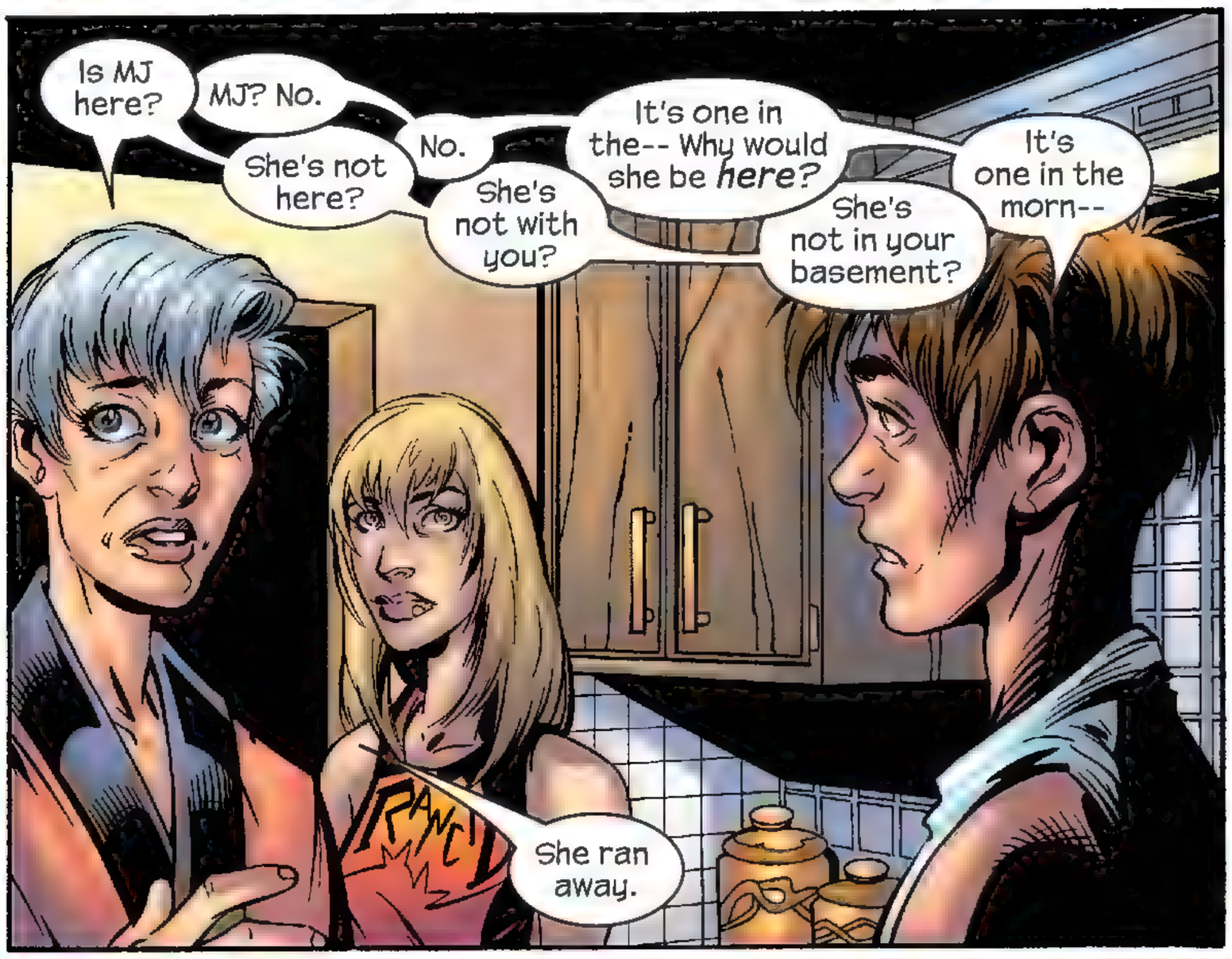

No way.

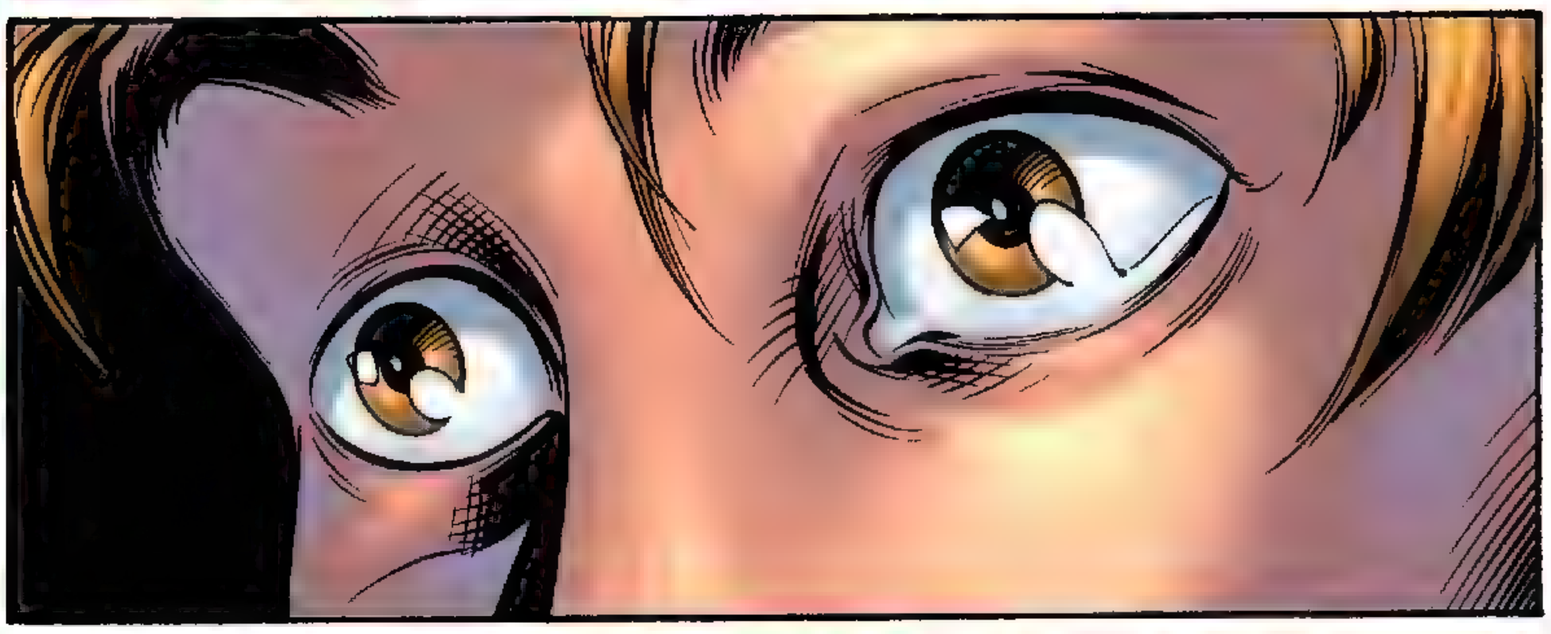
CLUMP

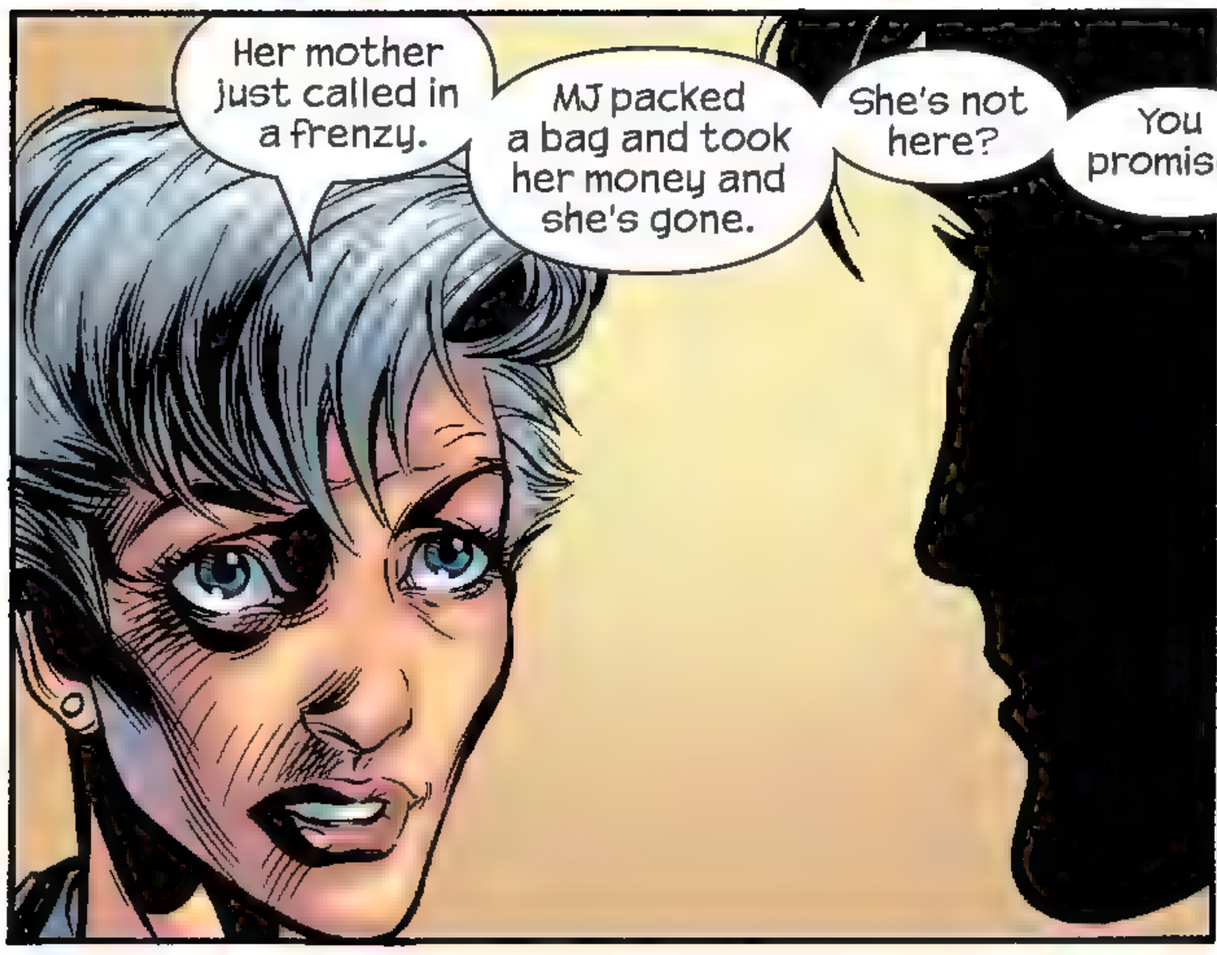
Peter?

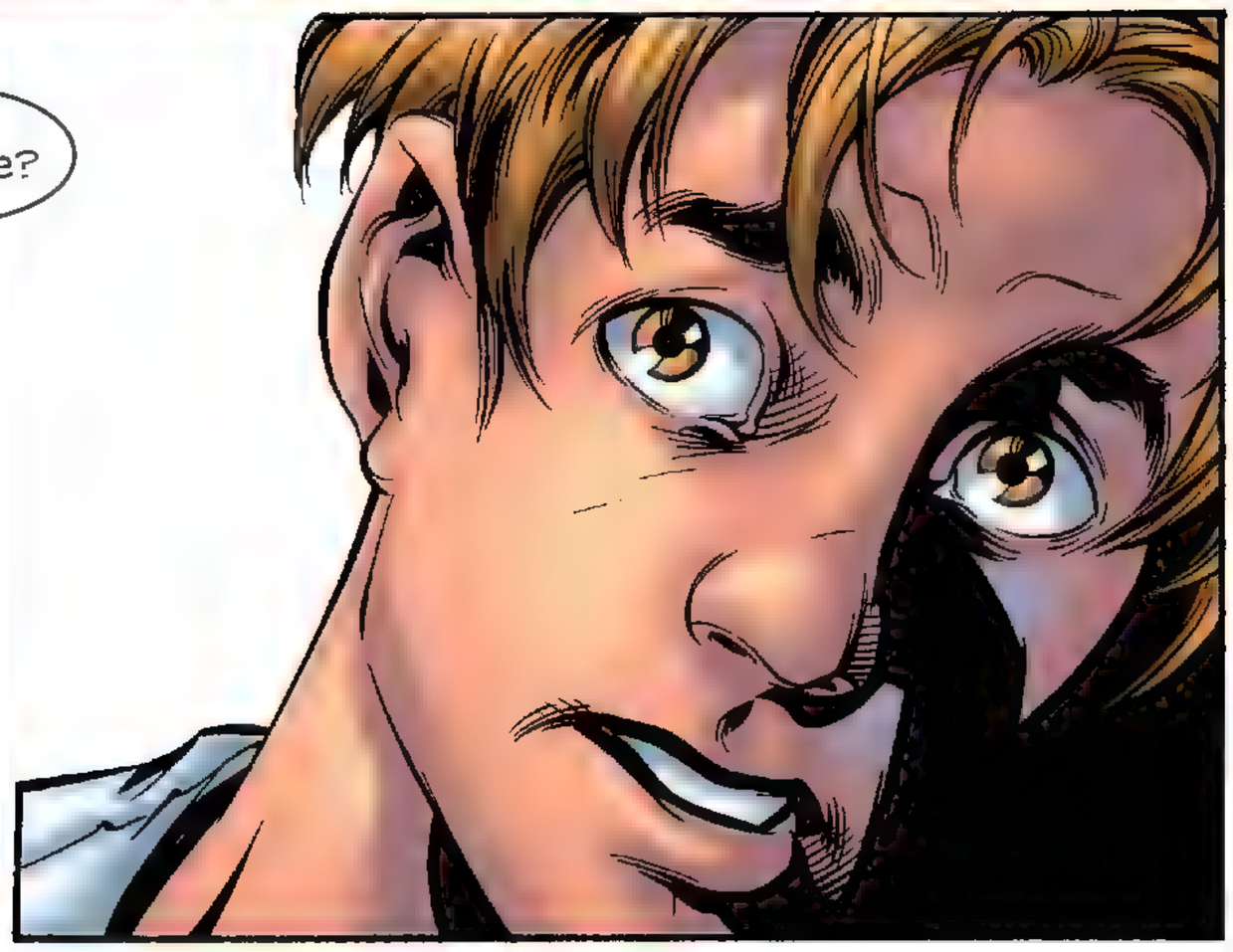

PETER!
PPFFTT!!!
MILK

Oh, man, Aunt May, you scared the--
What are you doing? Why aren't you in bed?
I was- I was working on my- my midterm paper and I got thirsty.
It's one in the morning.
I--
Where's MJ?
MJ?


Is MJ here?
MJ? No.
She's not here?
No.
She's not with you?
It's one in the-- Why would she be *here?*
She's not in your basement?
It's one in the morn--
She ran away.




Her mother just called in a frenzy.
MJ packed a bag and took her money and she's gone.
She's not here?
You promise?

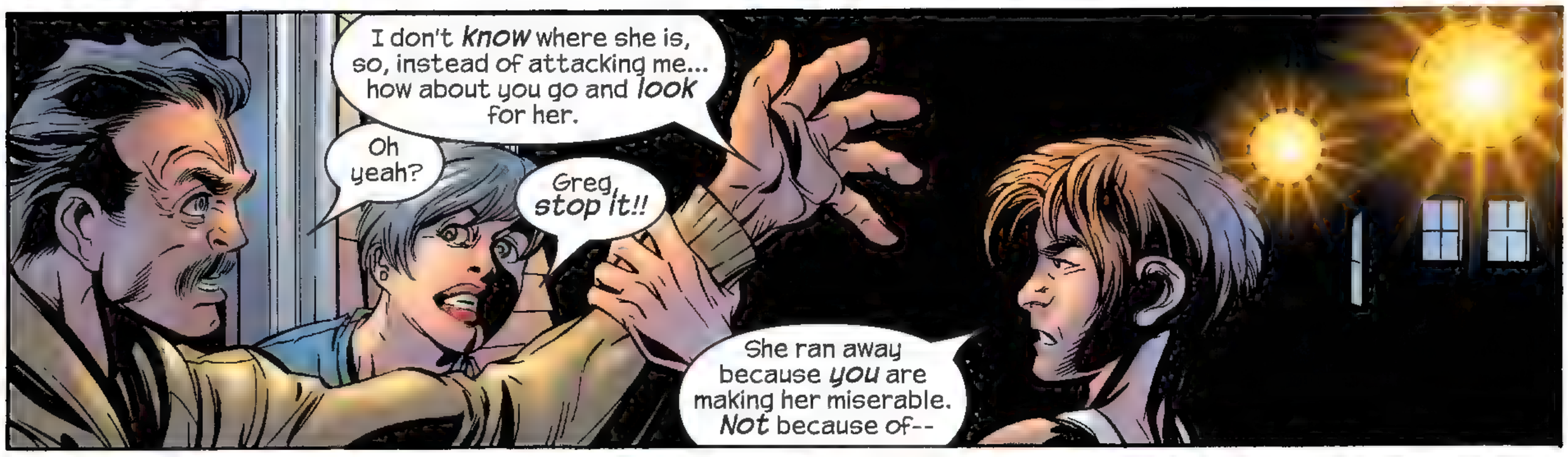


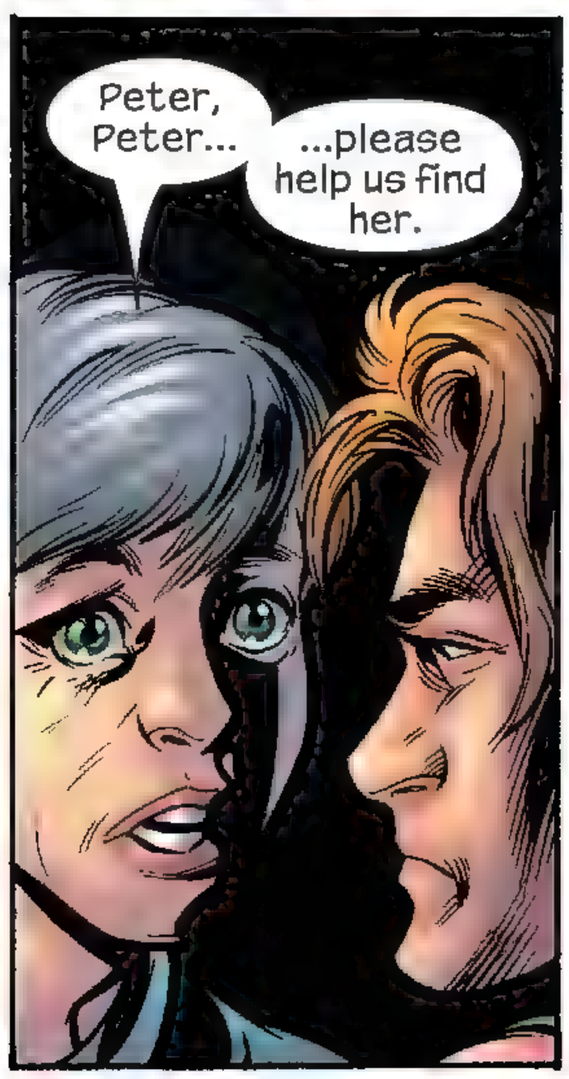
Peter!
Guy can move.
PETER!!!

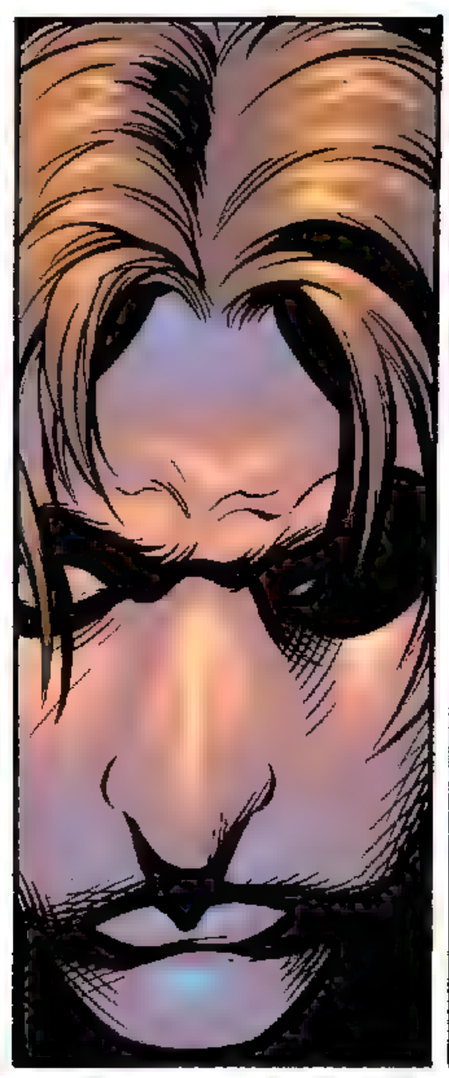
Where is she, Parker!!?
Mr. Watson, I was just coming here to--

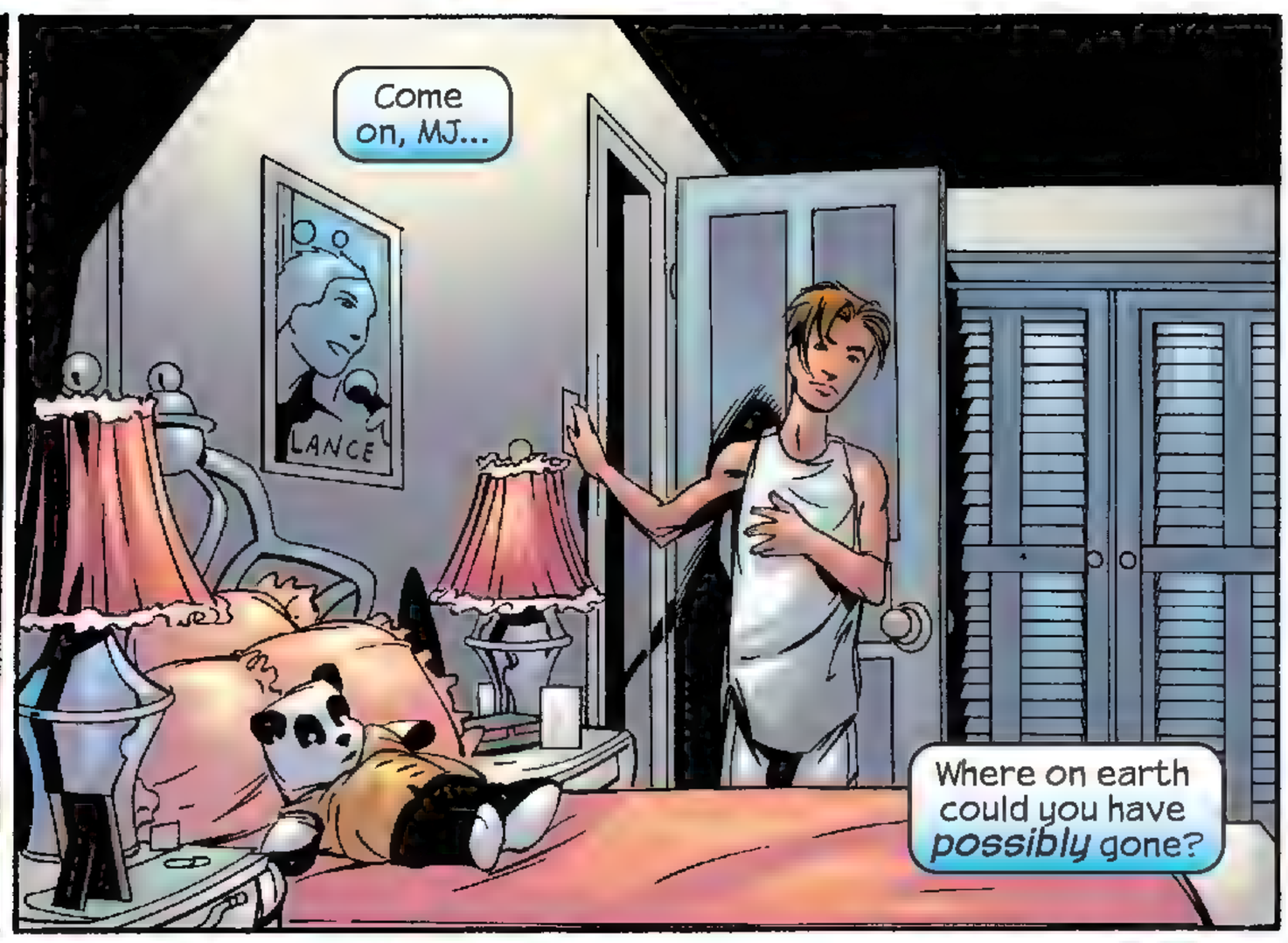
Where *is* she??!!
I have no idea where--
Don't give me that, you little piece of--!
I have no idea.
Where??
I'm just as--
I'm going to give you to the count of three.

Don't.

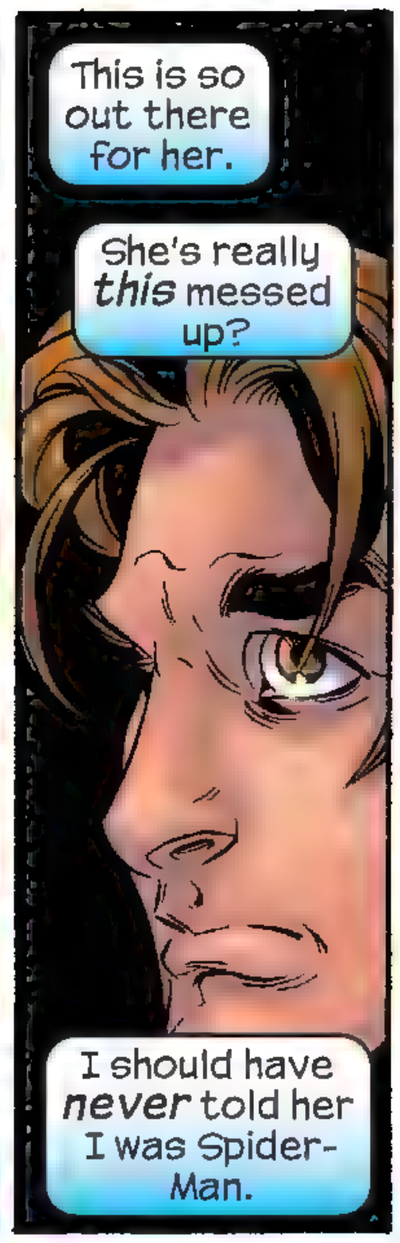

I don't *know* where she is, so, instead of attacking me... how about you go and *look* for her.
Oh yeah?
Greg, *stop it!!*
She ran away because *you* are making her miserable. *Not* because of--

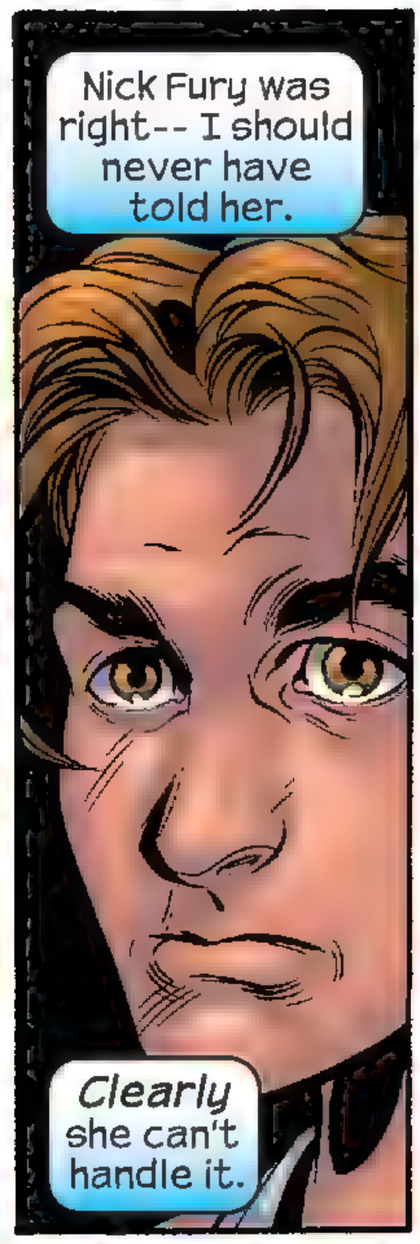

Peter, Peter...
...please help us find her.

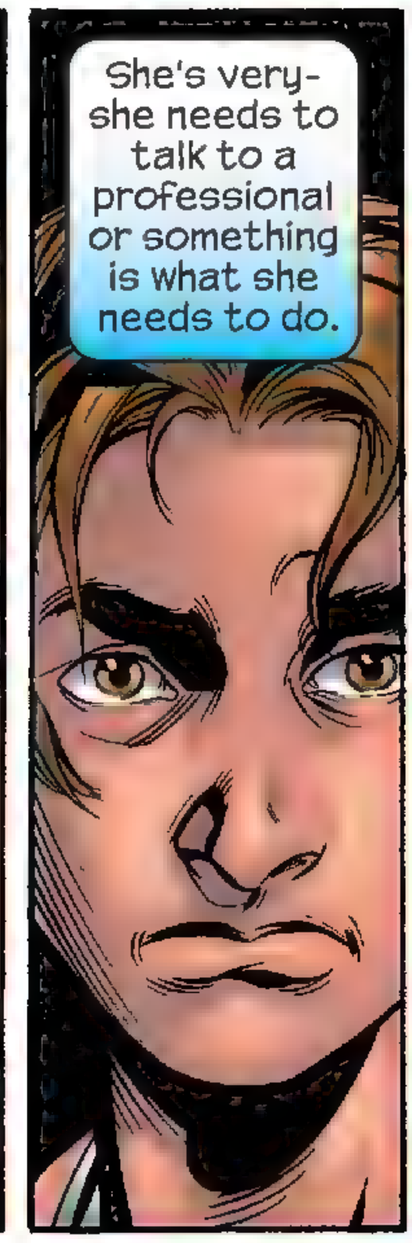


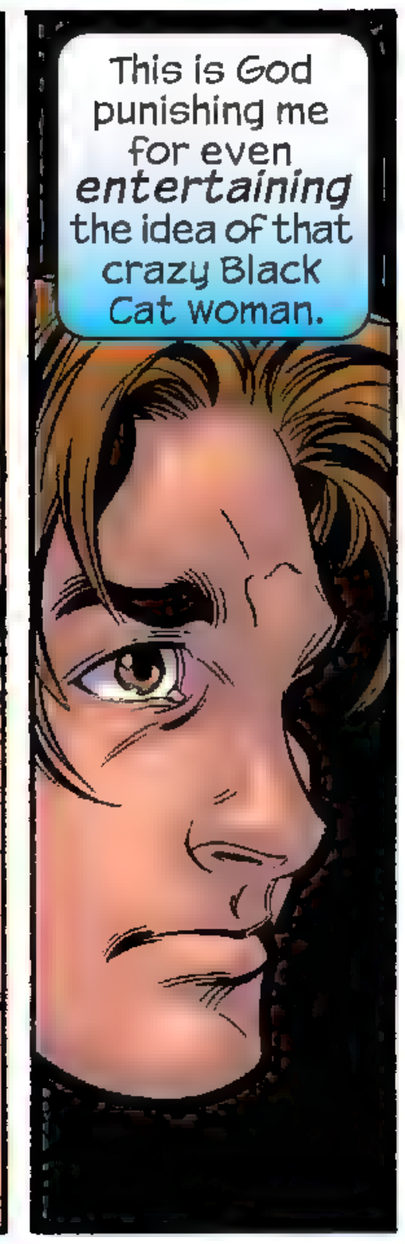

Come on, MJ...
LANCE
Where on earth could you have *possibly* gone?

Well, this is a nightmare.
What is she *thinking?* Did she leave town? Did she leave me too?
I- I knew she was bummed out and going through stuff with her dad but this is *insane.*

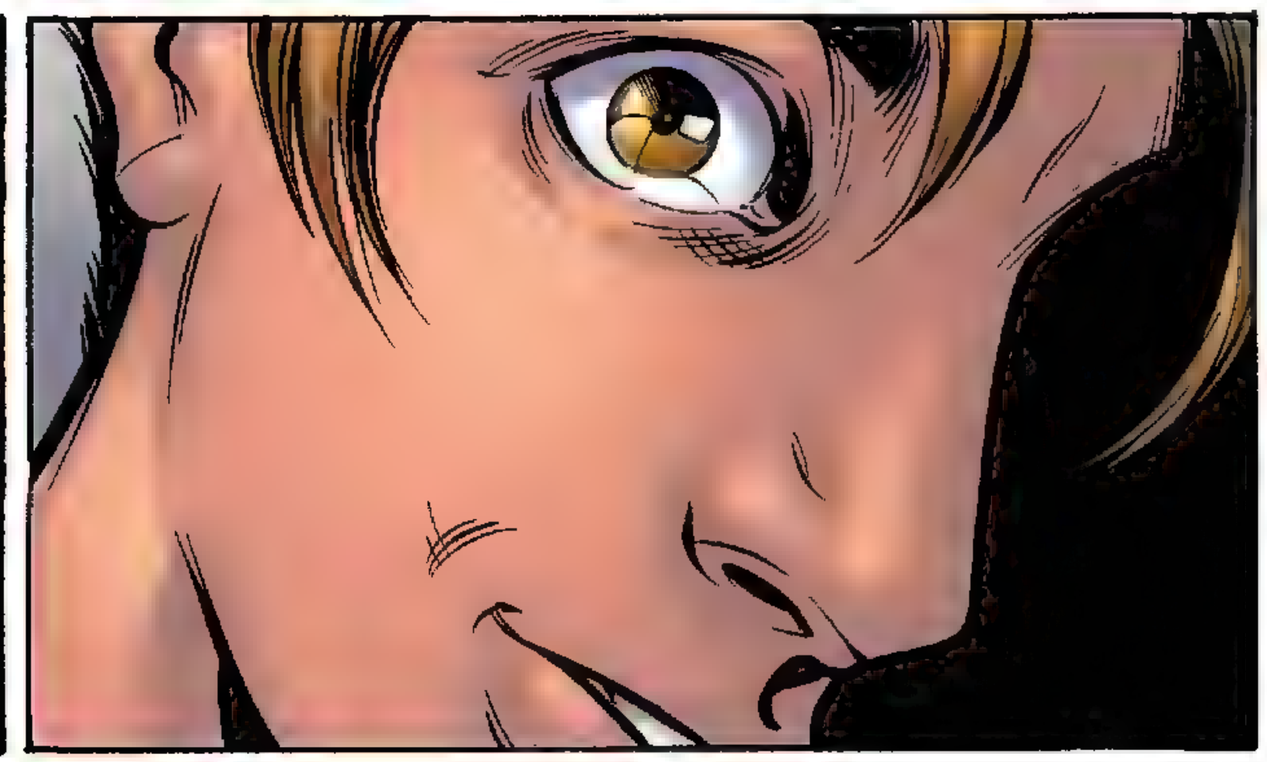

This is so out there for her.
She's really *this* messed up?
I should have *never* told her I was Spider-Man.


Nick Fury was right-- I should never have told her.
Clearly she can't handle it.


She's very- she needs to talk to a professional or something is what she needs to do.


This is God punishing me for even *entertaining* the idea of that crazy Black Cat woman.

Who knew MJ was even capable of--?

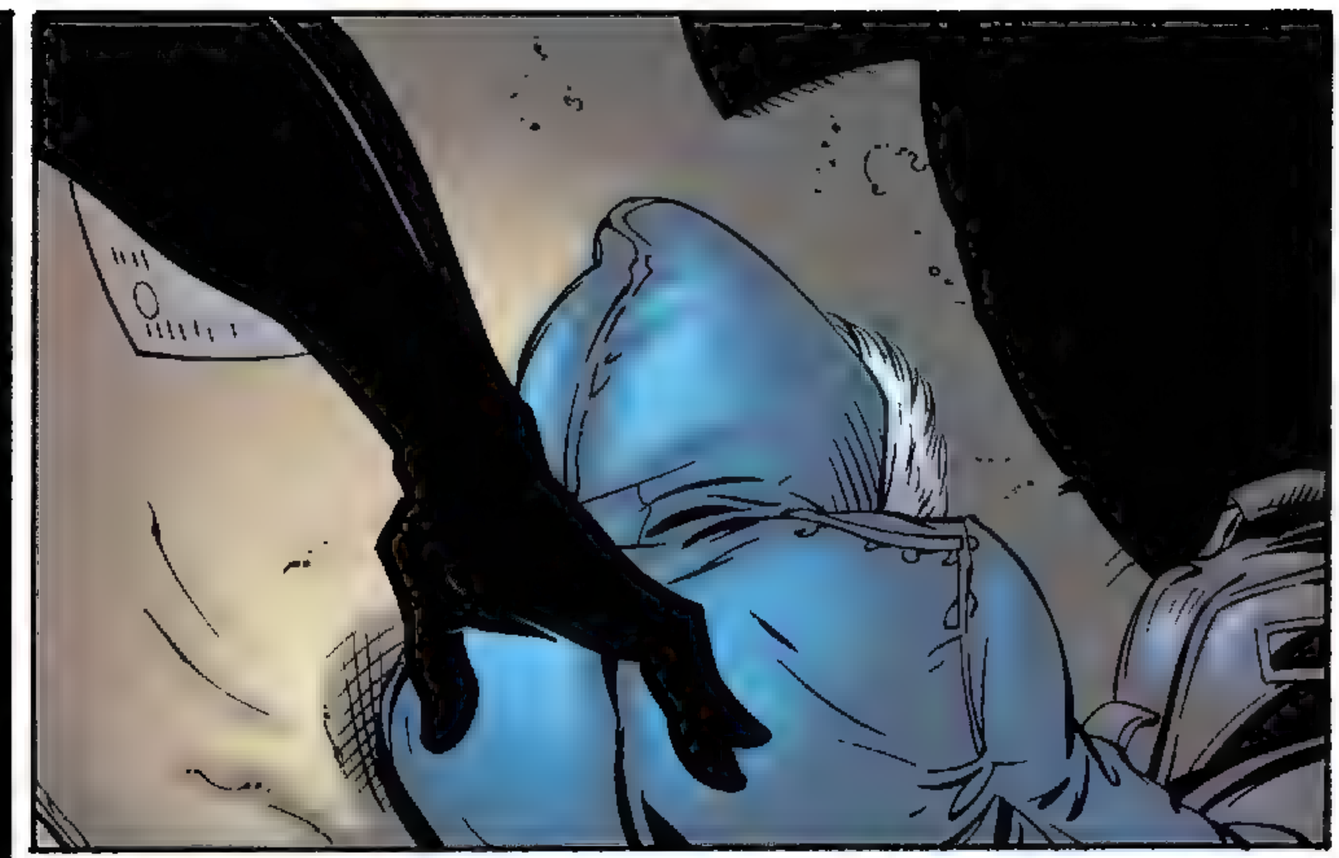


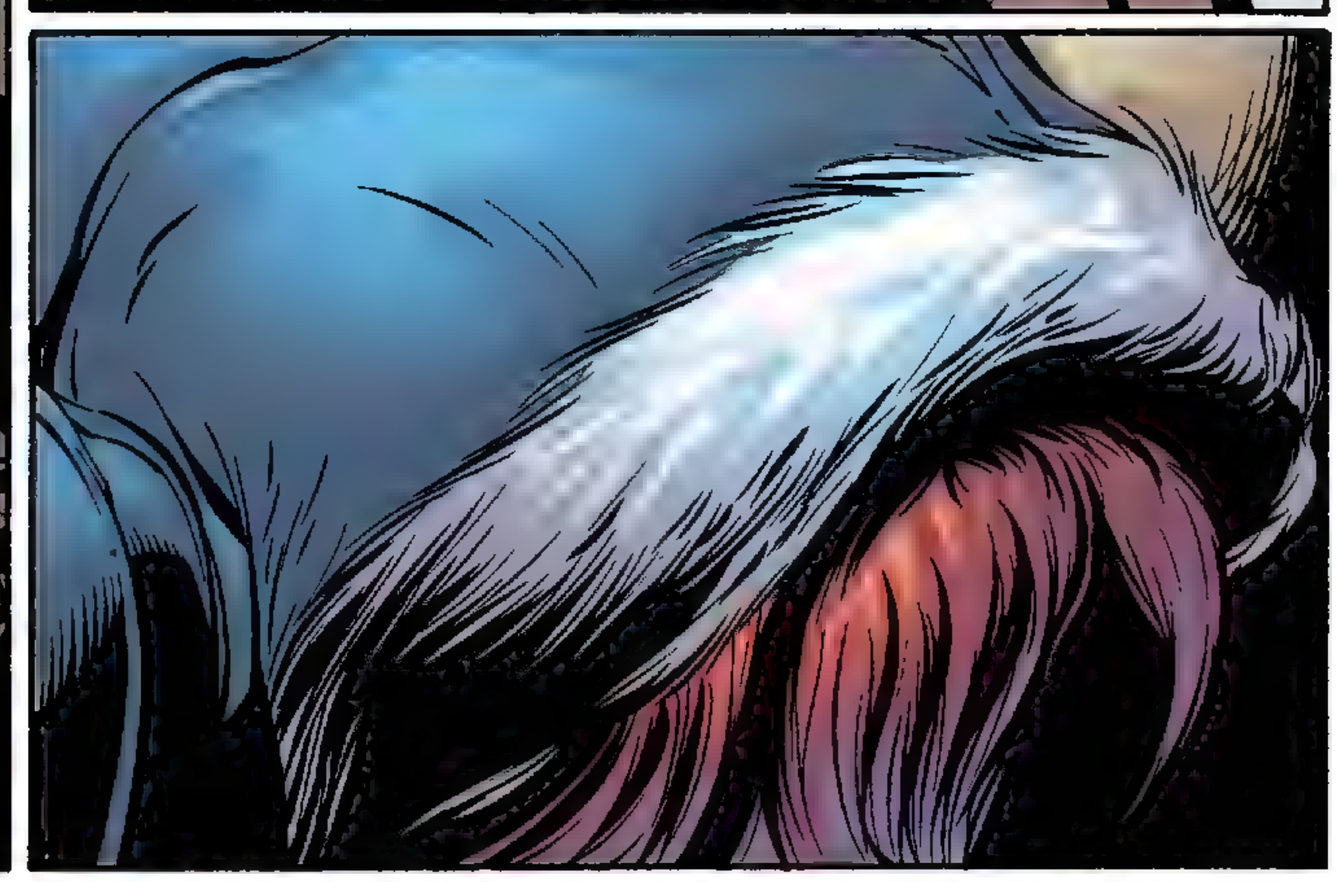
Peter!
I'll- I'll be right back!!
Where are you going?

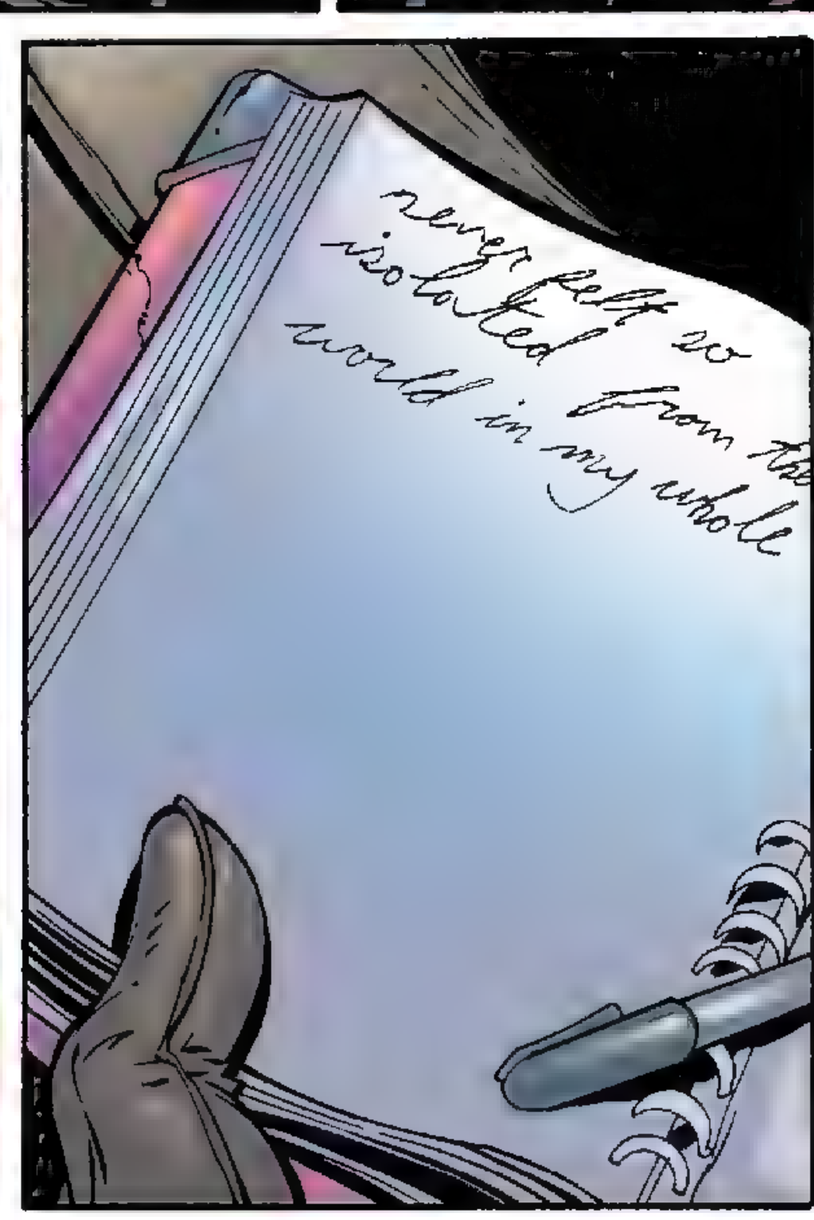
Check something out.
I'll come.
I got it.

Please be there.
Mary?

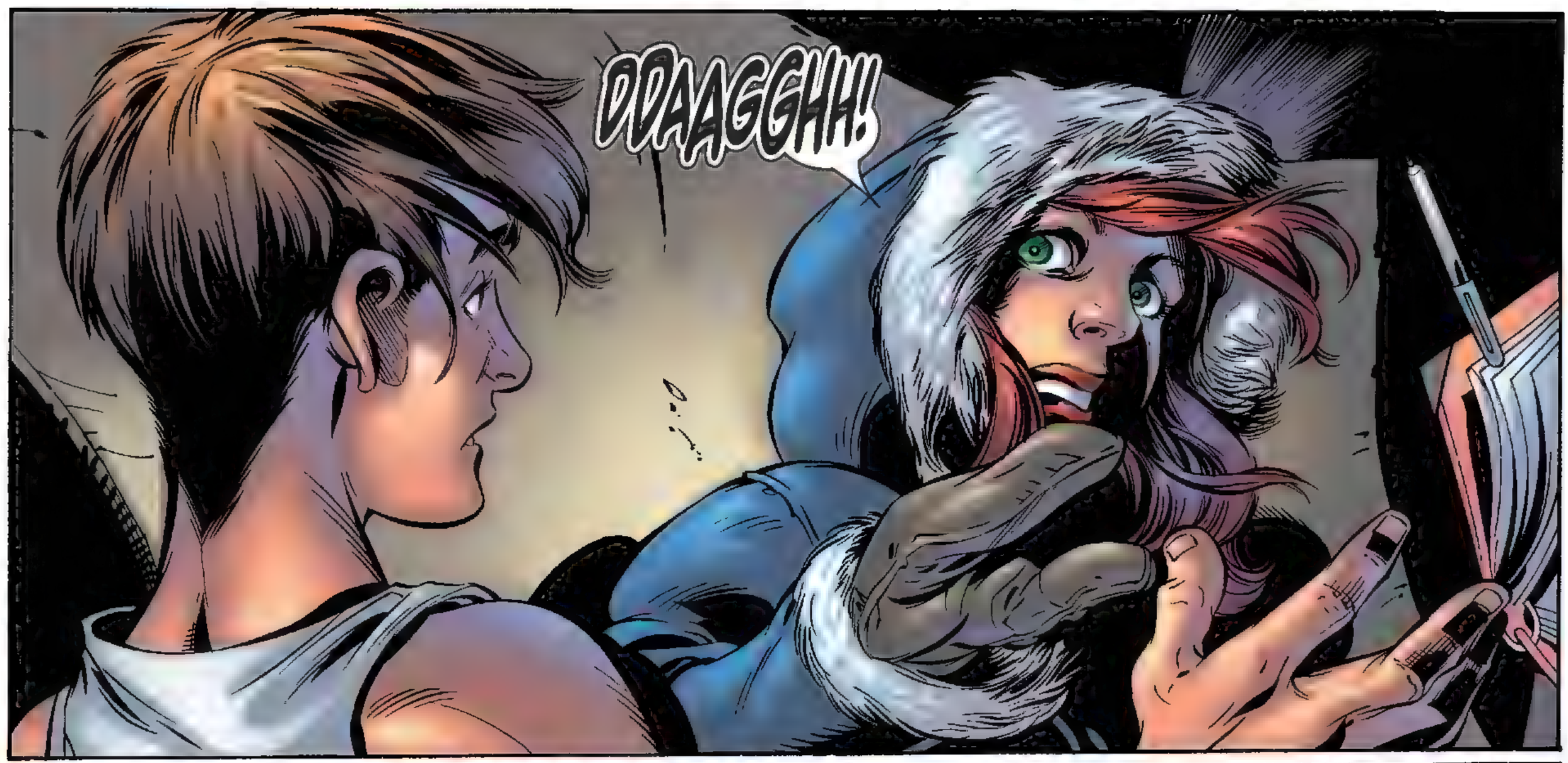
Mary?
Pssst...






never felt so isolated from the world in my whole

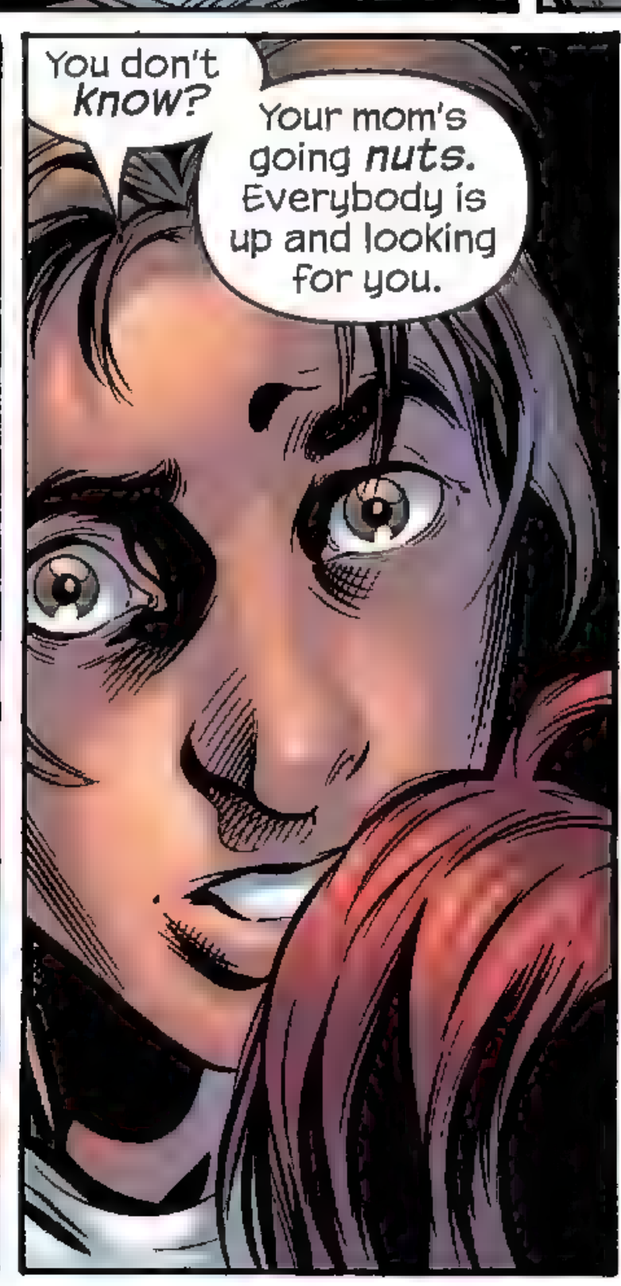
Mary...

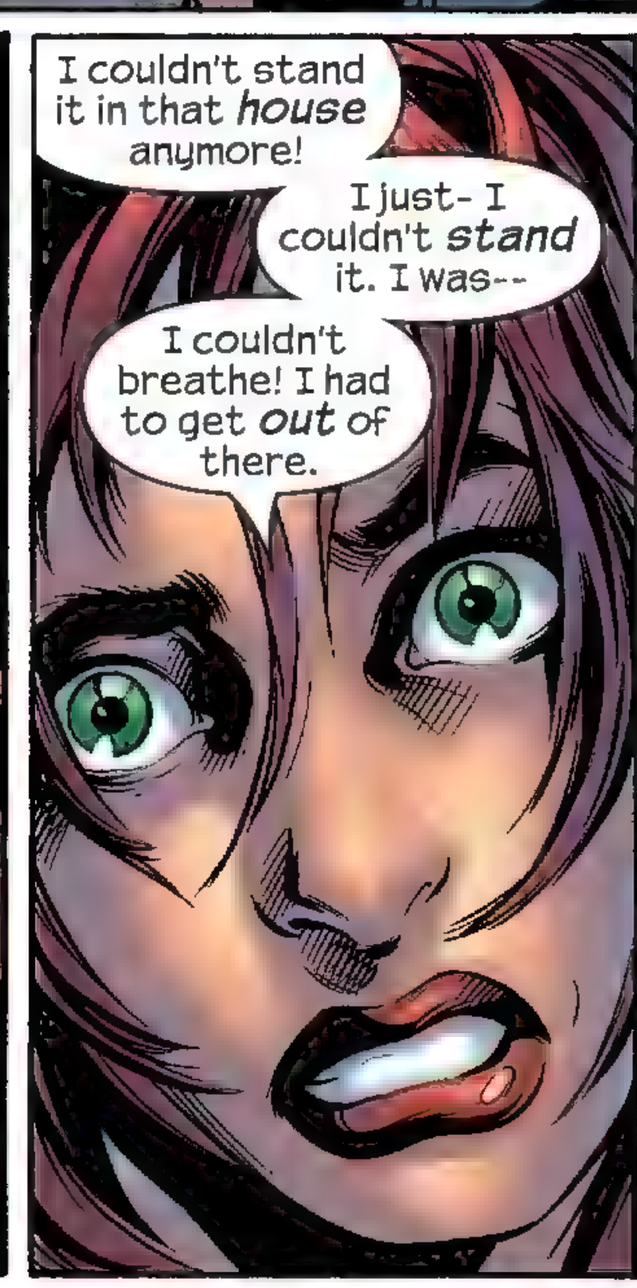

DDAAGGHH!

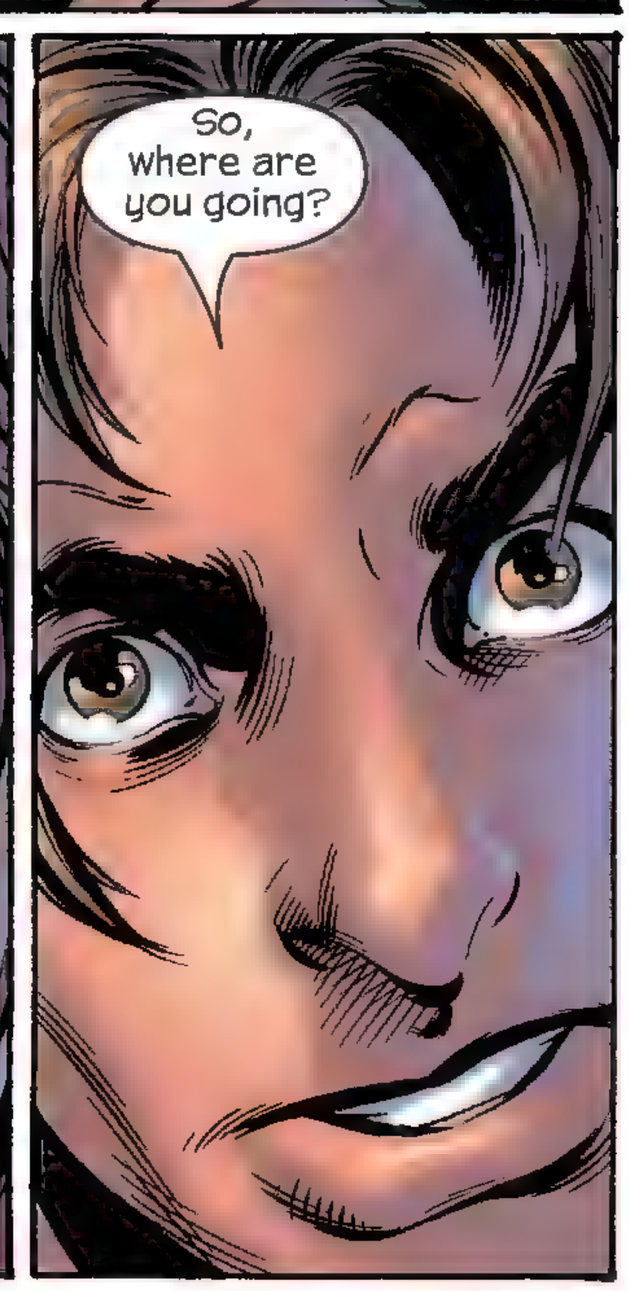
Oh, thank God...
Oh my... what's--?

What are you *doing* here?
What *time* is it?
It's, like, the middle of the night! What are you *doing?*
I'm so embarrassed.
Did you- did you run away from home?

I don't know.

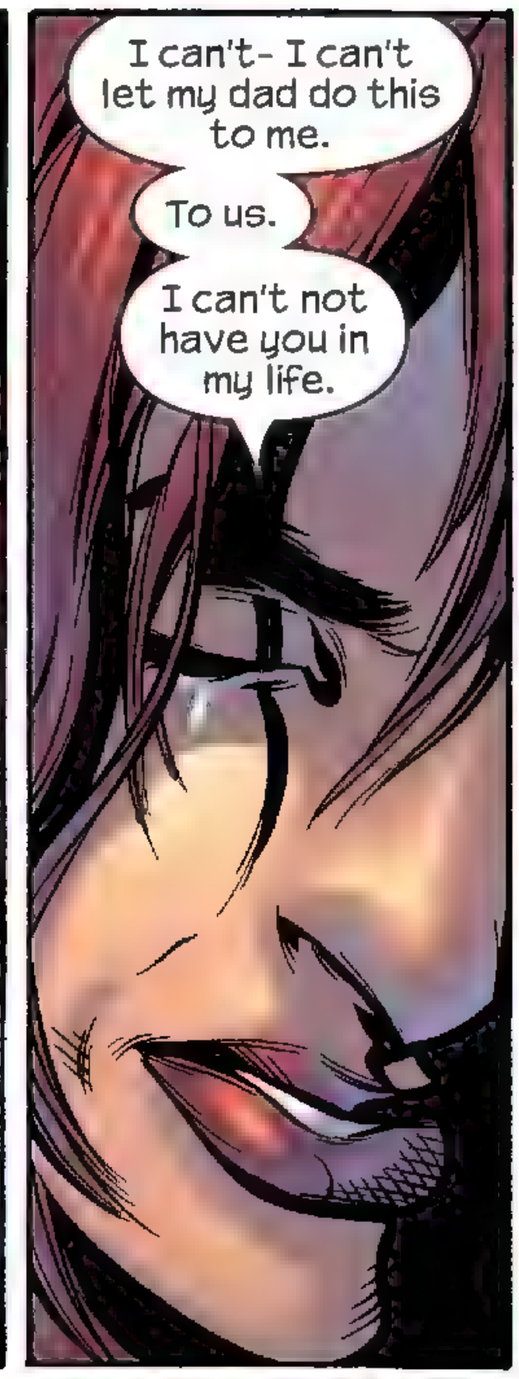

You don't *know?*
Your mom's going *nuts.* Everybody is up and looking for you.

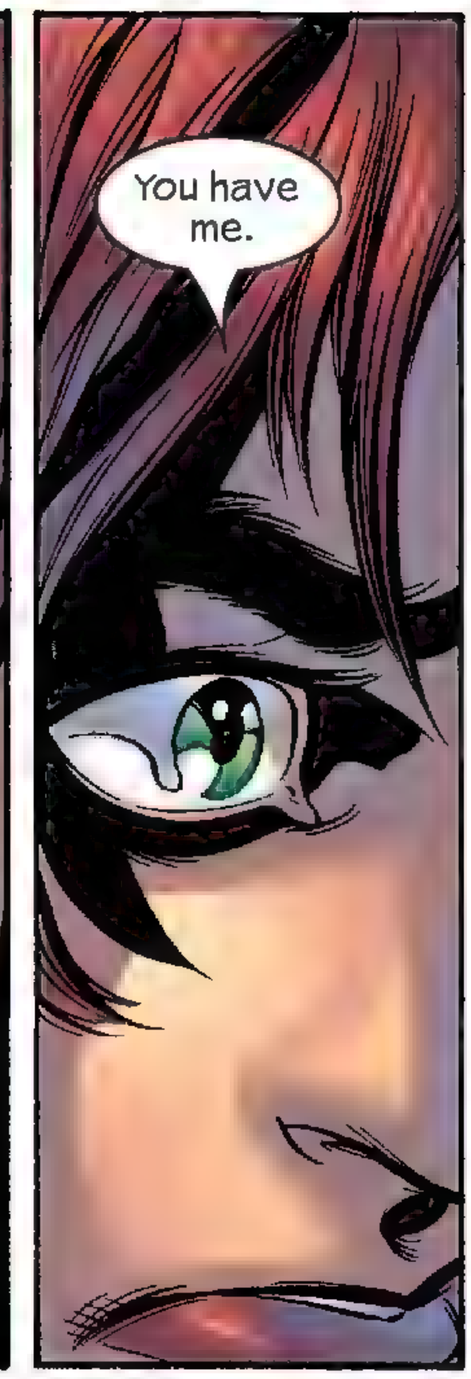

I couldn't stand it in that *house* anymore!
I just- I couldn't *stand* it. I was--
I couldn't breathe! I had to get *out* of there.


So, where are you going?

I don't know. I don't know. I don't know.
I don't know.
I just had to get away from my father. I went to you first... I went to your basement but--
I was out.
Saving the world.

I feel like such a loser.
I had no plan. I just ran out and when I couldn't find you I came here...
Our little private hiding place.
I started writing in my journal and I don't know-- I guess I dozed.
I'm lucky no one came in here and *murdered* me or something... I'm so stupid.
You have to go home.


I can't- I can't let my dad do this to me.
To us.
I can't not have you in my life.


You have me.

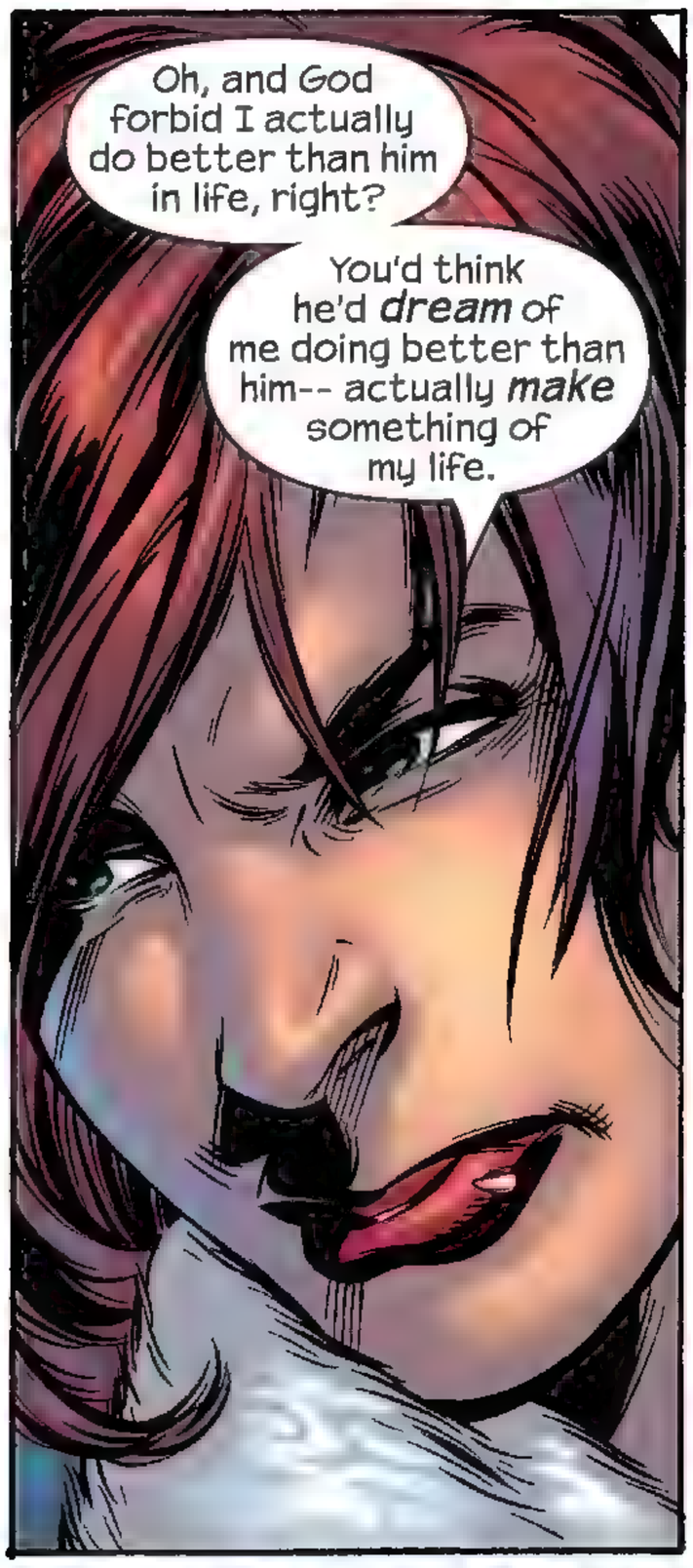
All night all he did was- he *threatened* to ship me away to another school.
He won't let me see you.
He's such a miserable, sad man and instead of, you know, *doing* anything about it...
He just wants to make sure that everyone *around* him is as sad and pathetic as *he* is.
He wants to make sure my mom and me are down there *with* him.

I told you, he cheats on her!
So, you know, she just feels like crap about herself, like, all the time.
And every time I open my mouth about *anything*... he shoots me down!
Just shoots me quiet! Every time!

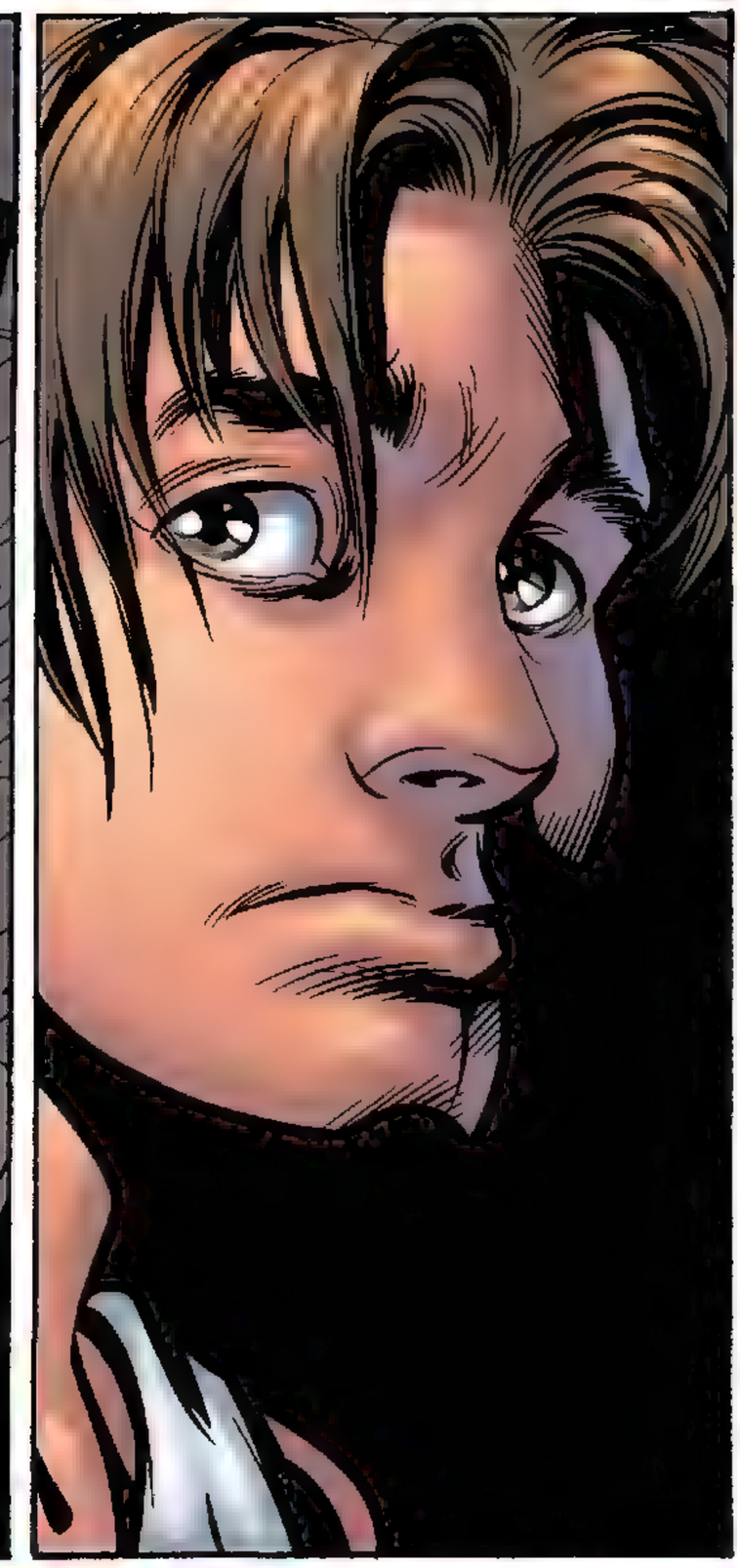
And- and- and as soon as he found out that *we* were, you know, *together*...
...he has done, like, nothing *but* put it down and make fun of you.
He's been looking for *any* reason to make sure that I don't have *any* happiness.

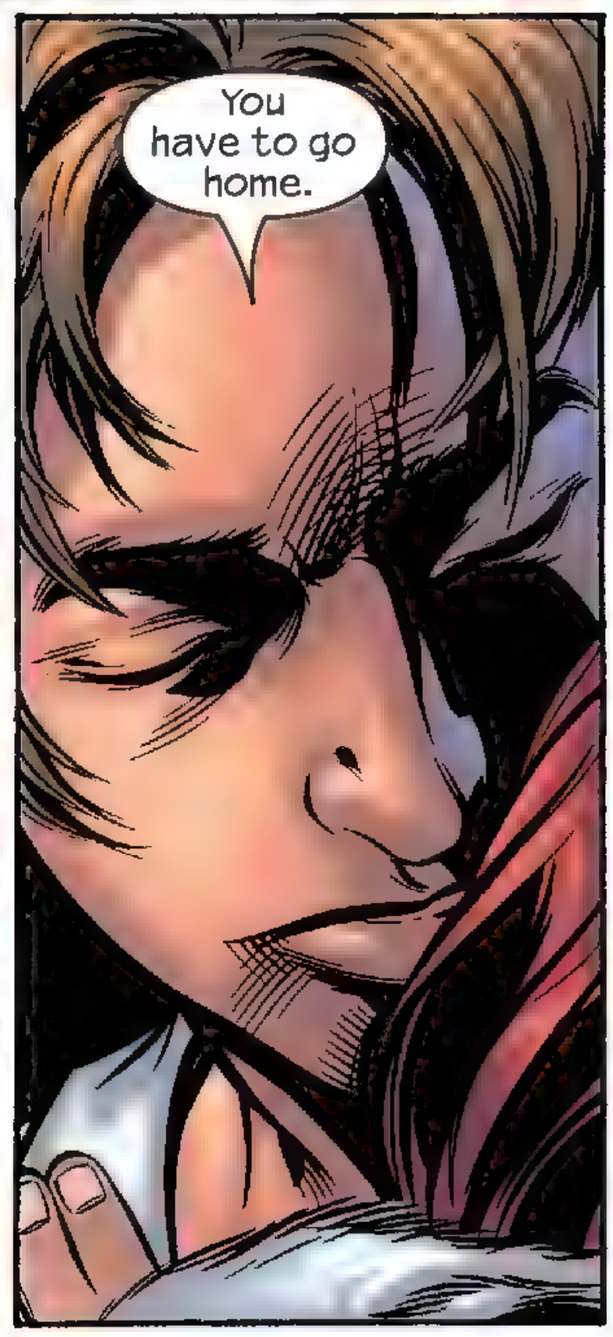
He was just looking for a *reason* to split us up.
Why do I have to live there? Why? Who says?

See, your aunt, she wants you to do *well* and she wants you to be *happy*.
'Cause she's, like, you know, a human being.
But all my dad wants is for us *not* to be happy!


Oh, and God forbid I actually do better than him in life, right?
You'd think he'd *dream* of me doing better than him-- actually *make* something of my life.

See, and *before* it was easier to live with it.
Before what?
Before I knew that I could be happy.

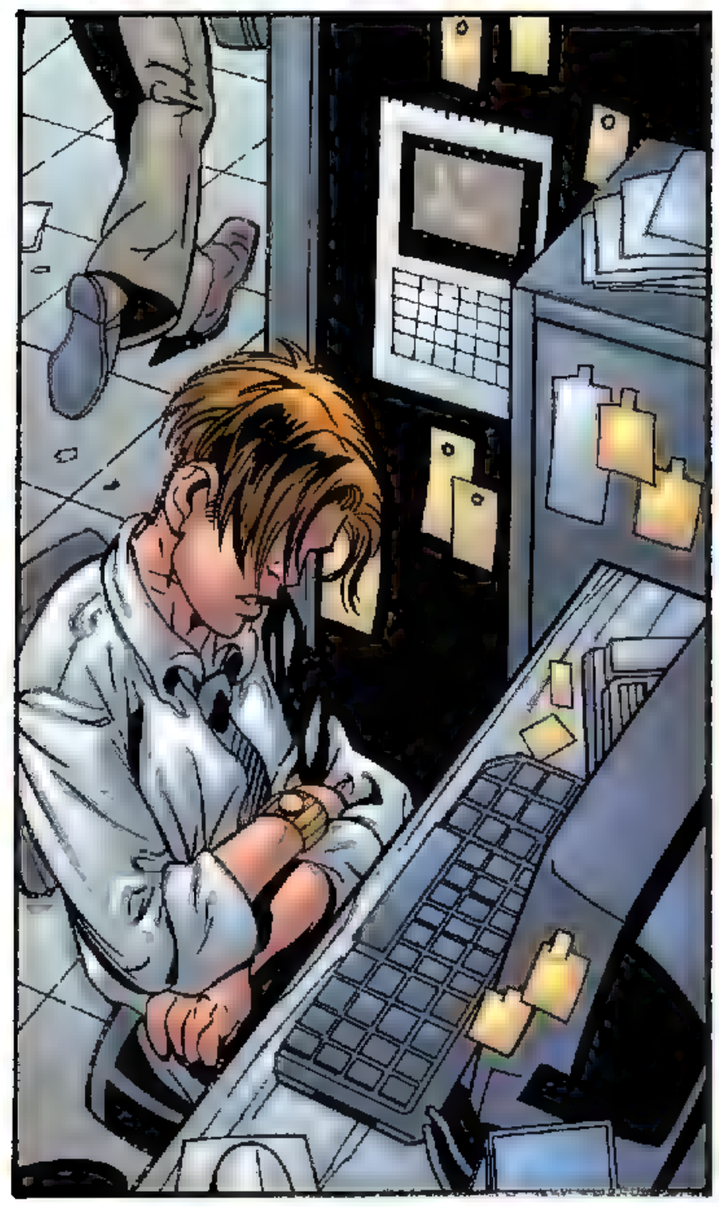


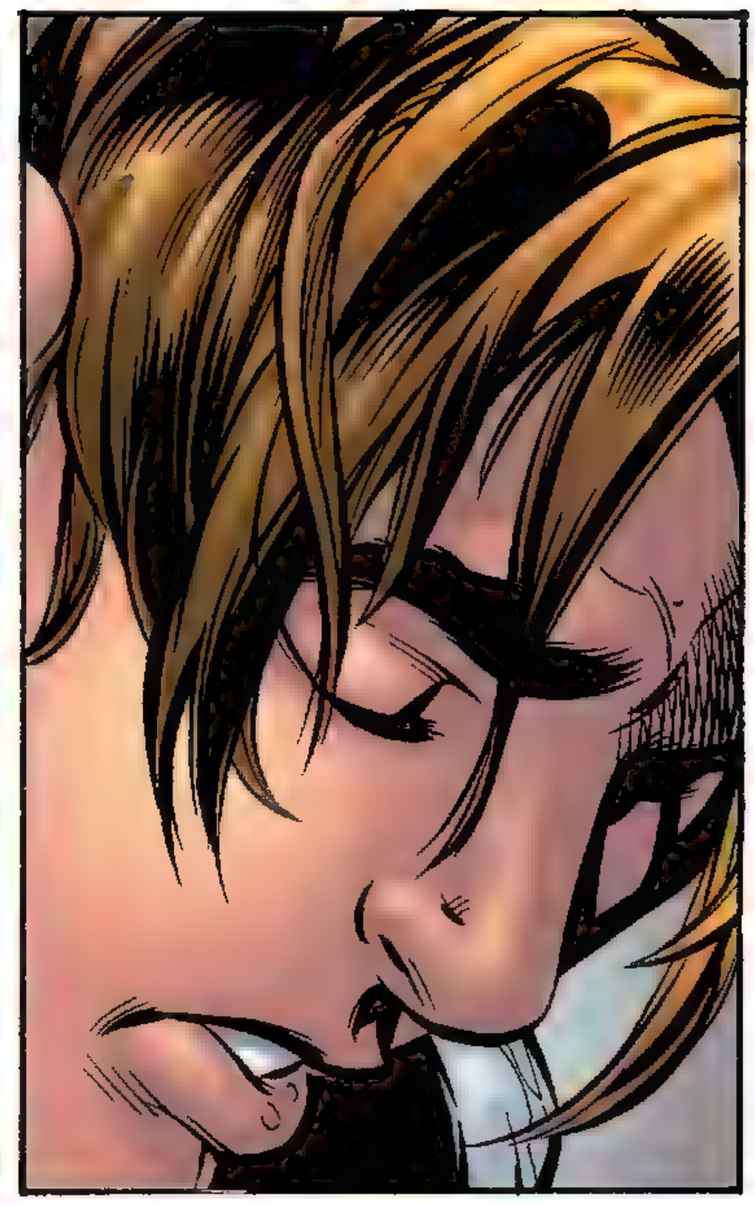

You have to go home.

Can't we run away together?
I wish.
Let's get married and run away.

Please...
Not yet.
I'm going to be grounded forever.
I'm not going anywhere.

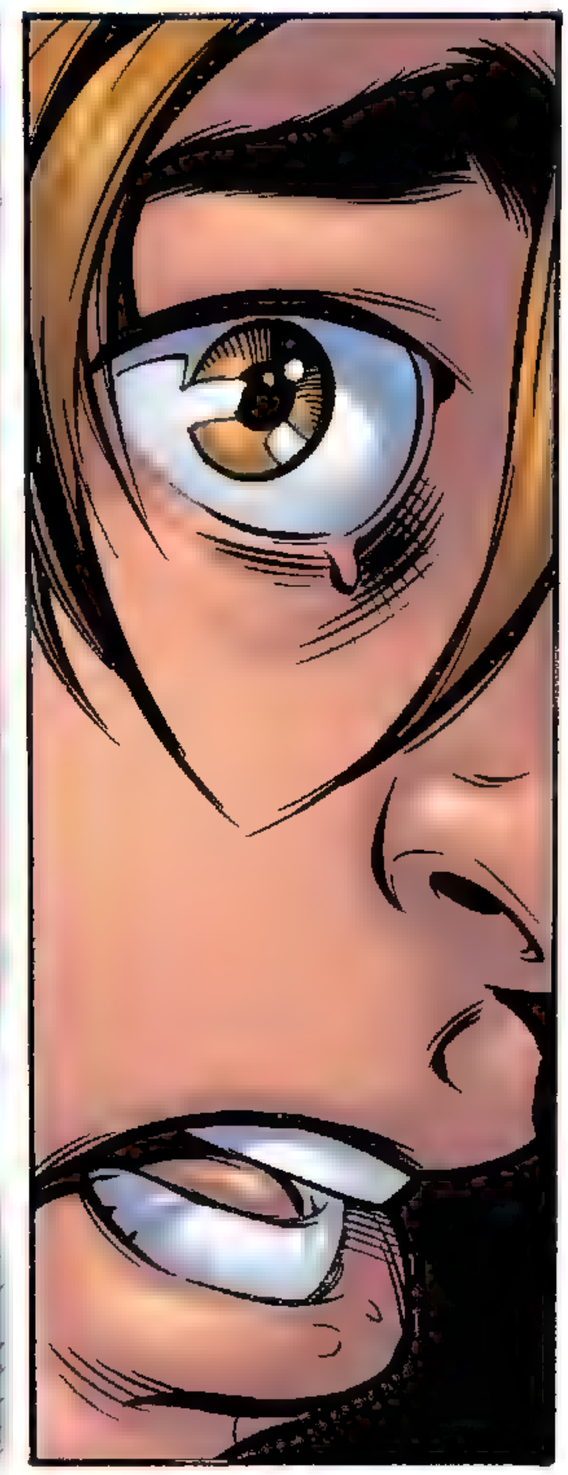
DAILY BUGLE

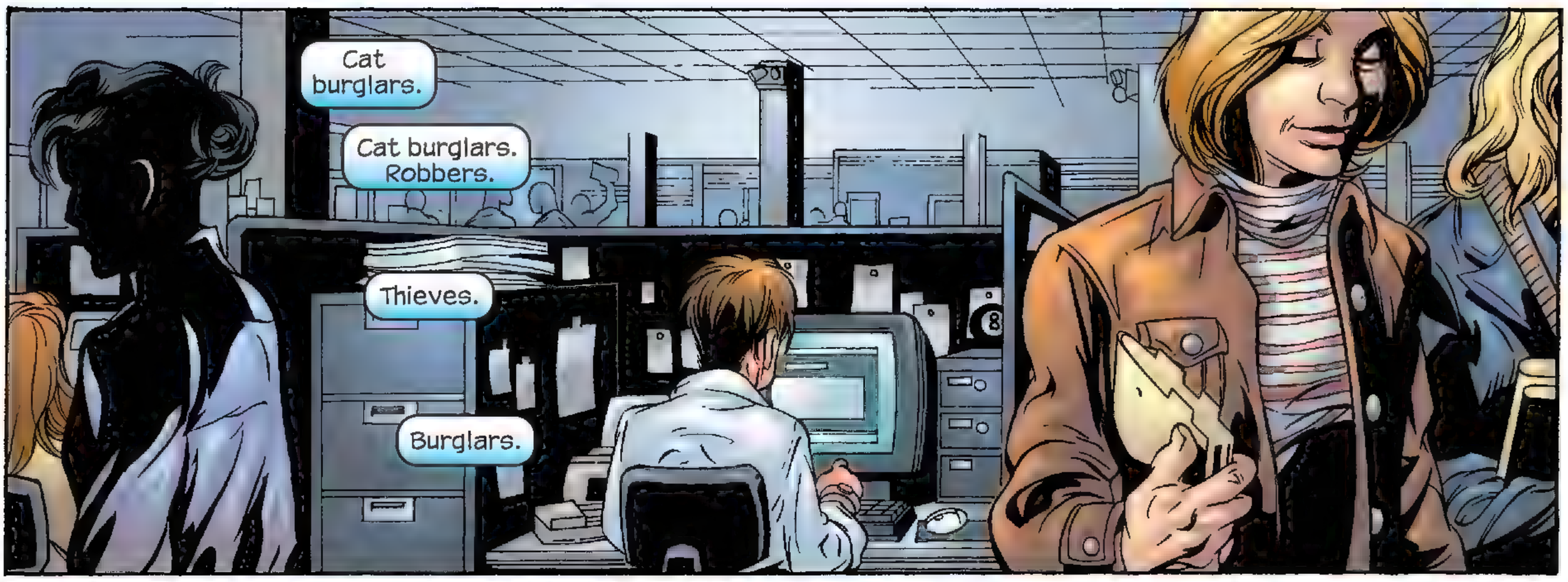


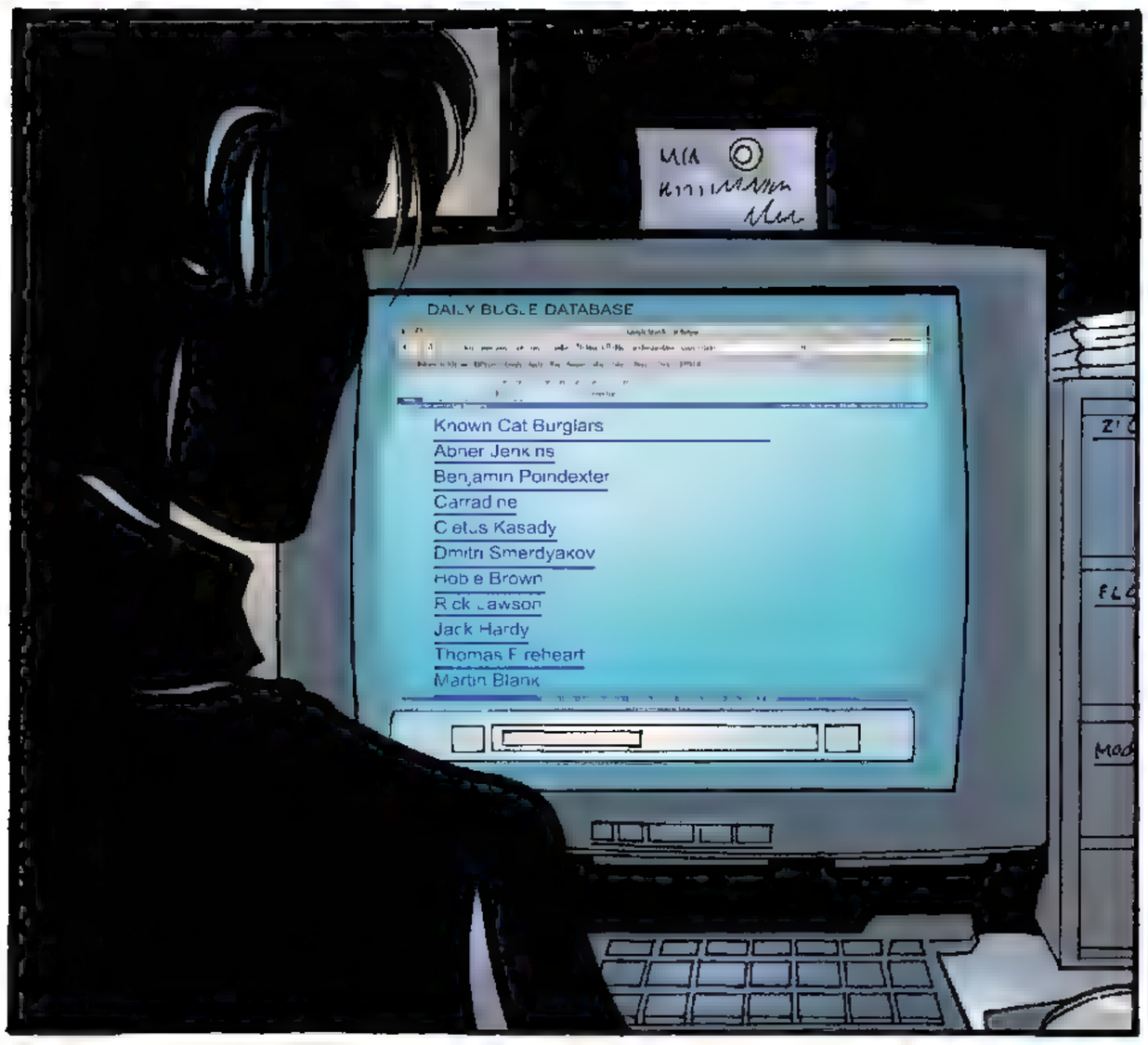


I'm not my father!
Tell your master! Tell him!!
I'm not my father!!

Tell your master!




Cat burglars.
Cat burglars. Robbers.
Thieves.
Burglars.


DAILY BUGLE DATABASE
Known Cat Burglars
Abner Jenkins
Benjamin Poindexter
Carradine
Cletus Kasady
Dmitri Smerdyakov
Hobie Brown
Rick Lawson
Jack Hardy
Thomas Fireheart
Martin Blank

Known Cat Burglars:
Abner Jenkins
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Cletus Kasady
Dmitri Smerdyakov
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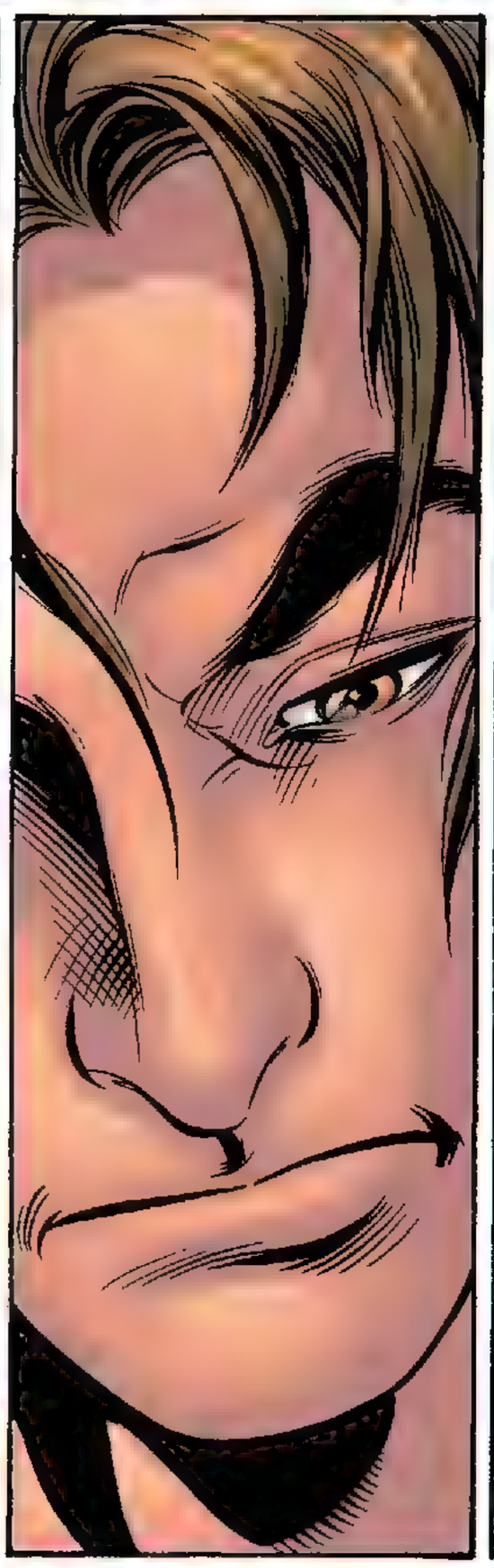
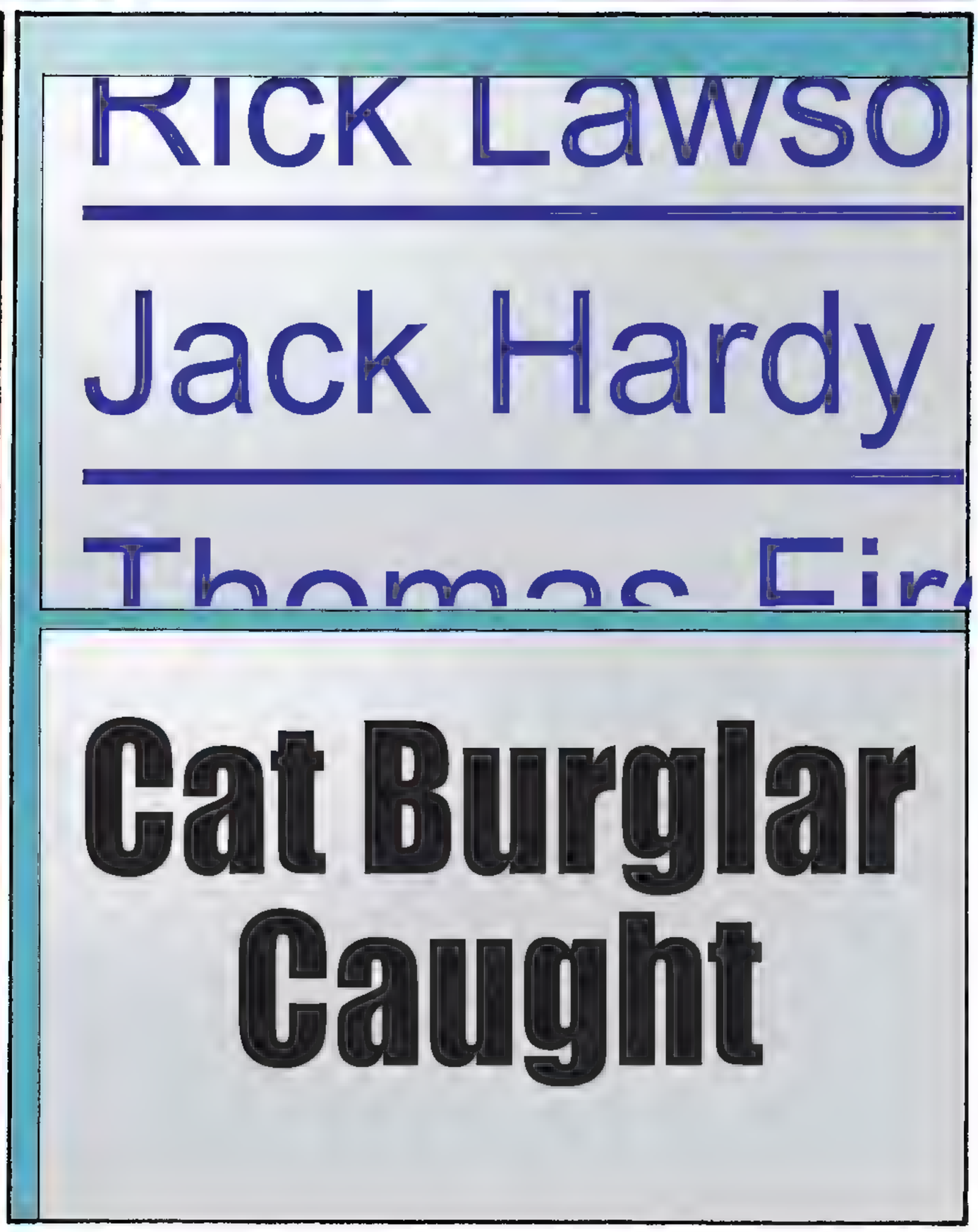



Rick Lawso
Jack Hardy
Thomas Fir
Cat Burglar Caught

Jack Hardy, accused cat burglar, addresses the media on the Courthouse steps Hardy is surrounded by his attorney Franklin Nelson and his daughter Felicia

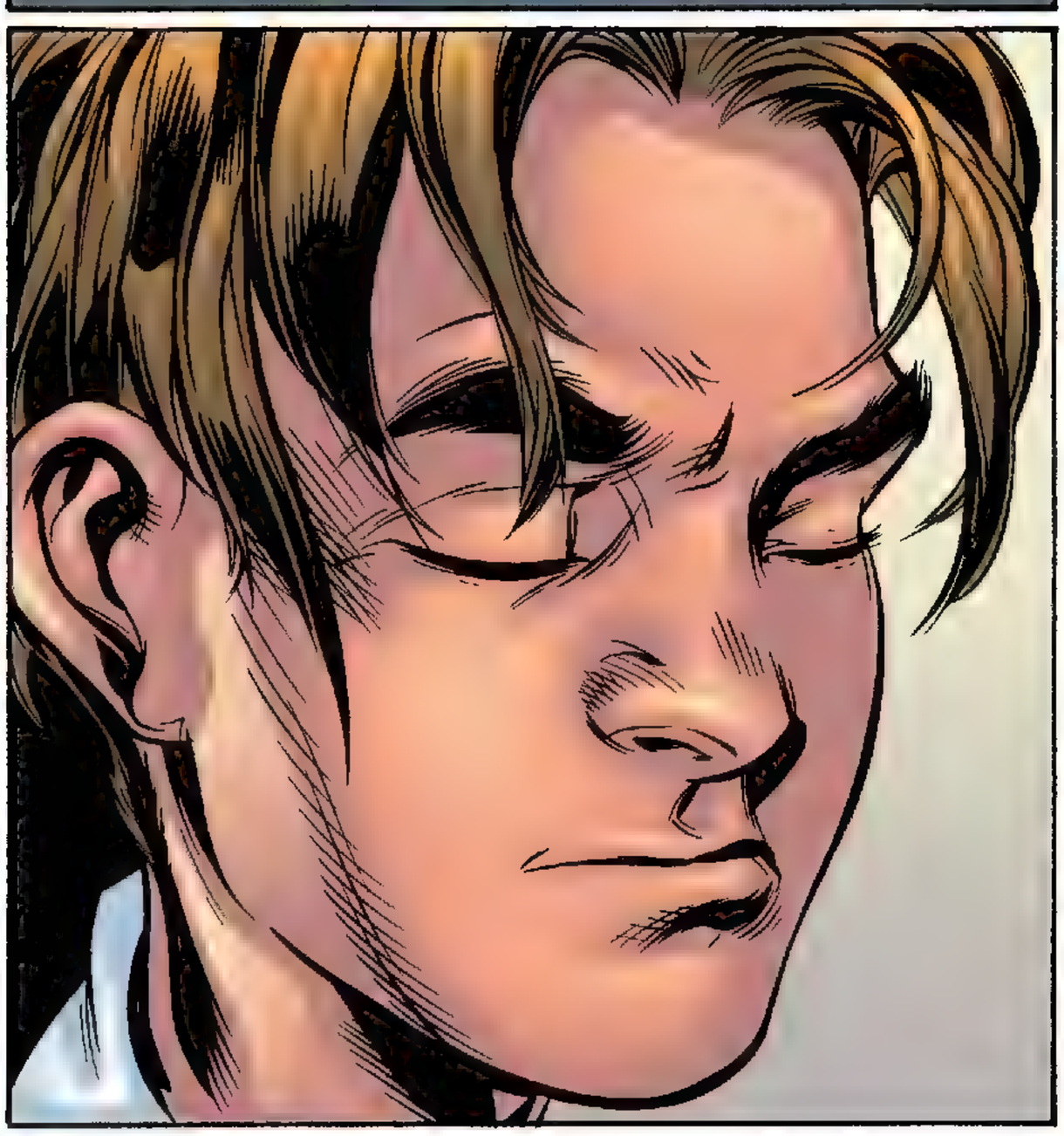
JACK HARDY CAT BURGLAR TRIAL BEGINS

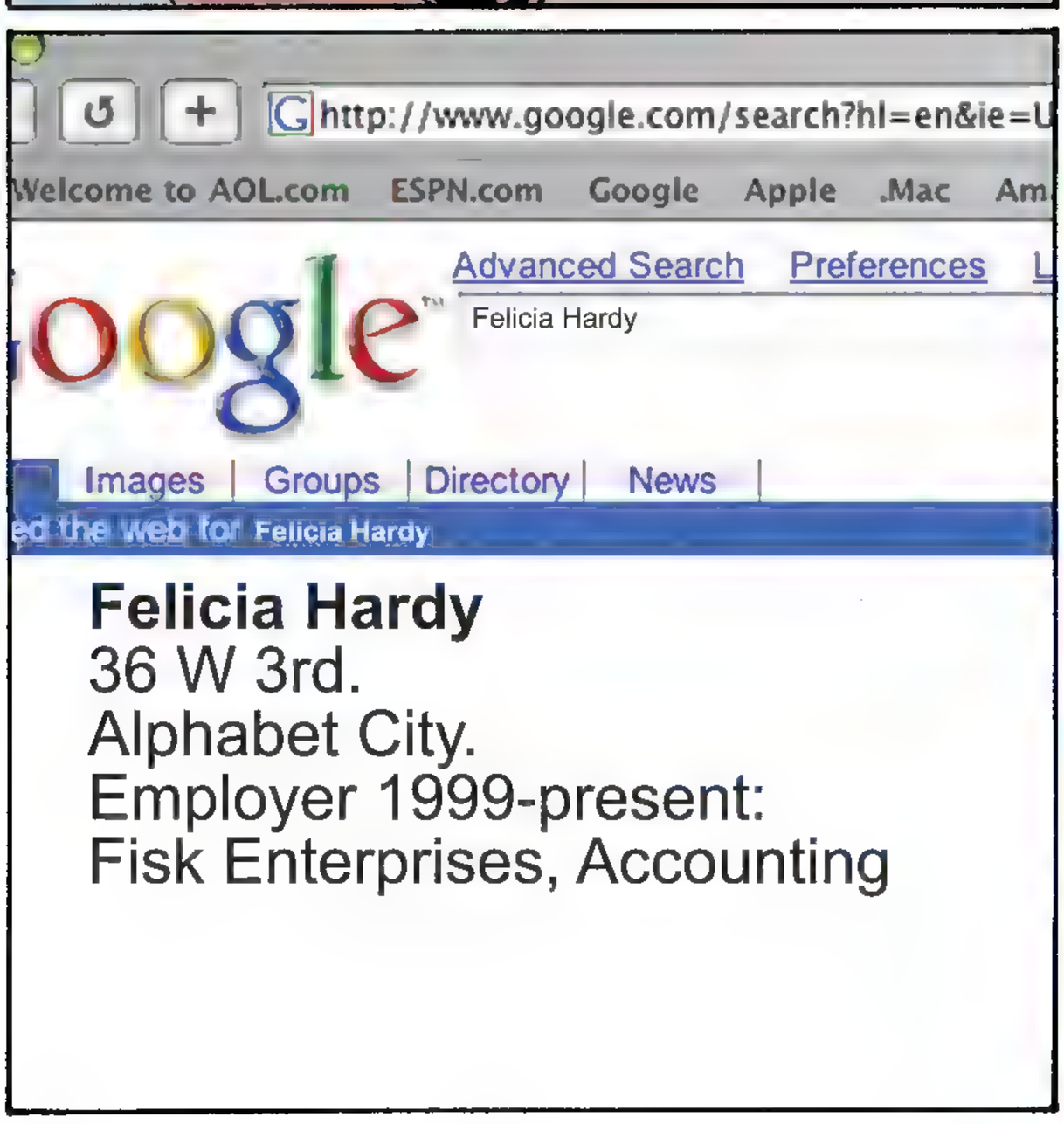
By **Ben Urich**
Daily Bugle Staff Writer

The courtroom was a-buzz as Jack Hardy entered. Accused of a rash of cat burglaries throughout Manhattan, Hardy has remained tight-lipped as to any involvement he might have had in any of the break-ins.

District Attorney Craig Schmidt, however, has not kept his lips sealed. "This is an open and shut case," Schmidt told the press on the courthouse steps before the trial commenced. "Hardy was found with twenty-million dollars worth of jewels stolen from a midtown auction the day before. All the characteristics exactly match the string of cat burglaries that have plagued this city for two years!" Schmidt went on to say, "Justice will be served and Hardy will pay for his crimes."

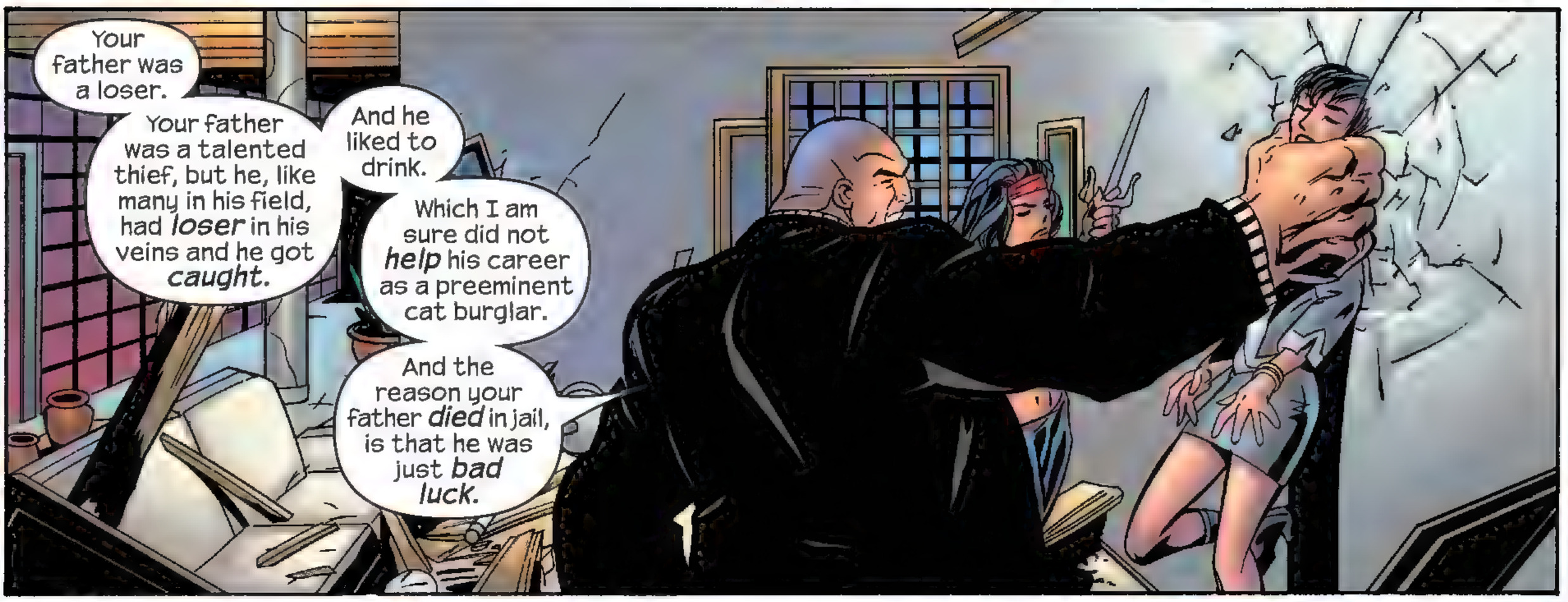
Attorney Franklin Nelson, who is representing Jack Hardy in the trial, had a different opinion. "These crimes are larger than Jack Hardy. He does not deny involvement, but this is much larger than him."



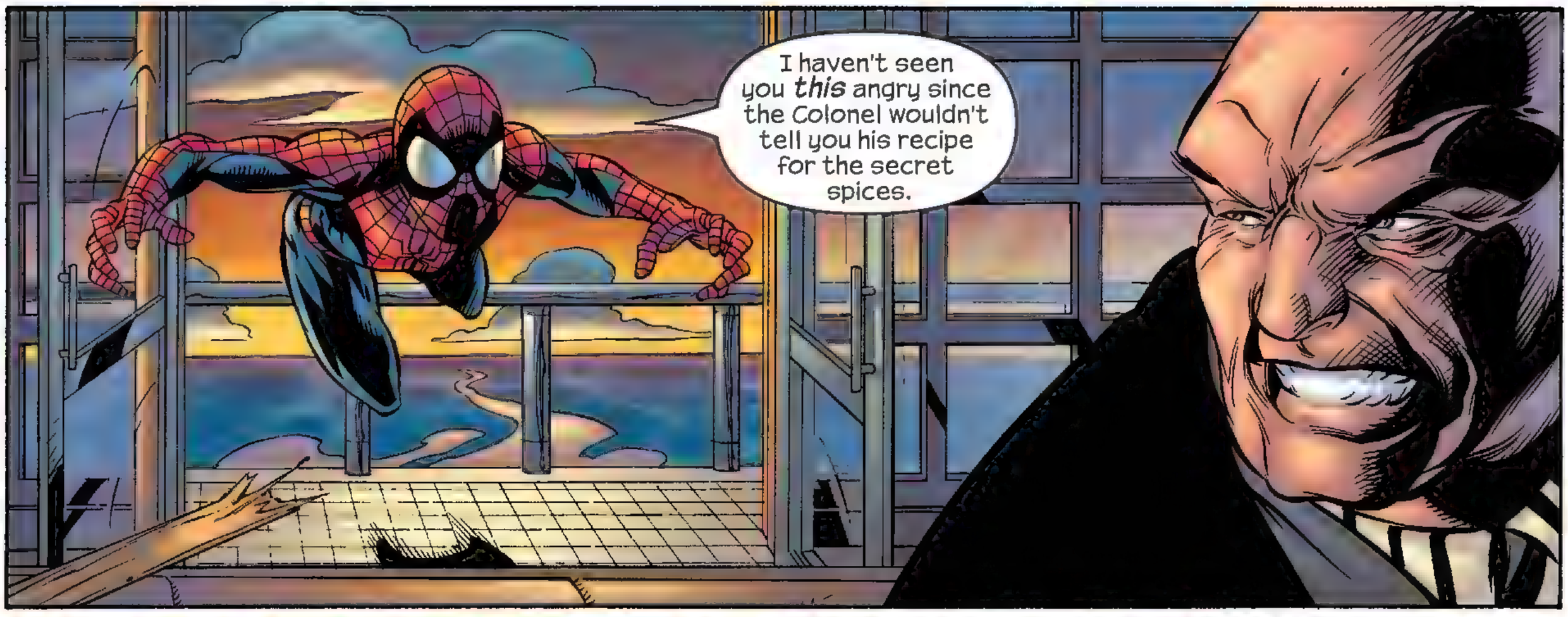


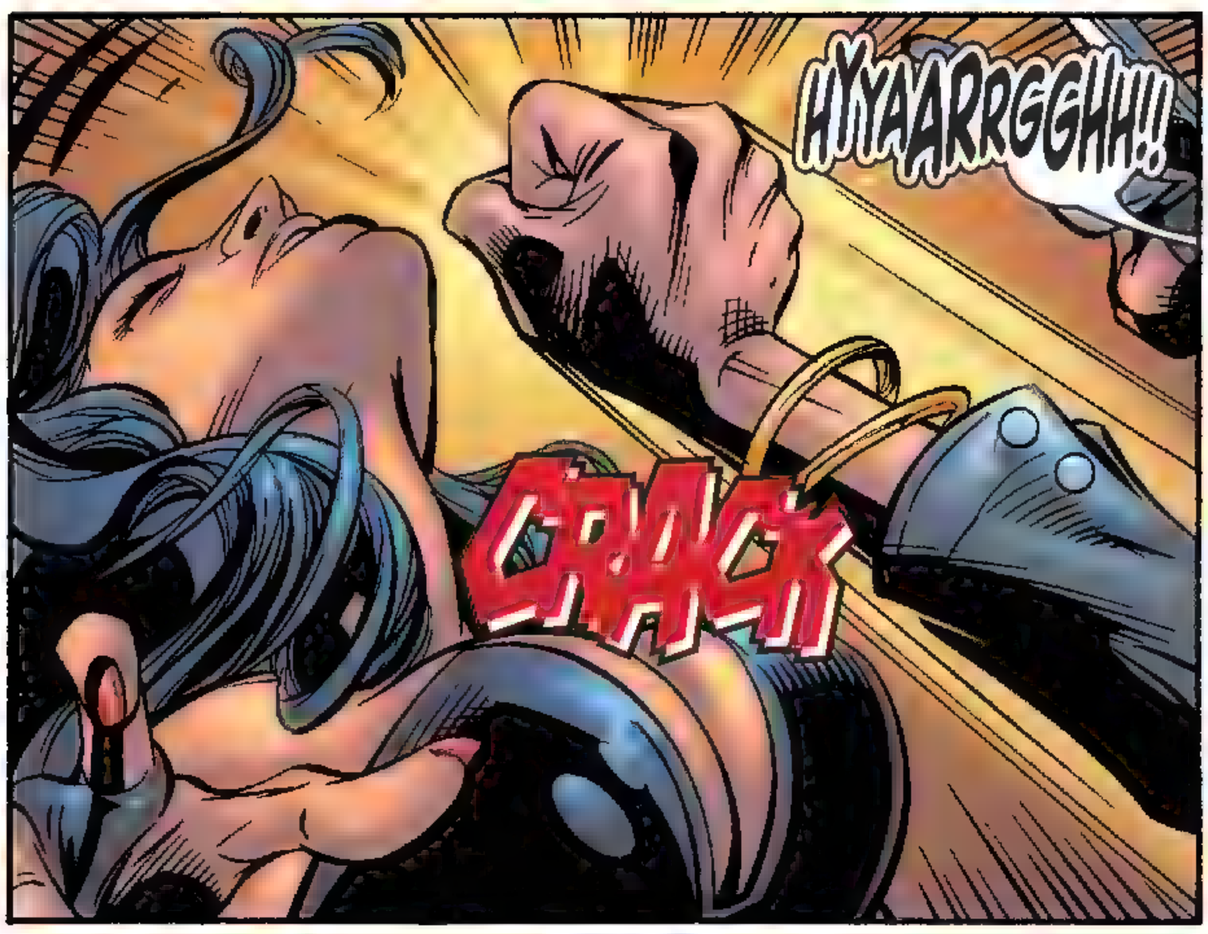
They must have figured it out.
How desperate you were to get my attention, girl!
Loud and sloppy and quite obnoxious!!
Desperately wanting me to know it was you.
Well, now I know, Ms. Hardy!

Daughter of Jack Hardy.
A name I haven't heard of or spoken in fifteen years.
Now I know it was you who robbed me.
I know you are this- this "Black Cat" and I know you are working for me in my accounting department.
I know.
But if this is what I think it is... If this is you lashing out at me because your idiot of a father rotted in jail...
Let me tell you what I would have told you had you come to me as a lady of honor...

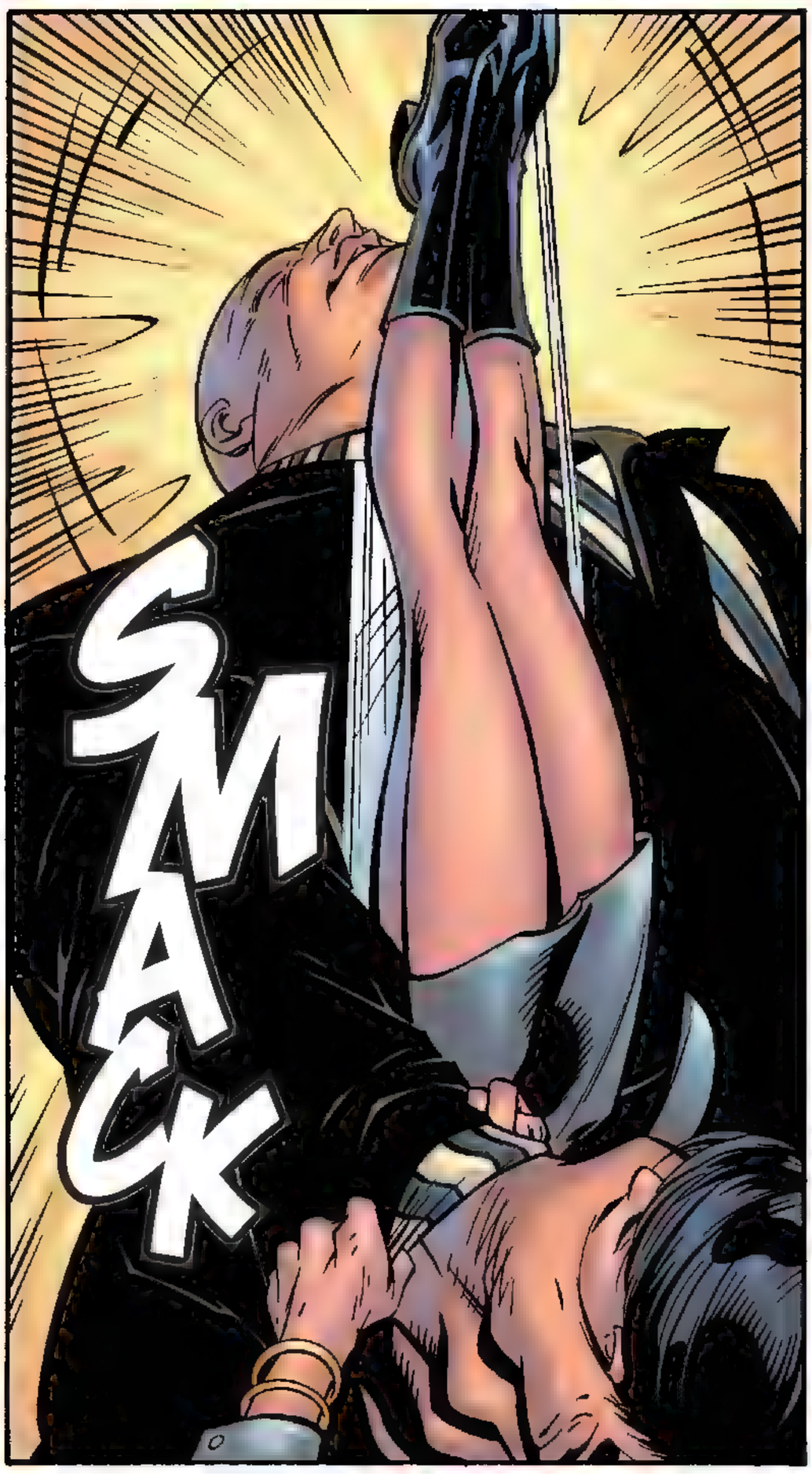

Your father was a loser.
Your father was a talented thief, but he, like many in his field, had loser in his veins and he got caught.
And he liked to drink.
Which I am sure did not help his career as a preeminent cat burglar.
And the reason your father died in jail, is that he was just bad luck.

This is a rare occasion, though, you should be honored.
So angry am I over this, that I am taking matters into my own hands.
I want what you took from me and I want it right now.
Ghhtt
Elektra, here, is dying to stick holes in you. Many and often.
So give me back my--
Boy!!!


I haven't seen you *this* angry since the Colonel wouldn't tell you his recipe for the secret spices.


HYYAARRGGHH!!
CRACK

OOF!


SMACK

FAP

THRAKK

WHAMM

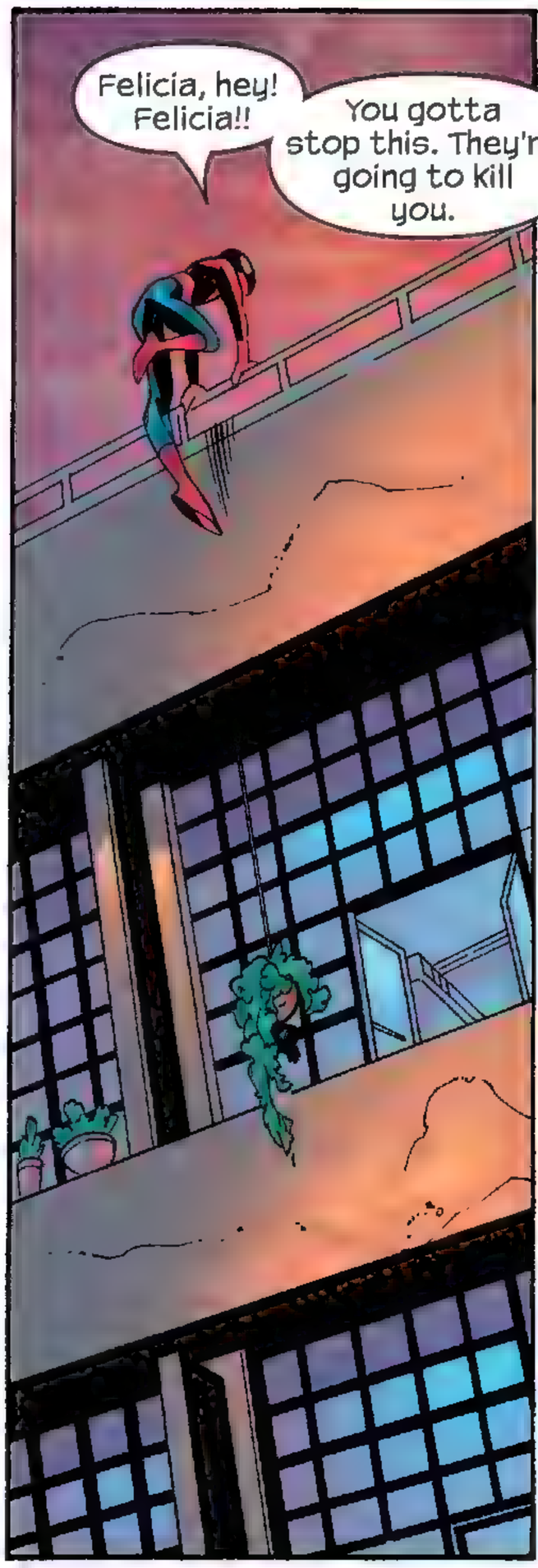
Now everybody just calm down and let's--
CRASH

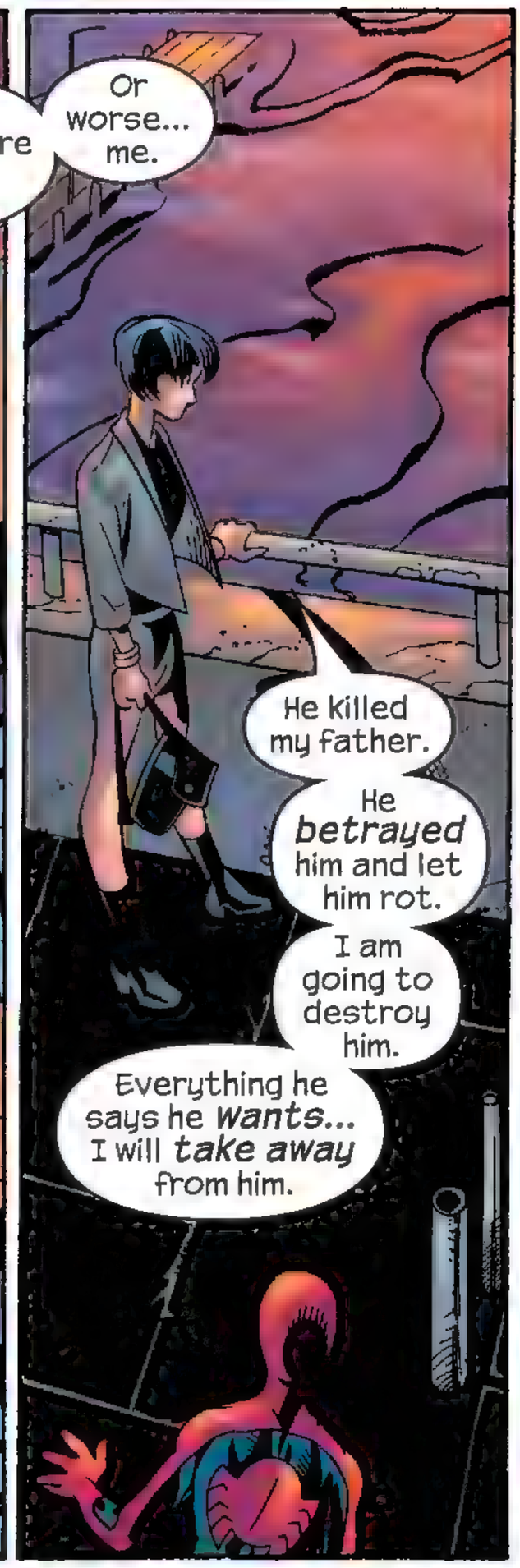
HAI!
Not the costume!
HAI!

THWAP
I'm Serious! You Nestle Crunch Bar in hot pants, I don't have a spare.

Young boy, I do not know *why* you are involved in this...
CRUNCH
... but I want what is mine!
Well, they don't make the Happy Meals any bigger than supersized.

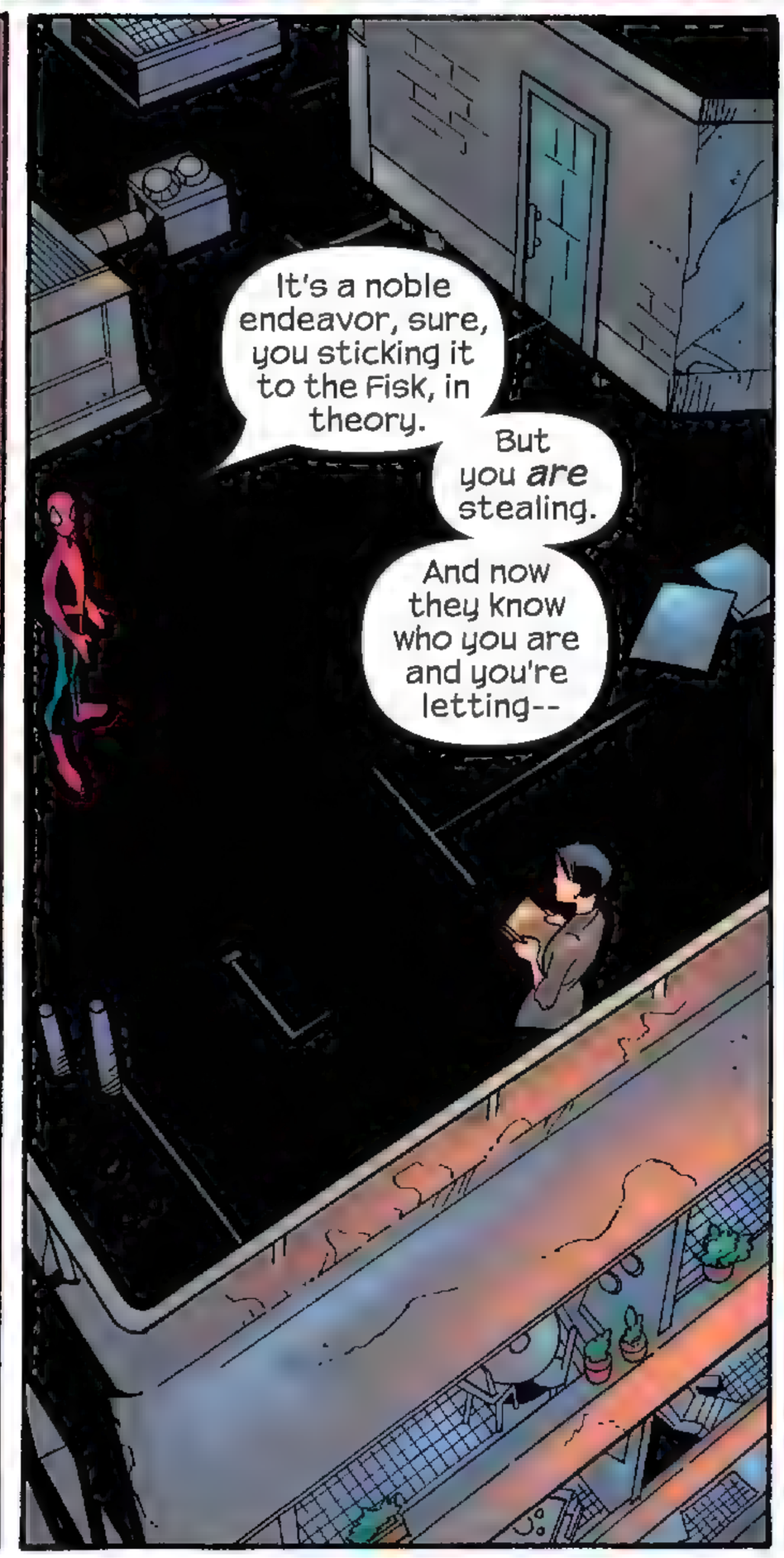
STOP IT!
STOP INTERFERING IN MY LIFE!! This is too important for you to--
Put an extra large sock in it.

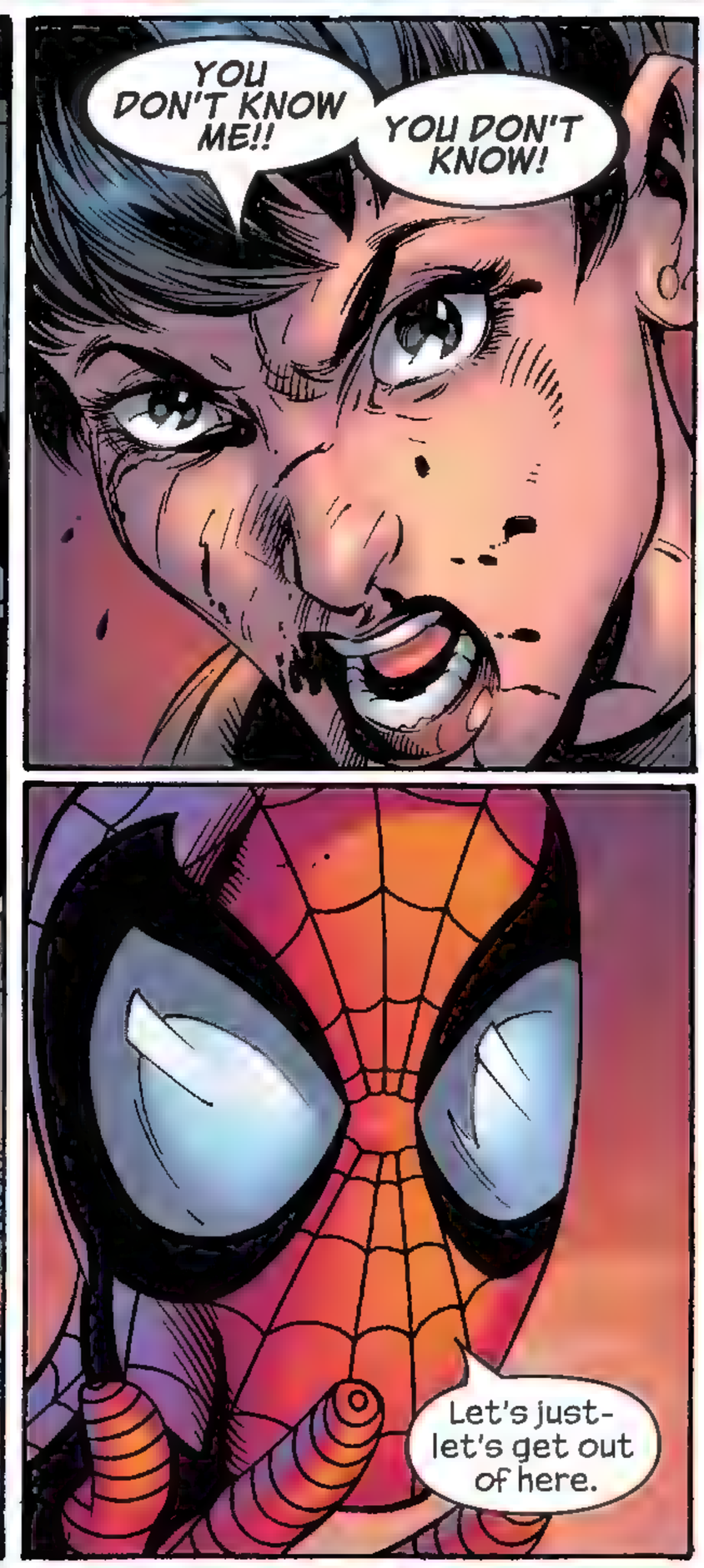

Felicia, hey! Felicia!!
You gotta stop this. They're going to kill you.

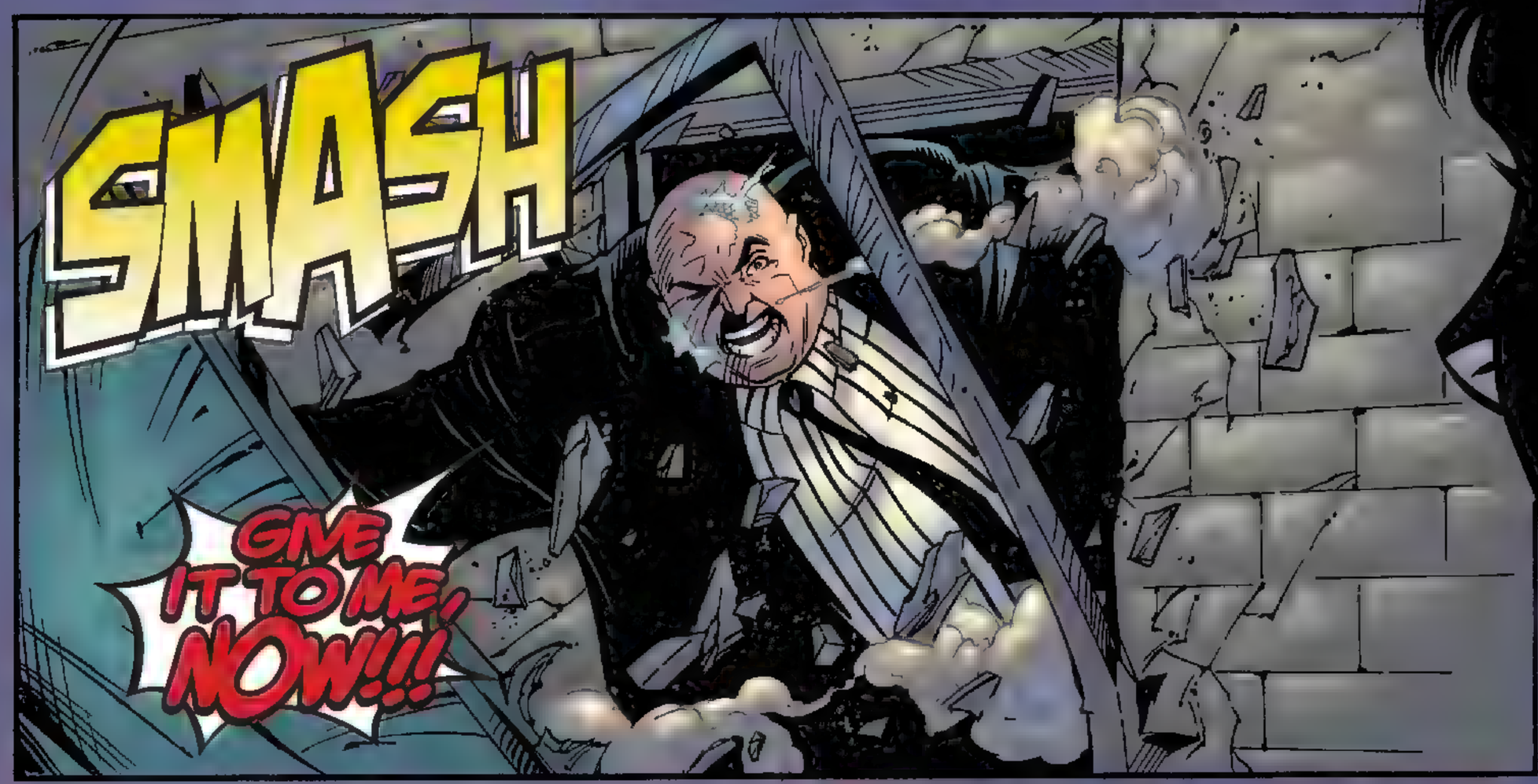

Or worse... me.
He killed my father.
He *betrayed* him and let him rot.
I am going to destroy him.
Everything he says he *wants*... I will *take away* from him.

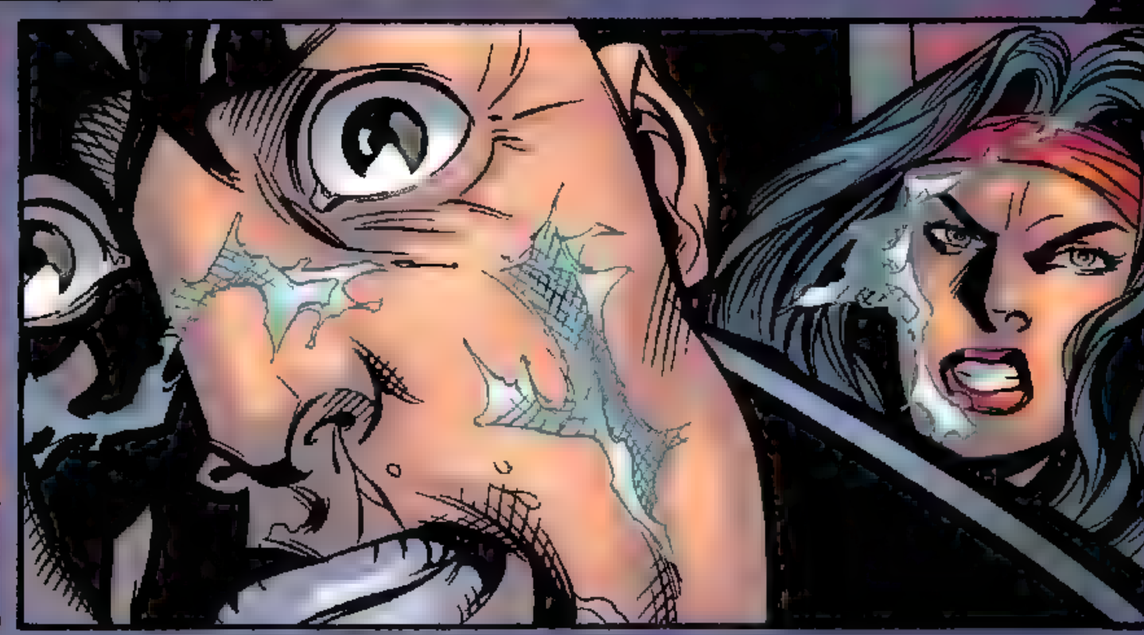
Everything.
This is just the first.
I don't even know-- What *is* that?

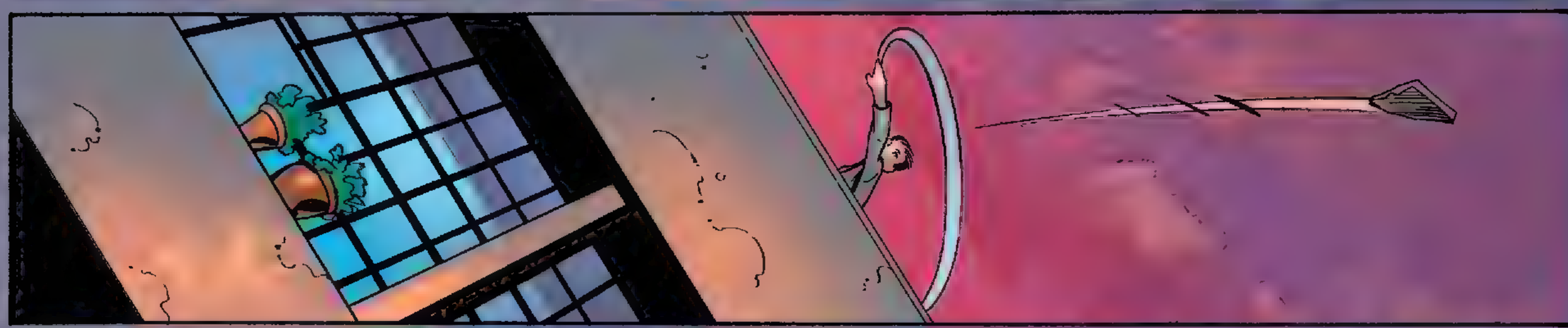
Something he wants.


It's a noble endeavor, sure, you sticking it to the Fisk, in theory.
But you *are* stealing.
And now they know who you are and you're letting--


YOU DON'T KNOW ME!!
YOU DON'T KNOW!
Let's just- let's get out of here.

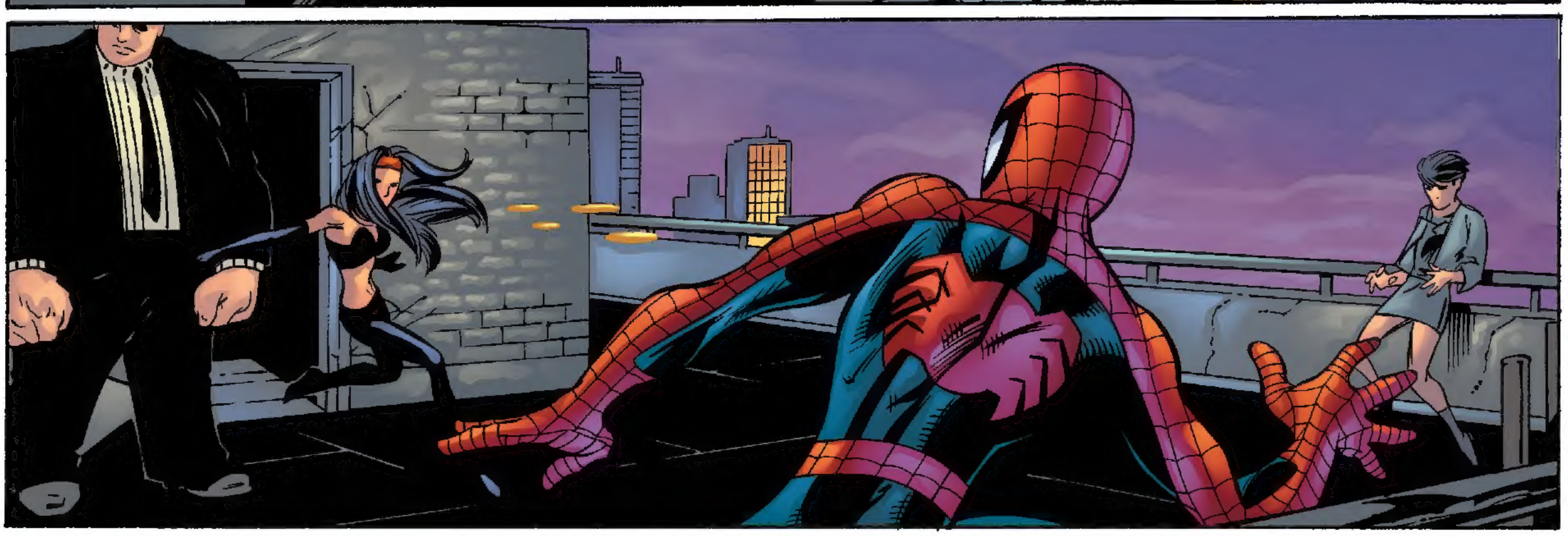

SMASH
GIVE IT TO ME, NOW!!!

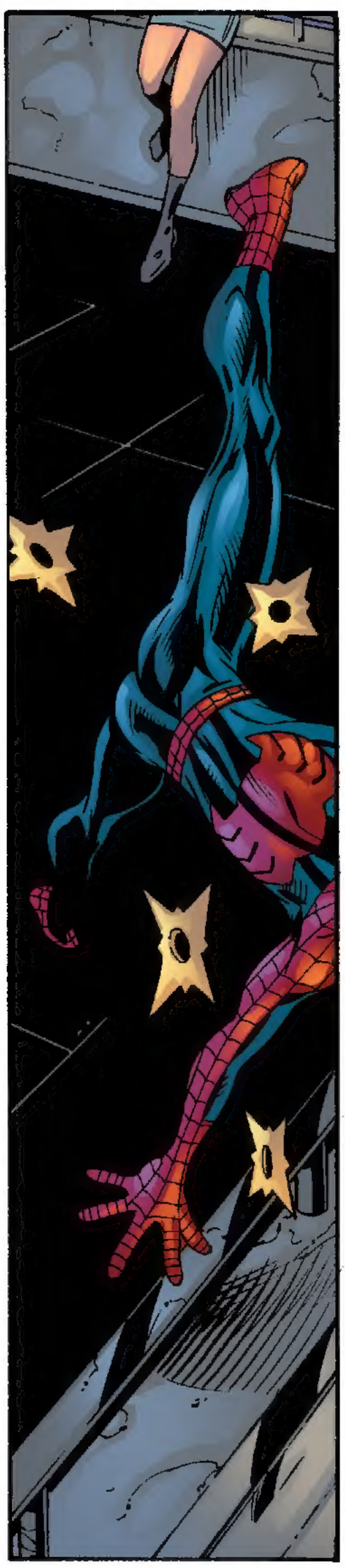


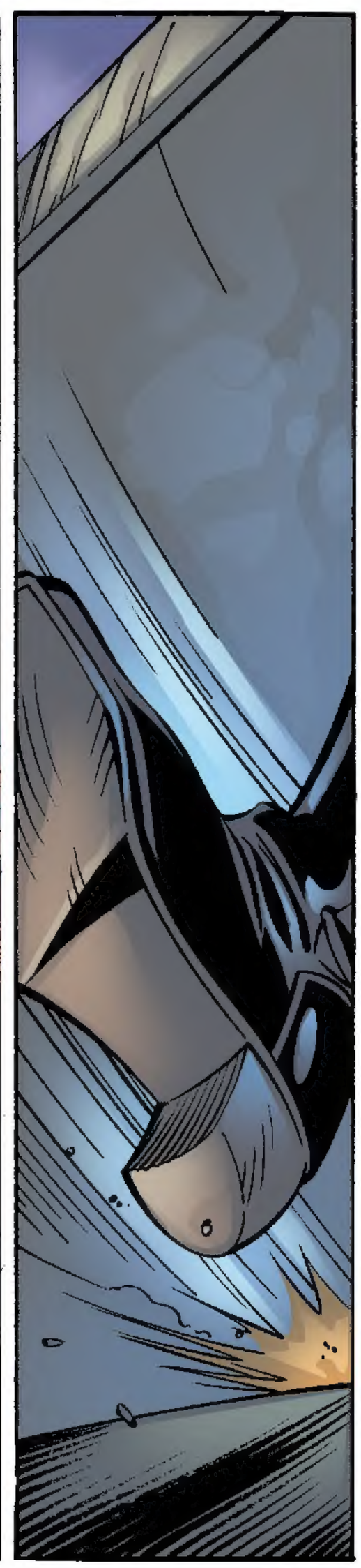


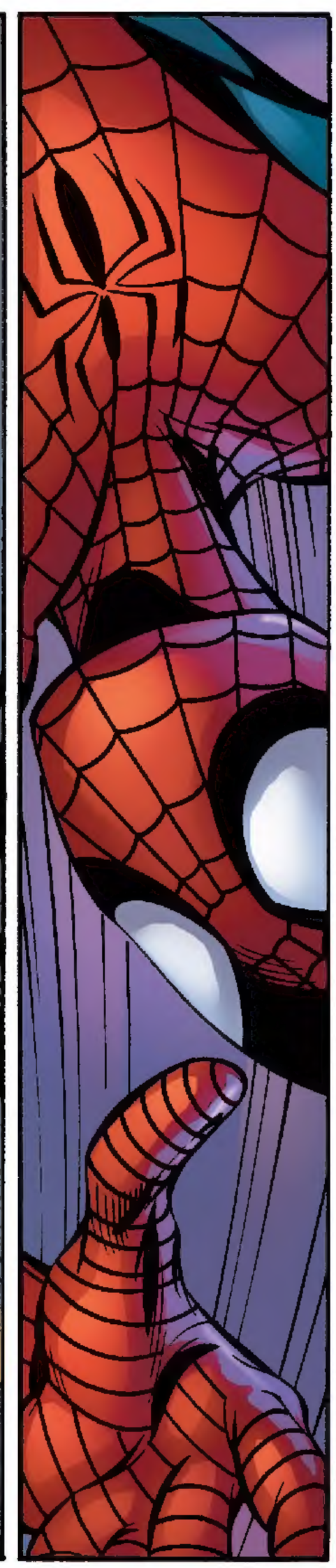
KERPLUNK

Now it's just another rock at the bottom of the river.
Truth told...
I am very glad I got to do that in front of you.



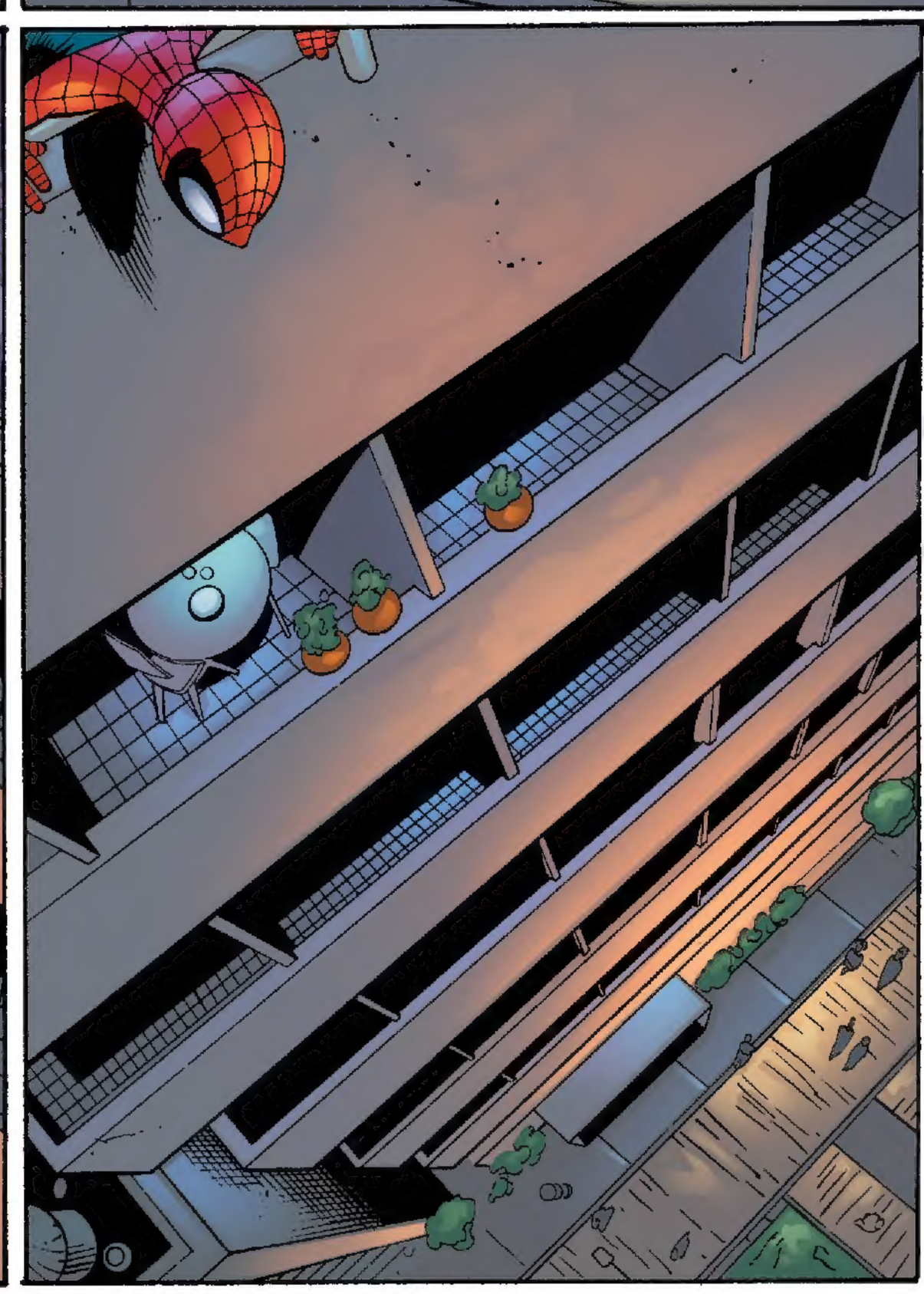




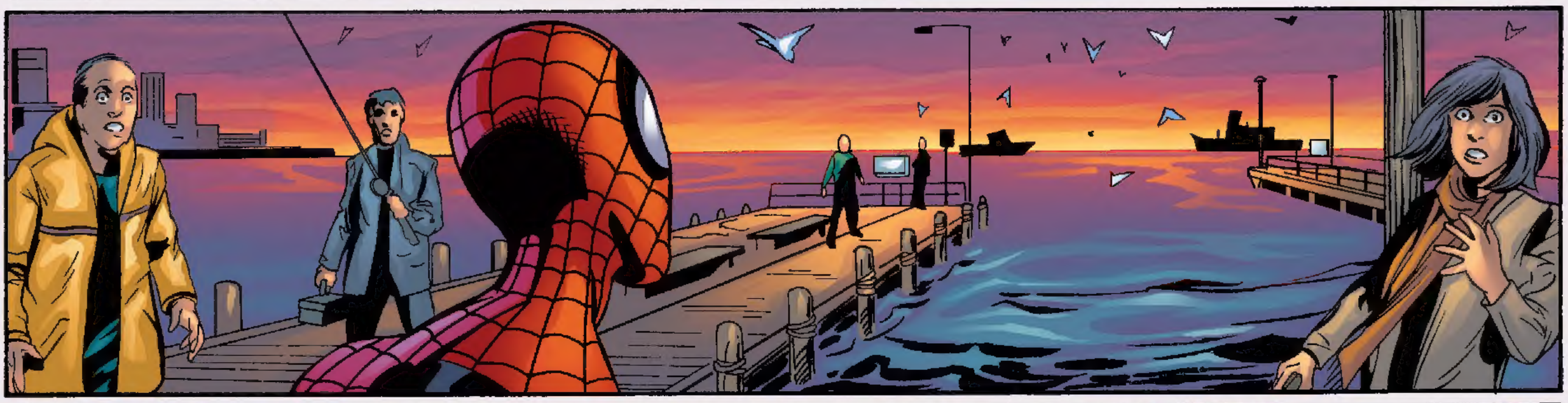


Oh, man...
Oh, man...

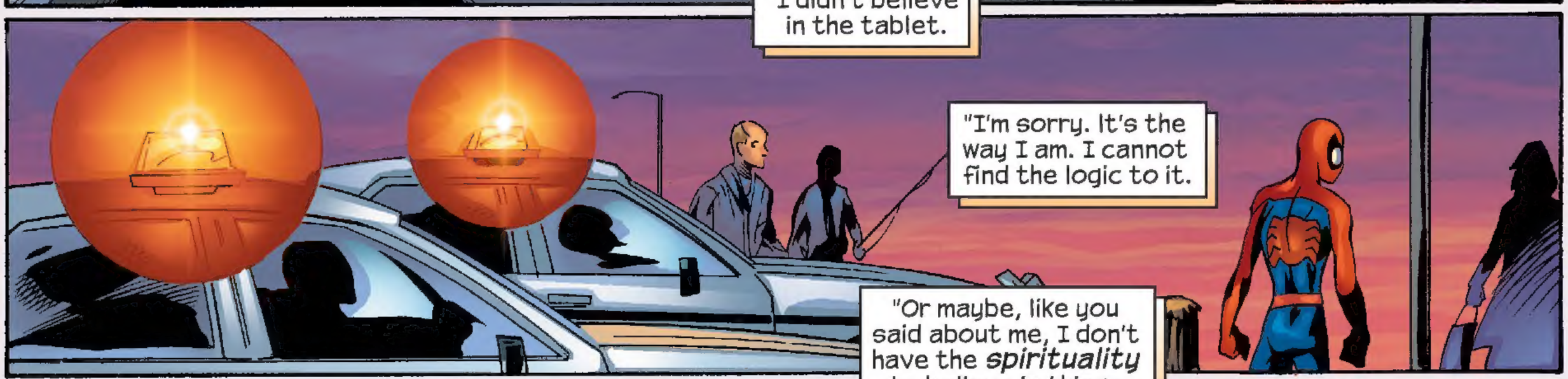
YOU MONSTERS!!
Stop where you--

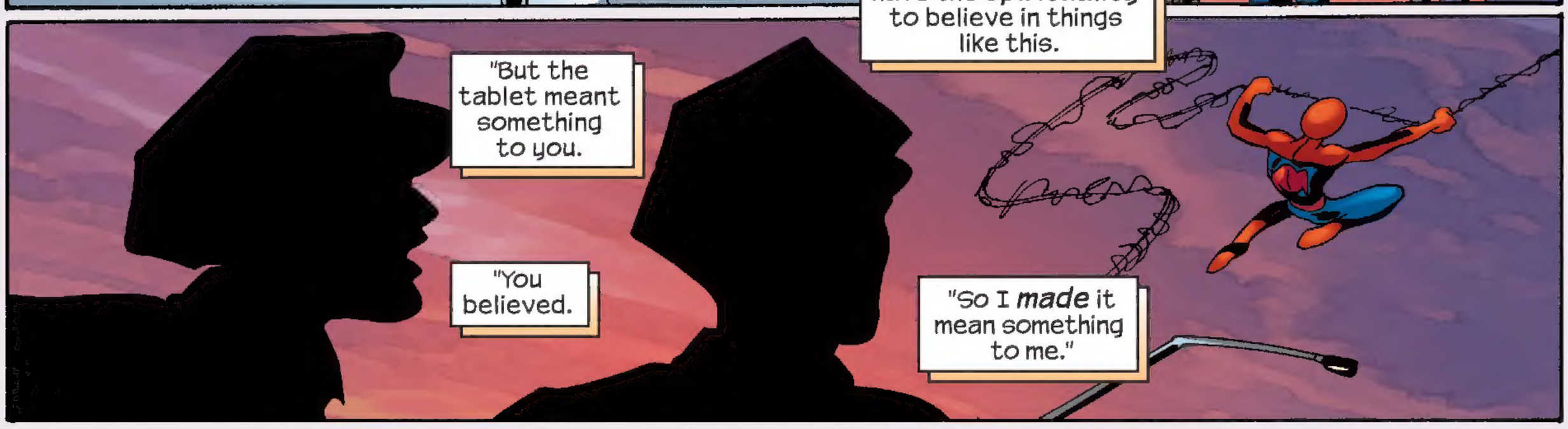


Where is she?
Seriously, where...?



WEEOOOOOOWEEOOOOOOWEEOOOOOOWEEOOOOOO


"I didn't believe in the tablet.
"I'm sorry. It's the way I am. I cannot find the logic to it.
"Or maybe, like you said about me, I don't have the *spirituality* to believe in things like this.


"But the tablet meant something to you.
"You believed.
"So I *made* it mean something to me."

And that's--
That's why I would have spent every dollar we had to get it here for you.
For you.
To read what the ancient texts said.
To find--
To- to find a way for you to open your eyes again.
Because doctors have nothing for you. Because I'm running out of options, I'm running out of ideas.
But you see? Do you see what they do?
They take away any chance of our happiness.
They mock us. They mock our marriage.They- they punish us.
But I will punish *them,* Vanessa...
Please...
Please wake up...
Please...
NEXT ISSUE: